LEBANON

AND

SYRIA

(Original: Le Liban et la Syrie)

1845 — 1860

BY

M. EUGÈNE POUJADE

HASBAYA, LEBANON

al-Shihabi Citadel

CHEHAB

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by Taylan Paksoy

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Editor's Note

Nicolas Poujade's "Lebanon and Syria: 1845-1860" offers a rare and significant eyewitness account of one of the most turbulent periods in modern Lebanese history. Written by a French diplomat directly involved in the political and humanitarian crises that engulfed the region, this text stands as both historical testimony and cautionary diplomatic chronicle.

As French Consul in Beirut during the volatile years of the mid-1840s, Poujade witnessed the profound consequences following the downfall of the Chehab dynasty that had governed Mount Lebanon for generations. His narrative captures a critical historical transition: the collapse of the unified governance under Emir Bashir II and the subsequent implementation of the deeply flawed dual kaymakamate system that divided administration between Druze and Maronite governors, an authority unified under the Emirate.

While translating this text, I was repeatedly struck by Poujade's remarkable clarity in documenting the complex web of diplomatic maneuvers that shaped Lebanon's fate. His firsthand observations provide invaluable insights that no secondary source could match, particularly in his detailed accounting of French diplomatic efforts to restore the Chehab family to power in Lebanon. He forcefully argues that the restoration of Chehab governance represented the only viable solution to Lebanon's sectarian tensions, as evidenced when he states: "The chamber went further; it indicated by the very terms of the amendment the only combination that could prevent the disorders that have broken out; it indicated the restoration of the old single authority, that is to say the restoration of Emir Bashir, of the Chehab family, who still possessed the confidence of the two rival communities, long accustomed to his paternal domination."

This position, as Poujade documents, placed France in direct opposition to other powers: "What is true...is that England has for five years put the most sustained ardor into preventing at all costs the restoration of the Chehab family and Emir Bechir." What distinguishes this work is Poujade's unflinching documentation of the connection between European diplomatic failures and recurrent cycles of violence in Lebanon. I found particularly moving his descriptions of the human consequences of these high diplomatic games, especially in passages where he explicitly links the refusal to restore Chehab rule to the sectarian violence that followed.

Poujade's concluding section, written as French troops were landing in Lebanon following the 1860 massacres, demonstrates remarkable continuity in the region's challenges. His call for the restoration of unified governance under a single leader would ultimately be realized, though in a different form than he envisioned, through the establishment of the Mutasarrifate of Mount Lebanon in 1861.

For contemporary researchers studying the historical foundations of modern Lebanon, Poujade's account provides crucial insights into how the dismantling of Chehab authority created political instabilities that would shape the region for generations to come.

Taylan Paksoy
03/11/2024

PREFACE

A part of the work that I submit to the public has already appeared in periodical collections. This account of past events foresaw those that have just filled Europe with indignation, and is still today unfortunately the most striking commentary on the present.

In a recent session of the House of Commons, Mr. Monsell, Admiral Sir Ch. Napier, and Lord Palmerston delivered speeches that are like the most irrefutable supporting evidence of the judgments I made about English diplomacy in the affairs of Lebanon, and the persistent views of the Ottoman government.

"In examining the history of the last twenty years," said Mr. Monsell, "it is evident to me that England is highly responsible for what has taken place."

Mr. Monsell simultaneously recalled the words spoken at a meeting in Edinburgh by Admiral Napier in 1845: "I am ashamed," declared the admiral, "to have participated in a transaction (that of 1840) which has produced such a deplorable result."

Sir Ch. Napier, in the session of the 17th, was even more explicit.

"I had been tasked," he said, "to promise the mountain inhabitants that they would be better treated by the Turks than they had been previously. The result was that they rose en masse against those who were then their sovereigns, and without this circumstance, it would have been impossible, with the small number of soldiers who were engaged in the affair, to succeed as they did. Today the Turks have proven to be worse governors than the first masters.

"I said that I was ashamed of the role I played in Syria. The government had sent me to fulfill a certain mission, and I accomplished it; but I must acknowledge that under Méhémet-Ali, Syria was peaceful and tranquil, the roads were safe, and the people relatively happy. The Turks had, without any doubt, done everything they could to provoke revolt in the mountains of Lebanon."

As for Lord Palmerston, it will suffice to take note of the following admission, which he made in the same session:

"The Constantinople government has worked ceaselessly to overthrow the system established by England in Lebanon, and to put Syria in the same position as the other provinces subject to the Porte."

Unfortunately, British action and Ottoman action, while opposing each other on one point, have always united to combat that of France, and must bear the heaviest share of responsibility in the misfortunes that have befallen Syria and Lebanon.

Today, an era of reparation begins for these beautiful regions, through the noble initiative of France.

Paris, August 22, 1860.

PART ONE

HISTORY OF A MISSION IN 1845

Volney, who left behind a book that has become a classic about Syria and Egypt, recounted how Ahmed-Djezzar-Pasha conquered the pashalik of Acre for the sultan and almost completely destroyed the family of Daher-el-Omar. This famous man was born in Illyria, in the Christian religion; it is believed he was the son of a Greek priest. He ended up becoming completely independent from the Porte, to which he only paid a small tribute. He also conquered the pashalik of Tripoli and that of Gaza. During the early days of his fortune, he focused on deceiving everyone with an affected sweetness and affability; but he could not contain himself for long; his fierce and cruel nature soon erupted in acts whose memory is still not erased in Syria and which earned him the surname of Djezzar or the butcher. His ferocity was unleashed relentlessly for thirty years on the unfortunate inhabitants of the regions he governed, without distinction of religion or race. After having resisted General Bonaparte in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, thanks to British support, he governed almost all of Syria as a despot until his final days, and died peacefully in his bed at the beginning of May 1804.

During Djezzar's time, out of ten men encountered in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, there was at least one who had a gouged eye, or who was completely blind, or who had his nose or ears cut off. He thus imprinted the traces of his cruelty on faces, which became mute but eloquent ministers of the terror he loved to spread. On his deathbed, he was contemplating new cruelties, and his death, like that of Robespierre, saved the lives of many unfortunate souls, who learned, at the same time as their deliverance, the awful fate that had been reserved for them. Under his pillow was found a list of thirty-four individuals who were destined to be thrown and drowned in the sea. I do not mention those who were only meant to suffer mutilations. On this fatal list was a Franciscan religious man named Brother François, who was a doctor and whom he had brought from Jerusalem to care for him during his illness. This monster added mockery to cruelty. Very few days before his death, he had asked his doctor if he liked fish; when this good monk replied that he ate it willingly: "Very well," Djezzar replied to him, "I will make you eat some soon."

Djezzar-Pasha had his spies give him a detailed account of everything that happened in the city, and he himself would roam it at night in disguise, accompanied by one or two of his trusted men. One evening, he heard a woman's voice singing in a ground floor room. The door was ajar; he approached quietly and saw a young and beautiful woman who was singing to put her child to sleep as she rocked it; she was alone. His curiosity satisfied, Djezzar withdrew and ordered his men to carefully examine the house and bring him the beautiful singer's husband the next day. He was a Christian. Brought before the pasha, he threw himself at his feet trembling with fear. Djezzar reassured him and ordered him to hide nothing of the truth.

"Who are you?"

"Christian."

"Where were you yesterday evening, at whose house did you spend the evening?"

"In the house of one of my friends."

"So you prefer, you rascal, to amuse yourself with friends rather than spend the evening with your young wife! You leave her alone in an apartment on the street, exposed to potential insults! If that were to happen, you wouldn't fail to say, and many others with you, that Djezzar-Pasha doesn't watch over the safety of his city's inhabitants. I forbid you to go out at night, and I order you to spend your evenings with your wife, under penalty of being thrown into the sea and drowned."

A spy came to report to Djezzar that there were daily quarrels in a Christian house, between a father and his son, over a new apartment that the father had built at the top of his house and which the son claimed to occupy against paternal wishes. Djezzar immediately sent for the son. The latter arrived in his presence more dead than alive. He asked him in a tone hardly reassuring what religion he professed.

"I am Christian," he said.

"Since you are Christian, make the sign of the cross."

When he had obeyed, Djezzar said to him:

"Where did you just place the name of the father? Up high; and of the son? Down low. And how, you wretch, do you dare claim that your father should be housed in the apartment located at the bottom of the house and that the upper apartment should be for you? Go give it to him immediately, and if you dare to disobey my orders, I will make you die the most cruel death to punish you and teach your peers that children owe honor and respect to their father and mother."

A Frenchman barely disembarked in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, where he had come to seek his fortune, found himself face to face with Djezzar in the street, at the moment when the pasha was riding, surrounded by his numerous entourage; he tries to avoid him and presses himself against a wall; but Djezzar stops, has someone ask him since when he had arrived, and orders him to come to the seraglio the next day. He obeys.

"You weren't afraid to come to Acre," the pasha said upon seeing him; "haven't you heard that Djezzar was cruel, that he had noses and ears cut off, eyes gouged out, heads chopped off?"

The Frenchman pretended to have heard nothing of the sort, and added that he had come to do business. Djezzar promised him his protection if he lived quietly and confined himself exclusively to his profession. Upon dismissing him, he handed him a sheet of paper that he had amused himself by cutting out during the interview, and which represented with some accuracy a lion devouring a deer.

As soon as the news of Djezzar's death became public in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, disorders began. The garrison troops, whose numbers could rise to three thousand men, and to whom several months of pay was owed, would not permit the burial of the body before receiving all their wages.

It was necessary to obey and pay each soldier. There were fears of a riot, which could have had fatal consequences: the kyaya, the cadi, and the Muslim notables residing in the city gathered and consulted among themselves to consider ways to prevent tranquility from being disturbed again. There was at this time in Acre a person named Ismail-Pasha who, after having held high positions in Constantinople, had fallen from grace and had been exiled; he had been languishing in prison for several years: he was released, and he was proclaimed governor. This sudden elevation was only the prelude to a swift and terrible end. Two months before his death, Djezzar had entrusted the leadership of the Mecca pilgrims' caravan to one of his Mamelukes, named Soliman-Pasha. Upon his return from Mecca, Soliman learns in Damascus of Djezzar's death and Ismail-Pasha's elevation. He leaves Damascus immediately with the few troops he had under his command, and goes to Nazareth, to await the outcome of affairs there. He requests and receives hospitality in the Franciscan fathers' monastery. The religious men provided for his most pressing needs, furnished him with a certain quantity of wheat and barley, and advanced him a sum of 64,000 piastres, more than 300,000 francs in our current currency. However, Ismail-Pasha, learning of Soliman-Pasha's presence in Nazareth with a handful of men, declares to the authorities of Acre that he wants to go offer him battle. He departs, but without carrying the good wishes of the inhabitants, who loved Soliman-Pasha and wished to have him as governor. The two small armies meet: Ismail-Pasha is defeated and takes flight; but he is recognized by peasants from Nablus, who arrest him and deliver him to Soliman-Pasha. Ismail-Pasha, handed over to the commander of some Turkish vessels that were in the harbor of Caifa, was taken to Constantinople, where he was decapitated the very day of his arrival. Had he been victorious over Soliman-Pasha, he would have been recognized as governor of Syria, and his enemy's head would have fallen instead of his own.

Soliman-Pasha's victory was a blessing for Syria and Palestine, so long crushed under Djezzar's iron scepter. During an administration, or rather a reign of twelve years, Soliman-Pasha exercised governance in the most gentle and patriarchal manner. His subjects were treated like his children; not a single complaint was heard against the pasha, and to this day his memory remains surrounded by veneration and respect. The Latin religious, to whom he generously repaid the kindnesses he had received, were particularly protected by him. He was barely fifty years old when he died. Soliman-Pasha had as his kyaya or lieutenant one of Djezzar's former Mamelukes, as he had been himself, who was called Ali-Pasha, and as his principal minister an Israelite named Hayn-Farlis, whom Djezzar had gouged out one eye and cut off his nose: this person rightfully enjoyed Soliman-Pasha's confidence, who had delegated to him almost boundless power.

Upon Soliman's death, Abdallah-Pasha, son of Ali, and like him a pasha with two tails, provisionally governed the pashalik of Saint-Jean-d'Acre. Despite his extreme youth and the large number of competitors who sought the high position of governor general of Syria, Abdallah-Pasha, who had not yet rendered any service to the Ottoman Porte, was confirmed in one of the most considerable governorships of the empire; he owed his elevation to the good offices and powerful credit of Hayn-Farlis with several great personages of the divan. Abdallah-Pasha repaid this benefit with the blackest ingratitude. When the Sublime Porte asked him for an account of the assets found at Soliman-Pasha's death, doubts arose about the accuracy of the accounts rendered by Abdallah-Pasha, and Hayn-Farlis received

orders to go to Constantinople. This Jew no longer held, under the young pasha, the high position he had occupied under Soliman-Pasha. Abdallah, who felt how guilty he had been towards him, feared his influence, perhaps his vengeance, and he had the cruelty to have him killed when he could have detained him in Acre. This atrocity was the prelude to the excesses to which Abdallah-Pasha soon gave himself over. The tragic end of Hayn-Farlis moved his numerous and powerful friends; the sultan learned the whole truth, and Abdallah-Pasha fell from grace. He prevented his dismissal by openly declaring himself a rebel. He had the folly to believe that he could, something unheard of among Muslims, have himself recognized as king of Syria. He named one of his Mamelukes pasha of Damascus and gave him some troops to go take possession of the pashalik he had just given him; the emir Bechir, prince of Lebanon, at the head of a party of his mountaineers, was ordered to accompany and support this ridiculous expedition, whose result was the burning and pillaging of a small village located on the road to Damascus and called El-Mezzi.

The sultan then ordered the pashas of Damascus, Aleppo, and Marash to march with the forces at their disposal on Acre, to lay siege to it and take from the rebel all of Syria and Palestine. These combined forces could amount to about twenty thousand men, who arrived before the place around mid-August of the year 1822. The city was abundantly provided with all sorts of supplies, and more was even arriving from outside, because the sea was free, which allowed Abdallah-Pasha to have part of his treasures taken to a safe place, thanks to the protection of some foreign consuls. To put an end to this irregular intervention, Dervich-Mehemed, pasha of Damascus, addressed, on the date of September 1st, 1822, to the French consul in Saint-Jean-d'Acre a letter in which, after recalling that the sultan had first uselessly employed gentle means to bring Abdallah-Pasha back to duty, the new governor continued in these terms:

"Consequently, he has been deprived of the title of vizier, and he has been stripped of the command of Sayda, Tripoli, Jaffa, Ramlé and Gaza, which has been entrusted to us, with orders to notify the rebel of his exile to Afioum-Kara-Hissar (fortress in the interior of Anatolia), and if he did not submit to these orders and wished to continue to shut himself up in Acre, to besiege him until we could seize it and make him suffer his punishment by sending his head to Constantinople... For some time, it has come to our knowledge that, among the consuls of these regions, there have been some who have formed friendships with the rebel and have provided him with vessels to carry away his treasures and lend him assistance; we have been strangely surprised by these actions. Thank the Lord, you are endowed with spirit and sagacity, and you perfectly know the capitulations that exist between the Sublime Porte and the French government, which forbid consuls from interfering in such affairs, because this conduct is contrary to the capitulations and the good understanding that reigns between the two courts; if your government were to be informed of this fact, these consuls would undoubtedly be blamed. This is what has obliged us to address this friendly letter to you, desiring, as proof of your sincere friendship, that you be attentive to discover whoever permits themselves to be friends with the rebel Abdallah-Pasha and to remove the treasures of our government, in order to dissuade them from this reprehensible action contrary to the capitulations; and if ever they were the depositary of Abdallah-Pasha's goods and charged by him to hide them, to warn them, so that they may be retained, because these goods belong to the Sublime Porte. Therefore, if there is someone

among you (consuls) who has contravened the capitulations in this affair, it would be urgent that they be justly denounced to the Sublime Porte without them being able to hold it against us. If you can leave the city of Acre and come present yourself at Caifa, you will be rendered, God willing, all the honors, and you will be shown all the respect that is due to you, according to custom; if you could not leave Acre, refrain from any communication with the pasha disgraced by the Sublime Porte. You can count on all my assistance in affairs that may concern you. Greetings to whoever finds themselves on the right path."

Despite the aid that Abdallah Pasha received, after nine months of resistance, he would have been forced to surrender the place because he no longer had money to pay his troops, had he not implored the protection of his powerful neighbor, the Pasha of Egypt. Mehemet-Ali Pasha managed to obtain the lifting of the siege and pardon for Abdallah, in exchange for the sum of 35,000 purses, and the formal promise to pay exactly the annual tribute to the sultan. From this time forward, Abdallah Pasha remained submissive to his sovereign.

His administration was not as peaceful as that of his predecessor. Towards the end of 1824, Emir Bechir Chehab, prince of Lebanon, and Sheikh Bechir Jumblatt, the most powerful mokatagi or chief of the Druze, allied themselves and revolted against the Pasha of Acre, under whose obedience this prince of Lebanon was placed. Abdallah Pasha, who never had more than two or three thousand irregular troops in his pay, marched against the mountaineers, encountered them near Seida and defeated them. Emir Bechir fled, found at the mouth of the Damour river a French ship that took him in and landed him in Damietta, Egypt. It was at the same place that he embarked in 1840, during the defeat of the Egyptians, and was taken to Malta, to later die in exile in Kadi-Keui, near Constantinople; Sheikh Bechir also fled and reached Hauran (the ancient Traconite); but he was arrested there by Bedouins. They took him to Acre and delivered him to Abdallah Pasha, who had him thrown in prison.

The Viceroy of Egypt, who had obtained the sultan's pardon for Abdallah Pasha, in turn took Emir Bechir under his protection, reconciled him with the Pasha of Acre, and obtained for him authorization to return to his principality of Mount Lebanon and resume the reins of government. Mehemet-Ali Pasha's good offices did not stop there. Sheikh Bechir was the most powerful of the Druze chiefs; his wealth equaled, if not surpassed, that of Emir Bechir, and the prince of Lebanon had been able to judge, during the last revolt, the resources, influence, and audacity of his ally. What good fortune for him if this ally could have been killed in the combat against Abdallah Pasha's troops! He shared his regrets with Mehemet-Ali Pasha, who was capable of understanding and approving the depth of Emir Bechir's views, and who asked the Pasha of Acre to do him a friendly service by having Sheikh Bechir strangled in his prison. Rid of his ally and reconciled with his enemy, the prince of Lebanon returned to his mountain. He did not delay in repaying Abdallah Pasha for the service he had received.

The inhabitants of the mountains of Nablus and the surroundings of Jerusalem, placed under the government of the Pasha of Damascus, had become so insolent that this pasha admitted to the Sublime Porte that he was powerless to keep them in line. Abdallah Pasha had regained the sultan's favor through his victory over the Maronite and Druze mountaineers; he received orders to subdue the people of Nablus, with authorization to

unite their territory with all those he already administered if he managed to reduce them. The Jarar family, which was that of the principal sheikhs of Nablus, occupied a castle called Sanour, situated on an eminence, very difficult to access, defended by several pieces of cannon and provided with all sorts of munitions. Abdallah Pasha wanted to begin the campaign with the attack on Sanour: he thought that taking this castle would ensure him the submission of the rest of the country. He assembled a small body of troops with artillery, gave command to his kyaya and the siege of Sanour began; but all the kyaya's efforts remained futile and the castle did not surrender. Abdallah Pasha then turned to Emir Bechir and gave him carte blanche to take the castle. The emir preferred the path of negotiations to that of arms and displayed such skill that he led Sheikh Jarar to capitulate. He was able to withdraw to another point in the territory of Nablus, taking with him all he possessed. The castle of Sanour was handed over to Emir Bechir, and Abdallah Pasha had it razed. The taking of Sanour brought the inhabitants of the mountains of Nablus and Jerusalem back under the obedience of the Pasha of Acre; but a year later, in 1826, a new revolt broke out again in the mountains of Jerusalem. This time, Abdallah Pasha's kyaya succeeded in suppressing it with a strong body of troops and two field pieces. Abdallah Pasha, victorious, had been peacefully governing Syria for several years when the course of his prosperity was interrupted by the very one who had protected him with the sultan, who in 1822 had obtained pardon for his faults and his confirmation in the government of Syria.

The conversations between Mehemet-Ali Pasha and Emir Bechir had revealed to him the resources, fertility of Syria and the advantage he could take of the warlike populations of this country. The growing power of Mehemet-Ali Pasha made him fear hostile attempts from Constantinople and at the same time inspired in him the desire to expand. The interest of his security and that of his ambition equally counseled him toward the conquest of Syria. Moreover, he knew of the limited resources available to the Porte and the pashas in Syria and Palestine, as well as the unrest that was stirring among the diverse populations of the ancient kingdom of the Seleucids. Toward the end of November 1831, an Egyptian army, thirty thousand men strong, with fifty siege pieces, seventeen mortars for launching bombs, and commanded by Ibrahim Pasha, came to besiege Saint-Jean-d'Acre, after having taken Jaffa and Caifa. Ibrahim Pasha also had under his command a fleet composed of seven sixty-gun frigates, six corvettes, ten brigs and schooners, and a dozen gunboats. Abdallah Pasha had only three or four thousand irregular troops and mediocre artillery to oppose such a display of force; but he was not intimidated: he sustained a six-month siege in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, several deadly assaults, and only surrendered at the last extremity. The Egyptians entered the city, and Abdallah Pasha was taken to Alexandria, where his former protector treated him with great consideration. It is known with what rapidity Ibrahim Pasha conquered Syria, Cilicia, etc.; his victorious march is known up to Asia Minor, where he was stopped by the intervention of Western powers. Ibrahim Pasha, who had been on the point of leading his victorious troops to Constantinople, soon encountered serious difficulties in Syria when he wanted to subject the mountaineers of Palestine and Syria, who had been feudally organized from the Egyptian frontier to Mount Taurus, to conscription and regular military service.

Ibrahim Pasha, victor over the sultan's troops, but obliged to maintain his army on a respectable footing, passed through Nablus in 1834, gathered the various sheikhs of ancient

Samaria, and declared to them that he needed two thousand men. He then went to Jaffa to await the sheikhs' response. Hardly had he moved away, when the Nablus chiefs resolved not to give a single man to the Egyptian army, united with the chiefs of the mountains of Jerusalem and Hebron, and rose up against Ibrahim. The latter left Jaffa without losing time, at the head of two infantry regiments and one cavalry regiment, determined to subdue and punish the rebels, and headed toward Jerusalem, whose garrison was very weak, in order to establish his headquarters there. But the insurgents, who had moved even more quickly than him, attacked him in the valley of Wad-Ali, on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem and near the village of Abu-Gosh, belonging to a famous Arab bandit. The combat was bloody, and Ibrahim Pasha only managed to exit the defile and reach Jerusalem after losing more than a third of his forces. Barely entered into the holy city, he found himself blockaded, and all communication was intercepted between Jerusalem and Jaffa. A few days later, an infantry regiment coming from Damascus and heading to Jaffa was attacked by the mountaineers and almost entirely destroyed in the plain of Esdraelon. This double victory inspired such confidence in the mountaineers that Sheikh Kassem-el-Achmed, governor of Nablus, marched on Jerusalem with all his mountaineers, besieged Ibrahim Pasha and victoriously repelled three sorties vigorously attempted by the son of the Pasha of Egypt. Ibrahim Pasha's situation was critical. All communication had ceased between Jerusalem and Jaffa. How could he alert the governor of the latter city? How could he get the news of his defeats to his father the viceroy and request help? He turned to the guardian father of the Holy Sepulchre, and a Franciscan monk was able, thanks to his status, to pass through the besieging army and reach Jaffa, where he delivered to the governor a letter from Ibrahim Pasha to the viceroy, which he had kept hidden in the same place where the Englishman Pitt had hidden the diamond bought by the Regent. The letter was immediately dispatched to Mehemet-Ali. But help could be delayed. Ibrahim Pasha attempted negotiations. He had with him, in Jerusalem, Sheikh Hussein Abd-el-Hadi, governor of Acre: he was one of the principal sheikhs of Nablus; but he had devoted himself from the beginning to the Egyptian government. His mountaineers had not joined the insurgents. The services he rendered to Ibrahim Pasha did not stop there. He left Jerusalem, penetrated into the Mountaineers' camp, and through his eloquence and promises won over the minor rebel sheikhs, and finally persuaded the leaders of the insurrection, including Kassem-el-Achmed himself, to give Ibrahim Pasha free passage to return to Jaffa. He promised him, in the name of the commander-in-chief, the abolition of conscription, and assured him that he would be showered with favors by the viceroy. Sheikh Kassem-el-Achmed lifted the siege, withdrew to Nablus, and Ibrahim Pasha was able to go to Jaffa, where he arrived at the same time as his father, whose fleet had just anchored before the city. The viceroy brought considerable reinforcement to his son. He did not even want to go ashore and immediately departed for Egypt. While the promptness with which Mehemet-Ali rushed to his son's aid was rightly appreciated, no one could explain why he had decided on this sudden departure without assessing for himself the critical situation in Syria, without having studied the needs of the vast province conquered by his son, without having penetrated the secret of the strength and weakness of this new establishment.

Whatever the case, Ibrahim Pasha, barely escaped from great danger and again at the head of imposing forces, violated all his promises, marched with ten thousand men against the

rebels, defeated them in several encounters, took control of Nablus, disarmed its mountaineers as well as those of Jerusalem and Hebron, and had little difficulty in carrying out the recruitment. Sheikh Kassem-el-Achmed, who had been deceived by his promises, fled precipitously, took the desert route and sought refuge with the Adwan Bedouins, who stripped him of all his possessions and delivered him to Sherif Pasha, who commanded in Damascus for Ibrahim Pasha and who had him beheaded. His two sons, arrested some time later, were also beheaded in Acre.

Ibrahim Pasha governed Syria for nine years, and, despite a severe regime and frequent revolts, this province reached a degree of prosperity unknown under the sultans' government. This very prosperity, the predominance to which Mehemet-Ali rose in the Orient, the influence that France exercised, thanks to him, in Egypt and Syria, aroused the jealousy of other powers, notably that of England, and the treaty of July 15, 1840, was signed between the cabinets of Saint James, Vienna, Saint Petersburg, Berlin, and the Ottoman Porte, to return Syria under the sultan's scepter. Although the French government had been under illusions about Mehemet-Ali Pasha's power, and the possibility of an Arab empire was only the chimera of some minds, albeit eminent ones, it is probable that the allies would have found formidable difficulties in accomplishing their enterprise if the mountaineers of Lebanon, driven by foreign instigations, which came to join their own sufferings, had not revolted against Mehemet-Ali Pasha. The news of this insurrection was received with the keenest displeasure by M. Thiers, then president of the council, and he immediately foresaw its fatal consequences for the future of Mehemet-Ali Pasha's government, as well as for the resistance he himself was opposing to the allied courts. It is not within our plan to recount here this page of European history. It is known how the Anglo-Austro-Turkish expedition in Syria was carried out, the defeat of the Egyptians, the taking of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and Syria's return under the sultan's domination; we only want to recount the events that occurred in the organization of the government of Mount Lebanon, after Emir Bechir, carried away by the tempest that destroyed the power of the viceroy of Egypt in Palestine and Syria.

II

The 1840 expedition was not alone in contributing to destroying the old order of things in Lebanon. There, as elsewhere, time and new ideas had done deep work. The old Emir Bechir had pursued a constant policy of lowering the Druze; to achieve this goal, he had not recoiled from any means, and had in turn made both cunning and violence serve his designs.

It appears, according to manuscript histories and the testimony of the elderly, that the populations not only of Lebanon, but of the entire mountain chain extending from Laodicea to Tyre, as well as that of Anti-Lebanon, were divided into two great factions, called the Kais and the Yemens. This demarcation was based neither on race nor on religion. The Druze, the Ansaris, the Mutualis, the Christians were divided among themselves into Kais and Yemens. Above these two great divisions reigned, through conquest and skill, a Muslim family called the Maan family, one of whose members was famous under the name of Emir

Fakr-el-Din, commonly called Facardin. The male line of the Maan family died out at the beginning of the last century. An emir, Chehab, from a Muslim family of Mecca, whose kinship with the prophet is proven by documents preserved in the mekheme (tribunal) of Sayda, married the last remaining daughter of this family, with the consent of the principal chiefs of Lebanon and the pasha of Saint-Jean-d'Acre. The Chehab family also established itself in Anti-Lebanon, and the emirs of Rachaya and Hasbeya belong to this family: they remained Muslims. It is from this time that dates the consolidation of feudal government in Lebanon and other parts of the mountain. A great struggle took place between the Kais and Yemens, and the prince of the mountain, to reward the chiefs who had taken the greatest part in the victory under his orders, gave them, as governments, the various districts of Lebanon. Around this time, the denominations of Kais and Yemens disappeared in Lebanon and were replaced by those of Jomblaties and Yezbekies, which still exist today, but which have retained their full significance only among the Druze.

At the same time, facing the Muslim family of the Chehab, rose in the mountain a Druze family, that of the Jumblat. At the beginning of this century, the first was represented by Emir Bechir, who for so long occupied European attention; and the second by Sheikh Bechir. The Jumblats are originally from the vicinity of Aleppo, and, although Druze, count several pashas in their family, which, in the Orient, is a great distinction, as it was in our old families to count several marshals of France. Sheikh Bechir was the richest and most influential chief of Lebanon. His wealth even surpassed that of Emir Bechir, and his position as kyaya (lieutenant) of the emir gave him power equal to his. Sheikh Bechir was liberal, inclined to forgiveness, and, although Druze, rather gentle toward Christians; but he was ambitious, and the emir had resolved to no longer have an equal in Lebanon, at the time of the taking up of arms that he made with Sheikh Bechir against Abdallah Pasha... I have recounted above the flight of the emir, the arrest of Sheikh Bechir, and his death in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, where Abdallah Pasha had him strangled in his prison, at the solicitation of the viceroy of Egypt.

After Ibrahim Pasha's defeat and Emir Bechir's flight, the government of Mount Lebanon was entrusted to the weak hands of Emir Bechir-Cassem, nephew of the old Emir Bechir, who was overthrown by a Druze insurrection. The Porte, eagerly seizing the opportunity offered by these events, placed Omer Pasha in Lebanon, whose just and firm government was welcomed with joy by the Christians and would have satisfied both humanity and wise policy, if it had been anything other than a fortunate accident, if the powers signatory to the 1840 treaty had not made a commitment to the mountaineers to maintain their ancient privileges and their ancient administrative independence. Omer Pasha succumbed to the united approaches of the five courts, and with him ceased the direct government of the Turks in the mountain; but the Porte, while yielding to the European cabinets by withdrawing Omer Pasha from Lebanon, resisted those cabinets that demanded the restoration of single government in the mountain represented by a member of the Chehab family. It was strongly though secretly encouraged in this opposition by Russia, while the other powers marched in agreement among themselves and had chosen as candidate Emir Emin, son of Emir Bechir, the same who later, through his apostasy, compromised and prevented the triumph of his cause. Between these two extreme parties, a Turkish government or the administration of a Chehab, Mr. de Metternich found a middle ground,

which consisted of establishing two administrations, one Christian and the other Druze, in order to separate two races that recent maneuvers had deeply divided; and it was decided that Deir-el-Kamar, central point of Lebanon and headquarters of the former emir's government, inhabited by Druze and Christians, would be occupied by a Turkish garrison charged with maintaining order and tranquility between the two enemy and juxtaposed races.

The principle that had dictated the system of dividing Lebanon into two distinct administrations was therefore based on the necessity of profoundly separating two races that had been united under the same government just a few years before, but were now animated by the most hostile sentiments toward each other, and one of which, the Christian one, had been pillaged and massacred by the other. For this plan to be fully executed, for the two races to be completely separated, all Christians needed to be governed by a Christian leader, and all Druze needed to be governed by a Druze leader; these two leaders took the name of kaïmakams. Unfortunately, while the creation of the two kaïmakam governments was based on a new and humane thought, it did not indicate a great understanding of the physical and political state of Lebanon. The plan of Austria's illustrious statesman could be executed in two ways: one could establish either a geographical or simply administrative division.

The first system would have been excellent if Lebanon had been naturally divided into two equal or unequal regions, one inhabited exclusively by Christians and the other solely by Druze. But such is not the state of things in Lebanon. Two divisions can indeed be observed: from Tripoli to the district called Meten, the population is entirely Christian and consists of Maronites, United Greeks, and Schismatic Greeks. There are only a few villages of Mutualis, Muslims of the Ali sect, in the vicinity of Jbail and on the ridge of Lebanon toward Akoura. But from the Meten, including this district, up to Sidon, one finds only mixed districts. Except for an entirely Christian district like Jezzine, but enclosed within Druze districts, or an almost entirely Druze district like the Chouf, but similarly enclosed, the whole country shows us the Druze and Christian populations intertwined with each other. With such a state of affairs, the geographical division was only applicable to the part of Lebanon that extends from Tripoli to the Meten. But even there, by appointing a Christian prince, nothing new was being granted to the Christians; they were already in possession of being governed by sheikhs of their race under the authority of the mountain prince; it was merely a matter of changing persons, of appointing one prince in place of another. The whole question of Lebanon's administration was therefore in the boundaries of the mixed districts, and it was on this ground that the principle of administrative separation of races needed to be applied. The British embassy, which had worked in agreement with ours to obtain the reinstatement of a Chehab prince in Lebanon's government, accepted at the same time as we did the dual Druze and Christian government, without making the same reservations. The French government, indeed, had welcomed a proposal that offered apparent chances of peace and tranquility for Lebanon, while expressing doubts about such an organization and maintaining its opinion that returning to the old order of things was what was wisest and most favorable to both the Christians and the Porte itself.

It was at this moment that the dissent between the English cabinet and the French cabinet erupted. Essad-Pasha, governor-general of Syria, who was first charged in 1842 with installing the dual government of kaïmakams, was stopped, from the first step, by this question of mixed districts, which was the knot of Lebanon's reorganization, and which offered the Porte, England, and Russia new opportunities to completely change the old order of things, that is, to eliminate the supremacy of a single Catholic prince. Two kaïmakams were appointed, one chosen from among the Maronites and called Emir Haydar, and he was given all the territory from Tripoli to the Damascus road, that is, including the mixed district of Meten, because Emir Haydar and the princes of his family, divided into two branches, the Bellama branch and the Kaïdbey branch, were the mokatagis (lords) of Meten. Emir Haydar's family was of Druze origin, and several princes, his relatives, only received baptism under the Egyptian government. This was already a first violation of the principle of administrative separation of races. There remained the adoption of geographical division, which triumphed even more completely when it was decided that the Druze kaïmakam, who was chosen from the Roslan family, would have under his government the country that extends from the Damascus road to the vicinity of Sidon, except for Deir el-Kamar. This was the enthronement in Lebanon, and for the first time, of an independent Druze power. Far from returning to the old order of things, they were profoundly departing from it, and an arrangement that aimed, in its author's mind, at separating two races that had become hostile to each other following recent events, resulted in the pure and simple submission of Christians to the Druze, although the number of the former was much larger. In the mixed districts, the number of Christians able to bear arms amounted to 13,951, and that of the Druze to 6,390.

The English Consul General saw in the new arrangement the creation of a Druze power through which he hoped to firmly establish his country's influence in Lebanon. The Governor General saw at first glance that the Christians would only submit as a last resort or that they would rather throw themselves into the arms of the Turks to escape their natural oppressors. Russia found it in its interest to flatter the passions and illusions of the Porte. As for Prussia, it believed it served its true interests by supporting with its name the action of a Protestant power against that of two Catholic powers.

The decision taken in Beirut by Essad-Pasha to establish the government on geographical division led to a diplomatic struggle in Constantinople, where the representatives of the five great powers, armed with information transmitted to them by the consuls, discussed the question of mixed districts. The influence of the consular corps in the Syrian question has always been considerable; one might even say that whenever there was some understanding between the consuls of the five great powers, this influence was decisive. This time, the understanding was far from existing. The principle of racial separation had been openly violated by the decision of the mushir of Sidon, and the Christians protested against an arrangement that injured their rights, overthrew the old state of affairs established in Lebanon, delivered them defenseless and unarmed to their spoliators and executioners, and annihilated the promises that the powers had made to them in 1840. The Druze, openly supported by the English Consul General, who acted as their advocate, said: "It is true that the Christians are greater in number than us in the districts where we live together, but these districts are our ancient property; the name Mountain of the Druze has always been

the name given to this part of Lebanon; from the Damascus road to the borders of the sanjak of Sidon, there is not a single Christian mokatagi (lord). The Druze families, who are currently in possession of the governments of Jurd, the two Gharbs, the Chouf, of Jezzine, date back to ancient times, and their authority is hardly less ancient." There was truth and falsehood in the arguments of both Christians and Druze; it is true that there is not a single Christian mokatagi in all the mixed districts, but it is historically false that the Druze families in possession of the government of these districts ever held it by hereditary title. It appears certain that the introduction of feudal government in Lebanon is due to the Chehab family, who leased (mokata) the administration of districts, and who chose indifferently between a Druze or a Christian. The Druze, at the time of their great power, had governed almost all the mixed districts, but the emir of the mountain had always had the right to appoint their chiefs. It was, moreover, a singular claim on the part of the Druze to exercise hereditary feudal government over populations of a different race and religion from their own, at a time when the Ottoman government was striving to destroy throughout the empire the derebeys, the ayans, in short, everything that had preserved a feudal character. However, the Christians did not refuse to recognize the Druze chiefs as their lords in the mixed districts, but they simultaneously demanded a return to the old order of things, that is, the government of a Christian prince to whom they could appeal against their Druze lords in cases where the latter would harm their moral or material interests.

Essad-Pasha, to whose memory I am happy to render here striking justice, understood all that was fair in the Christians' demands; he long resisted the passionate demands of Colonel Rose, who ordered him, in the name of his government and in the most peremptory terms, to force Christians, even by force, to recognize the pure and simple jurisdiction of the Druze, and referred one last time to Constantinople, making known the Christians' invincible repugnance to submit to the Druze as long as they did not have a Christian prince at the top of Lebanon's government hierarchy. Another very serious consideration had led Essad-Pasha to this conclusion, which was the profound division that reigned among the Druze. This population, or better said the leaders of this population, are divided into two equally strong factions, but unequal in number, that of the Jumblaties and that of the Yazbakis. The first takes its name from the Jumblat family, the oldest and most powerful Druze family in Lebanon; the other has preserved the Druze name of one of the ancient factions that have always divided Syria. At the time when the question of electing a Druze kaïmakam arose, neither faction would allow a candidate from the enemy faction to be chosen, but they agreed to have the choice fall on Emir Achmet-Roslan, whose family, although connected to that of the Jumblat, was nevertheless considered neutral. However, the appointment was only permitted after he had signed an act drafted by the Druze chiefs, by which he committed to share with them not only the power conferred upon him but also the emoluments attached to it. The anarchy that devoured the Druze did not stop there. When it came to sharing power, the entire Yazbaki party openly leaned toward a Chehab prince, so that in Lebanon there were only the Jumblat family, the two Druze and Christian kaïmakams and their households who were against returning to unity. Essad-Pasha made all these facts known to the divan: it was then that the mission of Kapudan Pasha Halil, the Sultan's brother-in-law, who arrived in Syria in June 1844, was decided, and that a new diplomatic campaign by France and Austria took place to bring back a Christian prince to

Lebanon and prevent the evils that penetrating eyes saw accumulating over this sad region. It was also then that the English cabinet opposed any change through Lord Cowley, who presented a memorandum in favor of the status quo. The English cabinet clung to maintaining the status quo following the reports of its Consul General in Syria, who was unmoved either by the numerous petitions from Christians to the five consuls or by the divisions among the Druze. He continued to blame all these movements on the intrigues of the Chehabs, and insisted on the impossibility of returning power to a prince of this family without offending the Porte and hurting the populations. He forgot that his opposition to a Chehab prince and sole governor of the mountain only dated from the moment when a Druze principality had been created in Lebanon. Moreover, in the following passage from one of his dispatches, he unknowingly delivered the most formal condemnation against the system whose application he ardently defended: "The question of rival populations," he said, "remains without solution, and the difficulties with which the new plan has had to struggle are so great that perhaps the greatest praise that can be made of it is to say that it has survived and not perished. One can be sure that with support, it would have been distinguished as good, even in the Ottoman empire." The question of mixed populations remained without solution! but that was the entire question! The plan had survived, but it had aroused all oppositions from the beginning, and it had taken disarmament, massacres, horrors whose repercussions caused such legitimate emotion in Europe in 1845.

Halil-Pasha began his mission by declaring that the Chehabs were out of the question, and he made a proclamation to the inhabitants of Lebanon in which he invited them to freely express their wishes for the government of the mountain, while expressly forbidding them to speak of the Chehab family. This was a naive admission and like an involuntary confirmation of the wishes of Lebanon's inhabitants.

This proclamation coincided with the arrival in Syria of Mr. Allison, attached to the British embassy, who, upon his arrival in Beirut, expressed himself with the same frankness about the futility of Christians' prayers in favor of the Chehabs' return.

After calculated delays, Halil-Pasha announced, on September 2, 1844, to the assembled Druze and Christians, that the Porte maintained the government of Druze kaïmakams and recognized the right of mokatagis to govern the mixed districts. The Christians, momentarily dejected, nevertheless regained courage: with the accent of despair, they expressed, in petitions addressed to the five consuls, the horror that Druze domination inspired in them. The bishops, the patriarch, the Christian sheikhs, protested in favor of their coreligionists and demanded the implementation of the system of racial separation, and the generalization for all mixed districts of what had been decided for Deir el-Kamar, that is, the appointment of a Christian authority for the Christian populations of each locality. I was then French consul in Syria. I transmitted these requests to the French government, explaining and developing them. It had been decided that Deir el-Kamar would be administered by two wakils, one Christian, one Druze, each reporting to the kaïmakam of their race. But the mokatagis of Deir el-Kamar had been declared stripped of all rights over their district, because of the atrocities they had committed there [1]; it was

[1] These mokatagis were Sheikh Nassif and Sheikh Hamoud-Abounaked. The second led the massacres in 1841, 1845 and 1860.

therefore necessary to modify this arrangement regarding the other mixed districts. I proposed the election of a Christian wakil (procurator), placed in each mixed locality alongside the Druze mokatagi, who maintained his authority over the Druze, while the wakil alone would administer his coreligionists. Disputes between Christians were to be judged only by the Christian wakil; disputes between Druze, by the Druze mokatagi; disputes arising between a Druze and a Christian, by the mokatagi and wakil together. The wakil was furthermore to report to the Christian kaïmakam, as the Druze mokatagi to the Druze kaïmakam. Through this arrangement, the separation of races was established, and the power of each kaïmakam limited to their coreligionists. Consequently, the Christian kaïmakam and the princes of his family lost all their rights over the Druze of the Meten district. The idea of establishing wakils seemed both simple and ingenious; it offered, true enough, more difficulties in practice than in theory; but it violated neither humanity nor general rights; it only affected family privileges and private interests. It constituted a true diplomatic victory for France and Austria, it nullified the principle of unchecked government of Christians by Druze chiefs, it removed Christian populations from their enemies' administration without offending the Porte. If this arrangement had been completely and fairly executed, the Lebanon question would have finally had a solution. The English Consul General, who had made the most solemn promises to the Druze sheikhs, guaranteeing them undivided authority, well understood the implications of this proposal. He refrained from informing his government about the new phase into which the question had just entered, and even took steps with his Prussian and Austrian colleagues to discourage them from communicating to their respective courts the petitions of the patriarch and bishops regarding the wakils. It was through the French embassy in London that Lord Aberdeen learned of the new proposed plan, and, struck by its fairness and probable advantages, recommended it to Sir Stratford-Canning. This single fact is enough to give an idea of the local politics that Colonel Rose was following, and shows how often his government must have been either deceived, or at least poorly informed.

Mr. Guizot supported the question of wakils with the authority of his talent and the frankness he had always shown in negotiations relating to the Lebanon question, and the French embassy in Constantinople finally prevailed in principle.[2] Unfortunately for humanity and for good relations between France and England, Sir Stratford, hurt by France's victory, obtained from the divan, which feared that the Druze, weakened by the radical separation of the administration of the two races, would unite with the Christians to demand a Chehab prince, that the wakils should be presented, after their election, three at a time, to the Druze kaïmakam, who would choose the one who suited him best.

The Maronites were to enjoy this concession, wrested by French influence and mutilated by British jealousy, only after the most cruel trials.

III

Let us go back a bit in the course of events, and see what was the conduct of the Ottoman Porte in Syria, from the day when its allies had put it in possession of this province. No sooner had the Sultan's rule replaced that of Mehemet-Ali-Pasha, than civil war broke out

[2] The diplomatic documents published in 1846 by the French government can be consulted with benefit.

in Lebanon, and the Druze came to burn down the Maronite villages of Baabda and Haddet, in full view of Beirut, while Selim-Pasha, the commander of Turkish forces, calmly observed through his telescope, from the foot of Lebanon where his army was camped, disasters and atrocities which he could have prevented and to which he had contributed. The aim of the Turks was to take control of Lebanon's administration, and yet it was the Christian mountaineers' uprising that had most contributed to hastening the fall of Mehemet-Ali-Pasha's government.

The French embassy brought to the attention of Rifaat-Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Ottoman Porte, the cruel situation in Lebanon and pointed out to him the pressing necessity of averting through energetic and decisive acts the new dangers that threatened the mountain. Rifaat-Pasha appeared moved by this communication and the tone in which it was made, protested his personal good intentions and those of the Sultan's ministers, promised to convene an extraordinary council, and asked the first interpreter of the French embassy for a written summary of their conversation, in order, he said, to present himself more forcefully before his colleagues. Several extraordinary ministerial councils took place at the Porte, and after hesitating on the choice of an extraordinary commissioner, the council, on the advice of the grand vizier, decided to appoint Mustapha-Pasha, then serasker. The choice of this considerable figure was received with great satisfaction by the French embassy, which considered Mustapha-Pasha as one of our rare friends. They counted on his benevolence toward Christians, forgetting the cruel indifference he had shown in Epirus during the execution of the heroic and unfortunate Georges.[3] Lebanon was still then (November 1841) under the government of a single Catholic prince, Emir Bechir-Cassem, and yet Rifaat-Pasha, in his conversations with members of the diplomatic corps, was already discussing various modes of government that could be granted to the mountaineers of Lebanon. Sometimes he spoke of giving a chief to the Druze and a chief to the Maronites, that is to say, organizing civil war, which indeed took place later; sometimes of having the entire mountain governed by a Muslim pasha, meaning that Rifaat-Pasha was already violating in thought the age-old privileges of Lebanon and thus betraying the plans of the divan. These plans became obvious to all upon Mustapha-Pasha's arrival in Syria. From the beginning of 1842, taking advantage of the troubles that the Ottoman authorities themselves had fomented in Lebanon, he pronounced the deposition of Emir Bechir-Cassem, established direct Turkish rule in the mountain, and thus changed through a bold and personal decision, which was merely the expression of the Porte's most ardent wishes, the age-old authority that governed Lebanon. Mustapha-Pasha's conduct produced the most painful impression on the populations and on the diplomatic corps, raised bitter complaints and gave rise to the strongest protests. The Porte was not moved; it had the fait accompli on its side, and since then the Chehab family, whose downfall it had sworn to bring about, has never been reinstated in the government of Lebanon. The Porte viewed with the greatest displeasure a Catholic family, of Muslim origin, which even counted the Prophet among its ancestors, at the head of a government such as that of Lebanon.

[3] See Chrétiens et Turcs , par Eugène Poujade , liv . II, l'Albanie et la Grèce. (Christians and Turks, by Eugène Poujade, book II, Albania and Greece.)

Mustapha-Pasha had been sent on an extraordinary mission to calm the complaints that had been raised against the Turkish authorities in Syria and to gain time; the Porte had momentarily deceived the diplomatic corps, but the illusion had not lasted long; increasingly strong complaints were heard against Mustapha-Pasha's government, against his harshness toward Christians, his haughtiness toward Europeans. The Porte did not recall him, but it wanted to continue using a method that had worked so well for it; it proposed to the envoys of the five great courts to appoint a commissioner to assist Mustapha-Pasha. The ambassadors let themselves be persuaded, and Selim-Bey, one of the grandsons of Ali-Pasha of Tepelen, who had escaped the massacre of the family, left for Beirut. The action of the powers was again suspended; this was what the divan wanted. The announced purpose of Selim-Bey's journey was to monitor Mustapha-Pasha's conduct and to inquire about the true wishes of the mountain's inhabitants. Mustapha-Pasha had declared that they strongly desired to have a Muslim pasha as governor. Selim-Bey, sent to monitor Mustapha-Pasha, lent him his support; it was he who had the audacity to have fake seals manufactured and to sign alleged petitions from the mountain's inhabitants requesting a Muslim governor. Selim Bey's mission therefore did not meet France's hopes any more than that of Mustapha-Pasha, but the Porte was reaping the fruit of its cunning and perseverance, and direct Turkish rule in the mountain was maintained despite the powers' protests.

In September 1842, the grand vizier Izzet-Pasha, one of the most stubborn representatives of the old Muslim spirit, had to withdraw in the face of Western powers' discontent. He was replaced by Reouf-Pasha, already quite advanced in age, who had the reputation of being inclined to reforms, or at least of having no ill will, no fanatical aversion against European ideas and influence. He was a harmless old man, whose habits shed a curious light on Turkish civilization. When he found himself in private life, which happened often to him despite the frequent appearances in power of this dean of grand viziers, he occupied himself with his wife in raising young slaves, teaching them music, dance, the art of presenting pipes, of running a household, then he would sell them to rich Osmanlis, who would admit them into their harems as wives or as slaves. With Reouf-Pasha, a new minister of foreign affairs entered the council. Rifaat-Pasha withdrew. He was a man of rather vulgar manners, of a cultivated mind, of great fortune, who was considered very favorable to Austrian policy; above all a Muslim, and having perfectly fulfilled the divan's intentions by amusing the diplomatic corps with the two missions of Mustapha-Pasha and Selim-Bey. He was worn out for the moment, and Sarim-Effendi, who later became Sarim-Pasha and grand vizier, replaced him, Sarim-Pasha, who has since acquired a great reputation as an administrator, because he governed the pachalik of Brousse a little less badly than his predecessors, and to whom Rechid-Pacha said at the moment when he was leaving for the Tehran embassy:

"You are going to teach cunning to the Persians."

Sarim-Effendi, barely installed in Rifaat-Pasha's place, received the representatives of the five great powers, surrounded by the dignitaries of the Porte. Selim-Bey was introduced and heard; a six-hour discussion took place without it being possible to reach an understanding. Sarim-Effendi declared that he believed it absolutely necessary to give Muslim chiefs to the Druze and Maronites; the ambassadors protested, reminded that the allies, in intervening

in Syria, had solemnly promised the Lebanese the restoration and maintenance of their ancient privileges, and declared that what the Porte had done in Syria was essentially provisional as long as Europe had not sanctioned it. This took place on September 15. The following month, the Ottoman Porte had a memorandum delivered to the representatives of the five powers in which it maintained the principles stated in the conference of September 15, and returned to the necessity of giving Muslim chiefs to the mountaineers; except for this point, it was ready to give all satisfaction to the powers, and as proof of its good will, it proposed the dismissal of Omer-Pasha, the only Turk whose administration had left regrets in the mountain.

The representatives of the five powers replied that they would refer it to their courts, but adding that their own opinion had undergone no modification. The Porte in turn informed the representatives of the five powers that it would not implement any part of its plan before knowing the responses of the five courts. She presented her decision as a concession, while in reality she had fulfilled none of her commitments, and she simultaneously entrenched herself behind a continuous and skillful temporization, never losing sight of the goal she proposed and which seemed, despite so many palpable proofs, to escape the European envoys and their governments. Russia alone knew the Porte's plan, supported it, although with reserve, because it had as much at heart as the Turkish government not to see the reign of the Chehab family reappear in the mountain. The divan, happy with the ease with which the European representatives welcomed its proposals, expedients and promises, announced that twenty thousand purses had already been liquidated and paid on the indemnities due to the Maronites, in compensation for the goods of which they had been stripped in the autumn of 1841; it even produced the receipts of those indemnified. It was a gross lie, which was soon discovered, which did not prevent the Porte from repeatedly using a method that succeeded each time, at least for a few weeks.

At the same time, it gave the powers the most formal assurances against the return of any violent oppression. The representatives of Europe in Constantinople accepted these assurances as a guarantee. The mission of Halil-Pasha, that of Vedgi-Pasha and that of Chekib-Effendi would cruelly belie this confidence. Finally, after nine months of laborious negotiations, the five powers and the Ottoman Porte came to an agreement to organize a system in Lebanon, and the divan had the art of presenting as a concession what was for it a victory. The kaymakams were created, they were created as a trial; but the future would show with what skill the Porte took advantage of the kaymakamate system that Rifaat-Pasha himself prophetically defined as "organized civil war." European diplomacy flattered itself that it had brought the Porte to yield the ground on which it had been fighting since Mustapha-Pasha's mission, and to renounce direct Turkish rule in the mountain. Profound error! The Porte never renounced it, and the state of Lebanon, several years later, proved that it had seen its interests clearly. The Chehabs were completely abandoned, and in the satisfaction felt at seeing an end to so much work, no precautions were taken for the implementation on the very ground of the new system, whose principles were accepted without the details being examined; this was exposing oneself to serious disappointments.

The Ottoman Porte, however, in a document of great importance and of a singularly assured tone, itself took care to unveil all its thoughts to the representatives of the five powers, at least to those who would have needed such an act to penetrate the motives and hopes that made the divan act, for as for the Russian minister, it was his own policy that was being practiced by the Ottoman government.

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The Ottoman Porte, however, in a document of great importance and of a singularly assured tone, itself took care to unveil all its thoughts to the representatives of the five powers, at least to those who would have needed such an act to penetrate the motives and hopes that made the divan act, for as for the Russian minister, it was his own policy that was being practiced by the Ottoman government. We wish to speak of a memorandum delivered by Sarim-Effendi to the ambassadors and ministers of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia and Russia, in which the Porte admits, with skillful and firm persistence, its plans for direct rule in the mountain; declares this system alone applicable and alone capable of giving satisfaction to the Lebanese, and dares to cite, in support of its opinion and convictions, the opinion and testimony of Mustapha-Pasha himself, recalled from Syria following complaints from the representatives of the great powers. Sarim-Effendi, in this memorandum, declares that the institution of kaymakams is bad; he alludes, with a certain impatience, to the powers' intervention in a matter of internal administration; announces that, in his opinion, the kaymakams are created only as a trial, and makes his reservations for the case where the future would prove the accuracy of his predictions. It will soon be seen how the Porte tried to make events prove it right.

However, diplomacy in Constantinople believed it had won a brilliant success, and each of the representatives of the great powers, who had highly testified to the keen interest they took in Christians, wanted to mark the part he had in the triumph. Nevertheless, the French ambassador feared the effect of the intoxication of victory on the Christians, and recommended tempering the vivacity of joy with great modesty, so as not to awaken umbrage among their enemies. In any case, the Porte, which never missed an opportunity to achieve its goals and establish a single Muslim government in Lebanon, boldly decided that the district of Jbeil would be separated from the administration of the Christian kaymakam, and given to a Turkish officer placed under the immediate jurisdiction of the

pasha of Sayda. The five consuls protest vigorously in Beirut, and the representatives of the five courts in Constantinople protest in turn, with complete unanimity in language and sentiment. This approach, although well-designed to produce a salutary impression on the Porte, yields no result; but the confidence of the French embassy remains unshaken; it hopes that this difficulty will be the last, that it will soon be overcome, and its only fear is that the Christians might become too easily excited at the thought of the new triumph we are about to achieve.

However, the Ottoman Porte had entrusted the government of Syria to an elderly man, Essad-Pasha, endowed with high reason, great tolerance, and whose long experience seemed to find, at the end of a brilliant career marked by vicissitudes, insights that were no longer the province of many of his compatriots, and a spirit of gentleness and fairness that only the fear of God and love of mankind can bestow. Born in Asia and raised among Catholic populations, he had long been struck by the obedience to sovereigns that the court of Rome preaches to Catholics of the East, very different in this respect from the Greeks, who openly consider the Emperor of Russia as their crowned master. By skillfully touching on this chord with Essad-Pasha, it was not difficult to inspire in him a serious interest, though free from any weakness, for the Christians. It was to this elderly man that the delicate and difficult task was entrusted of implementing the latest arrangements made by the Ottoman Porte, installing the kaymakams and placing their subjects under their orders. It was then that the inextricable difficulty we spoke of arose regarding the organization of mixed districts. The Christians protested vigorously and desperately against an arrangement that subjected them to the Druze; and finally, after fifteen months of negotiations, just when the goal seemed within reach, progress was halted by an unexpected obstacle in Constantinople, because they were ignorant of Lebanon's geography.

The Christians, to further ingratiate themselves with Essad-Pasha, had declared that they preferred the government of a pasha and a Muslim to the yoke of the Druze, and the mushir of Sayda had then confessed to Constantinople his inability to execute the orders he had received in Lebanon without resorting to force. Having reached this extremity, he clearly posed the question to the divan. It was at this moment that a profound and regrettable change occurred within the conference of the representatives of the five courts. Until then, unanimity had prevailed in opposing direct Turkish rule, at least between France, England and Austria, with Russia and Prussia showing less vigor in action, although their declarations were in line with those of the other powers; unanimity continued at the time of accepting the government of the two kaymakams; but when the mushir of Sayda had the courage and honesty to tell his government that force would be needed to impose the kaymakamate arrangement on the Christians, and when he made a final appeal for clemency, this unanimity ceased within the conference. The representatives of Great Britain, Russia and Prussia seemed convinced that the application of the 1842 measures had not yet been attempted with either the good faith or the intelligence that could have ensured their success. They proposed examining some palliatives intended to address the most pressing needs of the populations, and, once these palliatives were recommended for adoption by the Porte, their opinion was to offer the sincere, unanimous and determined support of the representatives of the five courts for the implementation of the 1842 arrangement. However, it was now June 1844; more than two years had thus elapsed, and

this arrangement, announced as a victory, had not only not been executed but had not even been attempted. Moreover, the French ambassador and the Austrian internuncio were of the opinion that the impossibility of implementation was sufficiently revealed by the complaints of the populations and by the pasha's own admission to necessitate a new and more serious examination of the entire question. A dissent of this nature had to lead and did lead to an appeal to the European cabinets, each representative reserving the latitude of his personal action in the direction and measure that he would deem appropriate.

The Ottoman Porte had successively sent to Syria Selim-Pasha, then Mustapha-Pasha, the serasker, and finally Selim-Bey; we have seen the results of these deplorable missions, well suited to cure any confidence in the divan's good intentions toward Lebanon. However, the Porte did not go to great lengths of invention to continue the policy both bold and perfidious that it had been following since Syria had returned under its domination. It decided that a division of the fleet, which was at that moment in the Dardanelles where it had followed the sultan, would go to the Syrian coast under the orders of the capitan-pasha. "It wanted to try," it had conveyed to the French ambassador, "if the presence in Beirut of one of the empire's high officers, accompanied by an imposing force, would not facilitate, by its moral effect alone, the task that Essad-Pasha himself had recognized as impossible, and if Halil-Pasha's insights, coming to aid his own, would not smooth out the obstacles through their combined action." The Ottoman Porte implied that "the main purpose of Halil-Pasha's mission was to ensure the collection of compensation due to Christians (it should be remembered that in October 1842 the Porte had declared to the French ambassador that twenty thousand purses had already been liquidated and paid on the compensation due to the Maronites); but in dealing with this important part of the question, he would necessarily be called upon to examine the whole and the radical flaws that the implementation attempt had revealed in the 1842 administrative organization, particularly regarding mixed territories." Once the principle of racial separation was admitted, the mixed territories formed the entire question. At the same time, the Porte was hinting to the ambassadors of Catholic powers and protectors of the Maronites the possibility of returning to single governance in the mountain, entrusted to a prince of the Chehab family, if examination of the facts were to convince Halil-Pasha of the necessity of this restoration. For his part, Sir Stratford Canning was sending to Syria, on the very ship that carried the capitan-pasha, Mr. Alison, oriental secretary of the British embassy. The avowed purpose of his mission was also to ascertain the truth with a mind free from partial views and unencumbered by commitments. This was the light under which this double mission was presented in Beirut; but the consular corps and the Christians did not need to wait long to know the thoughts of the new extraordinary commissioner of the Ottoman Porte. As we said in the previous chapter, Halil-Pasha marked his landing with a proclamation where he forbade the Lebanese from even pronouncing the name Chehab. This proclamation had something insolent about it, but sincere, after the convoluted explanations of the Porte's foreign affairs minister.

IV

By charging Halil-Pasha with repairing the ills from which Syria had been suffering for so long, the Porte was not only making an act of condescension toward the representatives of the five courts. It had also been compelled to do so by the reports it was receiving from the governor general of Syria and Palestine. Essad-Pasha, whose just character and great common sense I have described, had become the friend and supporter of the Maronites, not only because they flattered him or preferred his immediate and undivided power to that of the Druze kaymakam, but also because he was convinced that of all the populations of Lebanon, only the Maronites could offer the Porte a powerful means of maintaining its supremacy. Born in Armenia, among a population divided between Catholics united with the Holy See and Christians of the oriental rite, he had early on been able to notice that the former made much more docile subjects than the others. I had penetrated the old vizier's feelings and strengthened his good dispositions by showing him the interest the Porte had in conciliating the Catholic populations of Syria and relying on them. I told him:

"The Catholics have an incontestable superiority over the numerous and diverse populations of Syria; their industry, the character of their religion, their numbers offer serious guarantees to the Porte. Remember what powerful assistance they were to Ibrahim-Pasha during the war against Nablus and Hauran. The Ottoman Porte proposes, and rightly so, to carry out recruitment in Syria; when this occurrence presents itself, think of the help that this pacified and grateful population could bring you by remaining immobile and separating its cause from that of the Druze and Muslims."

These reflections had made a great impression on the mind of the mushir, who thus declared to me vigorously "that he had never had cause to complain about the Christian populations of Lebanon," adding "that he would do everything in his power to improve their situation."

At the same time, the new bishop of Beirut, Tobie, who was charged by the patriarch and Emir Haydar with defending the interests of his co-religionists before the Ottoman authorities and the consular corps, received a visit from some Druze chiefs. These made earnest entreaties to him: they begged him to intercede in order to restore good harmony between them and the Christians; and, knowing the Maronites' desire to see the princes of the Chehab family return among them, they assured him of the promptness and satisfaction with which they would return under the authority of this family. The protestations soon became so intense that the bishop, who had not tried to hide the little confidence they inspired in him, asked the Druze chiefs if they were willing to make the same declaration before Essad-Pasha; they responded affirmatively without hesitation, and the very next day, the bishop requested and obtained a private audience with the mushir. He found gathered the mushir, his kyaya and the divan-effendi. He spoke first of the necessity to definitively settle the question of the two kaymakams' treatment, a question that remained pending, although it was May 1844, and the installation of the kaymakams had taken place in 1842.

Some explanations are necessary to appreciate the decision taken by the mushir of Sayda. The sum of the miri paid by Mount Lebanon was 3,100 purses (the purse being worth 500 piastres). The districts placed under the Christian kaymakam's government paid 973,656 piastres. Those governed by the Druze kaymakam paid 365,317 piastres. The disputed districts, where the Christian population is about 30,000 souls, paid 373,527 piastres.

Finally, the Druzes of Meten, who were under the Christian kaymakam but from whom he had always refused to collect the miri himself, paid 37,500 piastres.

On the 3,500 purses, the Porte had decided that the kaymakams would receive 2,100, reduced to 1,800 by the various defterdars or receivers general who had succeeded one another in Beirut. In principle, this latter sum was to be equally shared between the two kaymakams; but Emir Haydar, who collected nearly two-thirds of the miri alone and who was well-advised, never wanted to consent to this sharing; and the two emirs only took from the miri what was necessary for their maintenance. Emir Achmet's share was much smaller; the mushir of Sayda, pushed by the protectors of the Druze, was about to consent to abandon to him the portion of miri paid by the disputed districts; and it was on this point that the Maronite bishop undertook to change the pasha's mind. He pointed out to him that this was in some way prejudging the question of whether the disputed districts would or would not be placed under the Druze kaymakam's jurisdiction.

"It seems to me," he added, "that one should wait for the divan's final decision; and until then, it is up to the Ottoman authority to directly collect this portion of the miri."

Essad-Pasha welcomed this opening favorably and asked, with much affability, Bishop Tobie if he had anything else to communicate to him. The bishop having reminded the pasha that he had promised him a private audience, the kyaya and the divan-effendi were dismissed.

"I must speak with extreme frankness to Your Excellency," said the bishop, "and I request all your indulgence."

The pasha having assured him that he could speak with complete freedom, the patriarch's procurator said to him:

"In one of our recent conversations, you stated that the affairs of Mount Lebanon would never be finished; you are right, if you mean that the mountain will not be governed again according to the old custom, that is to say if it does not enjoy a single government."

"I know of no men in Syria," replied Essad-Pasha, "who would be able to make themselves accepted by the mountain as sole governor."

"Indeed," resumed Bishop Tobie, "only Emir Bechir combines the strength and skill necessary for this high position, and what emboldens me to reveal my thoughts to you with such frankness is that the Druze are urging me to express to you their wishes for the return of the great prince; they are ready to express these themselves before you."

Essad-Pasha seemed to hear these last words with a mixture of doubt and interest.

"I recognize," he said, "the emir's skill; but the Porte cannot forget that he took Mehemet-Ali-Pasha's side against it; moreover, his return would not obtain England's assent; other powers might also oppose it."

"The fidelity with which Emir Bechir served his immediate chiefs Djezzar-Pasha, Soliman-Pasha, Abdallah-Pasha, Mehemet-Ali-Pasha, to the complete satisfaction of these viziers, whose elevation the Porte had favored, must be for the sultan an assured pledge of his

complete devotion, if he were to place him back at the head of the mountain. As for the English, their aversion to the emir is easily explained. The prince never allowed them to enter the mountain; he would never have allowed them to establish colleges and try, with money, to make the inhabitants of Lebanon change their religion."

"It is true, but Emir Bechir leans strongly toward the French."

"Syria," continued the bishop, "is divided into three major parties: the Maronites and Greek Catholics have been united with the French through religious ties for centuries; the Druze lean toward the English, who promise them their support; the Greeks turn to the Russians, whose protection they have. The longer such a state of affairs continues, the more the influence of these three great powers will increase at the expense of the Porte's influence, to which today none of us turns, so recognized is its powerlessness. The agitation, lack of confidence, and absence of direction embolden foreigners and prepare their influence; but this anarchy would cease, without any doubt, from the day the emir would be reinstated in the government of the mountain; then we would see tranquility reestablished from Nablus to Aleppo, and the encroachments of the English and the Druze would encounter insurmountable obstacles. The love of the general good alone makes me speak in this way: if I consulted only my interests, I would not ask for change: Emir Haydar has the greatest confidence in me; I guide him, whereas Emir Bechir would submit neither to my influence nor even to that of the patriarch."

The pasha, who had listened to the bishop with religious attention, told him that he felt the force of these reasons and that he would refer it to Constantinople. At the same time, he recommended keeping their conversation secret, especially from Emir Haydar, and committed to communicating to him the response that would be made to his report. Then, after a moment of reflection:

"Which Druzes would be ready to confirm what I have just heard?"

The bishop named several sheiks, among others Sheikh-Hassan-Talhouk, mokatagi of Garb El-Fokani, one of the most intelligent and influential Druzes of that time, and Sheikh-Abdul-Melek, mokatagi of Djurd. The pasha wished to see the first one, who was sent to him by Bishop Tobie, and who fully confirmed what the latter had advanced.

Sheikh Hassan added:

"All Druzes desire the return of the Chehabs, except Emir Achmet-Roslan, their caimacam, and the Jumblatt family."

"But," said the pasha, "couldn't the Druze chiefs put up strong resistance to Emir Bechir's return?"

"The force and power of the emir have left vivid memories in Lebanon," replied Sheikh Hassan, "and no one would dare to rise up against him."

Essad-Pasha also asked Sheikh Hassan for secrecy, and on May 9th, he dispatched a Tartar to Constantinople with a detailed report on everything he had heard. A letter from Essad-Pasha's Arab dragoman informed Bishop Tobie of this fact, while also giving him a summary of the pasha's conversation with the Druze sheikh.

Upon reading Essad-Pasha's report, the divan decided to send Halil-Pasha to Syria. But neither the Porte, nor England, nor Russia wanted the restoration of the Chehab family; Prussia itself was averse to it. For many years, France had exercised an influence in Syria and Palestine that was virtually unchallenged and inspired no mistrust from the Sublime Porte. The Egyptian expedition filled the divan with anxiety, awakened memories of the glory we had left in the Orient since the crusades, and aroused strong hopes, not only among Christians of all rites but even among the Druzes and Mutualis. If General Bonaparte had not been stopped before Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the conquest of Palestine and Syria would have been even less contested than that of Egypt. The abrupt end of this campaign, which had begun so brilliantly, caused deep disappointment to all Eastern Christians, whose eyes were turned toward the hero of Arcole and the Pyramids.

But France had inaugurated its new role in the Orient, and henceforth it was no longer permissible for a Frenchman to imitate Volney, who invited Catherine to seize Jerusalem as she had Constantinople.

The political and commercial influence of the English in Syria, initially far inferior to ours, was preparing for a long time to reach the first rank, thanks to their excellent travelers, their missionaries, and mainly to the immense development of their manufactures. Finally, the expedition of 1840, the ruin of Egyptian domination in Palestine, Syria, and Cilicia, and especially the active protection granted to the Druzes, allowed England to definitively gain a foothold in Palestine and Syria, supported as it was by the main Druze family, the Jumblatts, by Protestant missionaries, both English and American, making common cause against Catholicism, and assured of Prussia's cooperation through the creation of a Protestant bishopric in Jerusalem.

Russia, for its part, had sent consuls to Syria, and these agents had displayed great perseverance and ceaseless activity to create a deep division between Christians united with the Holy See and those who are separated from it.

In this struggle against French influence and against Catholicism, Episcopalian England, schismatic Russia, Lutheran Prussia, and Calvinist America had ardently united their rivalries and silenced their dissensions. Austria itself, Catholic Austria, had joined these powers to bring about the lowering of France's political influence in Palestine and Syria, and thereby had contributed to favoring this raising of shields against Catholicism. She soon recognized the mistake she had made, and united with France, albeit weakly, to obtain the restoration of the Chehab family. But the cause of the Catholic prince, which Essad-Pasha, left to himself, could have saved, suffered a significant setback, from which it never recovered, due to the mission of Halil-Pasha and the apostasy of Emir Emin, the one among Emir Bechir's sons whom Austria presented as the most acceptable leader for both the Druzes and Christians.

V

I found myself in the Mount Carmel monastery at the time when Halil-Pasha was sent to Syria. There I enjoyed momentary but profound rest, living the life of solitaries, and contemplating from the height of the promontory the grand views of the sea and mountains, and I was preparing to make a pious visit to the manger of Nazareth when I learned of Halil-Pasha's arrival before Beirut. I returned to my post without losing time, and I arrived to witness the consternation caused by the Capitan-pasha's proclamation. Halil-Pasha had entered with the Ottoman squadron into the Bay of Saint-Georges, where the Mahmoudieh, a 140-gun vessel flying the admiral's flag, and the other ships of the squadron were much safer than before Beirut, where the anchorage often presents great dangers from the northern winds, which rise with frightening suddenness. I went aboard the Mahmoudieh in company with M. de Saint-Simon, an officer of rare distinction and a man of remarkable elevation of character, whom death took too soon from our navy, and who then commanded the naval station of Beirut. We approached the enormous floating mass of the Mahmoudieh, anchored almost at the foot of Lebanon, like a threat to the Christians, and we were introduced before the Capitan-pasha.

Halil-Pasha, although still young, had retained from that beauty which first made him the favorite of Sultan Mahmoud, then the husband of one of his daughters, only a brilliant complexion. He was fat to the point of obesity, he had large veiled eyes, but his manners had distinction, and despite his corpulence, he was remarkably agile. He received us surrounded by great luxury, and he avoided, during the first interview, addressing the delicate questions that were the object of his mission. Halil-Pasha was a Circassian slave, bought very young by old Khosrew-Pasha, who was the master of a very great number of dignitaries of the empire during the reign of Sultan Mahmoud and the first years of his son's reign. When he saw Halil's rapid elevation, he said:

"I was not hoping to get such a good deal from the ten thousand piastres he cost me."

The Capitan-pasha expressed himself in his language with ease and elegance; he showed apparent good nature and sometimes boisterous gaiety. In private, he amused his entourage with his talent for mimicry, he imitated everyone and especially took pleasure in ridiculing old Essad-Pasha, who knew it, and who was indignant at the life of pleasure led by the sultan's brother-in-law. However, not every pure sentiment was extinguished in this voluptuary's heart. Having noticed one day, during one of his walks, one of the consulate general's writers, named Halil-Medaouar, with his six-year-old son, he took this graceful child in his arms and kissed him with tears:

"I too," he told me, "could have had sons; I had two who were strangled at birth because they had a sultana for a mother." And tears flowed down his cheeks.

It was difficult to bring together two men of more dissimilar characters than Essad and Halil-Pasha. Of rare probity, rigid observer of his religion and given word, just, severe with the great, compassionate towards the weak, the mushir of Sayda, despite all the pride of the Muslim and the Osmanli, had glimpsed the deep abyss dug under the sultans' throne, but he concealed his patriotic apprehensions under a dignified exterior that commanded respect.

The proclamation of Halil-Pasha was communicated to the mountain inhabitants through a bouiourouldi, or order of Essad-Pasha, and this document caused sharp discontent to the French ambassador, for whom the explanations given before Halil-Pasha's departure were far from foreseeing such a beginning. I informed the united pashas of the ambassador's regrets, and they declared that they would not use any constraint and would show complete impartiality in the inquiry that was about to open. But Halil-Pasha, moving beyond generalities, clearly declared that in his opinion, only a Turkish governor, reporting to the mushir of Sayda, could establish a solid and lasting order in Lebanon. Essad-Pasha spoke to me with the greatest discouragement about Lebanon's affairs and the difficulties that surrounded him; he felt powerless to resolve them and wished for his recall, even exile, to escape the unfortunate consequences he foresaw. In the presence of Halil-Pasha, he made known his opinion regarding the unified government of the Chehabs, which was immediately refuted vigorously by the Capitan-pasha.

The months passed; discussions followed one another; negotiations and conferences continued between Christians and Druzes, mountaineers and pashas, and nothing was concluded. In June, when Halil-Pasha was leaving Constantinople, the divan, to avoid arousing suspicions from ambassadors favorable to the Christian cause, had confidentially informed them that the main purpose of Halil-Pasha's mission was to ensure the recovery of compensation due to Christians, which payment had been announced by the Porte as an accomplished fact since 1842. In November 1844, the Capitan-pasha, pressed with questions, declared that his intention was to begin by clearly establishing what the mountaineers owed to the imperial treasury.

"For three years," he said, "the mountain has paid only a very small portion of the miri (land tax); the Christian caimacam has not yet shown the defterdar (receiver general) the sums he has collected, and it is only after the settlement of final accounts that the divan of Beirut will determine the method of payment of the compensation, jointly with the sheiks deputized by the districts to defend their interests."

Consequently, an order issued by the mushir of Sayda invited the districts to elect their deputies. The pashas simultaneously convened the Christian procurators of the mixed districts, and Halil-Pasha announced to them "that after examining with the greatest care the situation of the mountain, he had decided that the Christians of the mixed districts would remain subject to the administration of the Druze mokatagis, that the Porte had approved the decision taken by him, and that they should prepare their co-religionists to receive it." The grand admiral added that the Porte was resolved to enforce this decision, but that the Christian procurators would nevertheless be admitted to propose detailed objections to the divan held in Beirut, and that they could count on the government's goodwill. The procurators requested a delay of ten days to communicate the grand admiral's orders to their constituents. This moderation, this conciliatory language was an encouragement to Christians to persevere in expressing the wishes they had voiced, namely to preserve the status quo, that is to say, to continue enjoying the benefits of Essad-Pasha's paternal administration. It was to the vizier that the Porte owed such a mark of confidence, and yet it disapproved of his policy; it was preparing from then on to recall him and to let Halil-Pasha pronounce on the fate of the Christians.

Despite the order given to Christians in mixed districts to elect deputies and send them to Beirut to attend deliberations regarding the resolution of Lebanon's affairs, the elections were not taking place. The Christians seemed to fear that by holding them and conforming to one of the Muslim authority's injunctions, they would appear to be submitting to the decision that placed them under Druze government, against which they continued to protest.

On this occasion, they responded in these terms to their vekils or intermediate chiefs:

Mount Lebanon, November 6, 1844.

"We are just receiving your letter of the 30th of last month, and we note the meeting you had with Their Excellencies the Capitan-pasha and the mushir, who informed you of the receipt of definitive responses from the Sublime Porte regarding the mountain question, and that, according to a final decision, it has been determined by His Highness's government that we must submit to Druze authority, and that we are neither permitted to revisit this subject nor to address new petitions, because it is no longer time.

"Their Excellencies told you to advise us of the most complete submission, submission which will bring us tranquility, and to choose in each mokata a vekil who will watch over our interests.

You say, in this same letter, that not having our authorization to accept Druze administration, you have addressed ardent prayers to Their Excellencies to allow you to await our response; that a delay of ten days has been granted to you, and that it is our duty to obey the orders of the Sublime Porte and Their Excellencies, and to follow punctually the advice they have been kind enough to give us, which alone will bring us tranquility.

We have well understood what you tell us on this subject. The question having been thus resolved, what remains for us to do? What should we answer when they close our mouth? What should we answer when they close our mouth? We can see in this decision only a subject of misfortune and torment, and since our subjection to the Druzes is definitively settled, and we are no longer permitted to speak of it, whether willingly or against our wishes, as we cannot deceive ourselves, imagining that an era of peace will begin with our subjugation, we will declare the truth and we say: Druze domination robs us of all security; it prepares for us the harshest evils and the most unbearable torments. God has condemned man to die only once, and we cannot believe that the Sublime Porte wishes to forbid us from expressing our thoughts frankly and loyally, we who have never departed from our duty of blind obedience, everywhere and in everything, to its noble decrees.

If the Sublime Porte has decreed the definitive execution of its last decision, is it not to be feared that it has done so on false and distorted information? But since it is not permitted to revisit this decision and make new requests, here is what we have resolved: In your first letter, you told us that whoever did not want to submit to Druze administration could emigrate, adding that the English consul general told you that the properties of emigrants would be equitably evaluated, that half of their value would be paid before emigration, and the other half after installation in the new locations: we therefore charge you with explaining to the authorities that we all want to emigrate; ask, beseech, obtain mubachirs (commissioners) who will come to estimate our properties, and pay us their value.

VI

The English Consul General in Syria and Palestine at that time was Colonel Rose, the same man who later became chargé d'affaires in Constantinople and who, having become a general, distinguished himself in the last Indian War. He had taken an active part in the 1840 expedition, and since then, he had been entrusted with the delicate mission of representing his country in the provinces that England had helped to remove from the domination of the Viceroy of Egypt. The Colonel, now Sir Hugh Rose, fully justified his government's choice and displayed, to establish and strengthen his influence, a tenacity, calculation, and at the same time a boldness that we would have been happy to see in service of the Christian cause. Not only did England, or at least its representatives, feel no embarrassment in declaring "that they made no difference between the Druze and Christians," but their partiality in favor of the former showed through in their smallest words and all their actions.

"You can," said the English Consul General to one of his colleagues who reminded him that it was in favor of the Maronites that European intervention, notably England's, had taken place, "you can hold such language, but I could not associate myself with it."

When the Porte decided that the Christians of the mixed districts would be subject to the Druze, it was the English Consul General who insisted with passionate intensity to Essad-Pasha for the prompt execution of this decree and, if necessary, for the use of force; his demands went as far as threats, but he failed to shake the imperturbable firmness of the old vizier. He was the first to suggest emigration. Citing the example of Scotland where it was frequently practiced, had he encouraged Christians to resort to this harsh extremity? He denied it, but it is proven that the passionate pursuit of his goal had led such a pragmatic mind to propose an almost impossible solution. Whatever the case, this solution had been adopted in principle in Constantinople itself! It did not take long reflection to be struck by the odiousness of such a measure, taken coldly in conference by the ambassadors of the five great European powers, in concert with the Ottoman Porte! Famine drove the Irish far from green Erin, across the Atlantic; Germans seek in America's forests and plains a comfort and independence they cannot find on their ancient homeland; the Don Cossacks fled Russia and settled in Asia to preserve intact the sacred deposit of their old beliefs, and very recently, the Russians' triumph in the Caucasus and Shamil's defeat drove the Circassians to the shores of the Bosphorus. Need, love of well-being, ambition, impatience with the yoke provoked all these emigrations. But the Maronites found themselves in a very different situation. The allies, upon landing in Syria, had promised them aid and protection, and had invited them to unite in driving out Ibrahim-Pasha, and all had responded to this call. Besides, how would this emigration have taken place? Where would the Maronites have transported their household gods? They would have been forced to leave the country where they were the majority, a land cultivated by their hands for centuries and covered with laboriously established monasteries... It was rather the Druze, who formed the minority, who should withdraw. This argument admitted no reply, and England had no other reason

to assert than the necessity of executing the 1842 arrangement in its entirety; but this arrangement was only a trial! From the beginning, the Porte on one side, France and Austria on the other, had demonstrated its weakness or injustice. England, which, thanks to this unfortunate combination, had managed to sow division in the mountain and create a base of influence and action among the Druze who were allies of the Pasha of Egypt in 1840 and whom they fought then, attributed its failure, not to radical flaws that struck all impartial minds, but to the poor choice of authorities and the intrigues of the Chehab family. Its representatives used strange arguments to highlight what they called the advantages of their system. They enumerated the guarantees granted to Christians, guarantees that would be placed under the protection of the consuls of the five great powers, considered as true protecting powers, while, even from this point of view, the 1842 arrangement presented serious drawbacks, since it perpetuated European intervention in the internal affairs of the mountain, intervention which, instead of relying on a principle or general fact, would soon be brought into play for the slightest incidents... Indeed, this was not the way to ensure both the tranquility and happiness of the Lebanese populations, as well as the peaceful supremacy of the Sublime Porte, the real and avowed goal of the European powers.

While Christians were pleading or resorting to eloquent protests to escape the Druze yoke; while the patriarch and bishops were publicly provoking the resistance of their flock through forceful letters to the Ottoman authorities, the British consulate general on its side was displaying tireless activity and rare vigor. It imperiously demanded that the Capitan-Pasha and the Mushir of Sayda execute the decision taken by the Ottoman Porte in September 1844, a decision that had diminished, through a surreptitious clause, the victory that French influence had won. Our triumph consisted in having Christians governed by Christians, Druze by Druze, through vekils reporting to either the Christian kaymakam or the Druze kaymakam. This method, at once simple and practical, which gave such fair satisfaction to the long-injured interests of the Maronites, had been adopted despite strong opposition from the British embassy. One will see proof of this in the following excerpts from two letters, which were written to me at that time from Constantinople by one of the mission's secretaries:

"I only have time to write you a word to congratulate you on the solution of this question (that of the vekils); it is our influence that has triumphed, despite, I would almost say the rage of Sir Stratford Canning. I cannot better indicate to you how much your role has been appreciated in this whole affair than by quoting a word from Sir Stratford in a conference: 'But it is a personal idea of Mr. Poujade that you want to impose on us!' And it was precisely about the method adopted and indicated by you. It is your ideas that have prevailed until now. It is a complete success that we have obtained; it is incontestable and uncontested, perhaps even too uncontested, for they are trying to make us pay for it on other points; they are vigorously attacking us on Greece. We have just received a communication that resembles a declaration, I will not say of war, but of hostilities from Turkey united with Greece. I believe that Sir Stratford has contributed to obtaining this double-edged piece. He attacks our influence in Greece, which seems to me to have been pushed too far, or if the embassy does not want to sacrifice the interests of the Athens mission, it will lose some of

its popularity with the Porte. The ambassador, who returns in a month, will thus have a delicate position."

But this triumph of our ideas, obtained thanks to the energetic impulse of the French chargé d'affaires in Constantinople[4], had been singularly weakened by the clause that Sir Stratford Canning had led the Porte, his willing accomplice, to insert after the fact in the orders emanating from the divan: namely that the Christian vekils would report to the Druze kaymakam. The Christians, despite all attempts made on them or against them, had not yet wanted to obey, and the Capitan-Pasha, who wanted to take severe action only at the last moment, was taking advantage of the delays, hesitations, resistance, weariness or fear, to achieve his court's plans: the acceptance by Christians and Europe of the sultan's direct government in the mountain.

Towards the end of 1844, he made a very significant move. He secretly sent a trusted person belonging to the ancient family of Sheikh Daher, who played a major role as governor of the province of Acre, to Bishop Tobie, procurator of the Maronite patriarch, to encourage him to present a petition to the Capitan-Pasha requesting direct government by the Mushir of Sayda. Bishop Tobie responded that he could not make such a request without prior authorization from the vekils, and without the formal promise of the Capitan-Pasha that it would be granted. The Capitan-Pasha's envoy then invited Bishop Tobie to formulate a draft petition without signatures. Bishop Tobie requested some form of government that would be of a nature to remove Christians from Druze authority. This was a clever way to designate direct government by the Mushir of Sayda, without formally expressing it. This document was placed in the hands of the Capitan-Pasha, who transmitted it to the divan, either to maintain hope in the definitive triumph of his ideas, or to excuse himself for not having yet obeyed the injunctions of the British consulate general, which was neither shaken nor moved by the numerous petitions presented to the grand admiral and the mushir, any more than by the frank and respectful opposition of the Christians, and the deep division that reigned among the Druze. Thus, pushed to the limit by a man of such vigorous initiative as Colonel Rose, the two high Ottoman officials held a secret conference, to which they invited the consuls general of England and Russia, in order to be able to use the authority of the second to convince the first of the dangers there would be in employing rigorous measures. The English consul general insisted first, with his usual stubbornness, on beginning execution, even by force. His Russian colleague, on the contrary, declared that he found the use of force dangerous and opposed to the views of his government. In this situation, Essad-Pasha read to the two consuls general a dispatch from M. Guizot, which had been transmitted to him by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Porte, and in which the French minister expressed, with the high authority of his word, the desire that the Ottoman government bring a peaceful solution, conforming to its interests, to the Lebanon question.[5] The eminent statesman at the same time hinted at the fatal consequences that bloodshed in the mountain would entail for Turkey. Supported by such a powerful auxiliary, Essad-Pasha succeeded in bringing the English consul general to recognize that

[4] M. His de Butenval.

[5] See the diplomatic documents published in 1846 by the French government, of which M. Saint-Marc Girardin gave an excellent analysis in le Journal des Débats du 28 juillet dernier.

the use of force would be impolitic. On this occasion, the Mushir of Sayda said these remarkable words to me:

"The grand admiral is entirely ignorant of the nature of the men and things of the country; I have had much trouble resisting him and preventing him from taking actions that would have brought about a conflagration in the mountain, which I alone have been able to avert until now. It is I who decided that the question would be brought again before the imperial divan."

The Christians' resistance to submitting to the Druze, and, as a result of this attitude, the practical impossibility of the latest arrangements, as the Porte had surreptitiously modified them, had taken an even more pronounced character, since the Christians were making the question of mixed districts a religious question, expressing, moreover, their fears regarding the persecutions they were threatened with by the Druze, who had designs on their beliefs. As it was especially among the latter that American missionaries made their conversion attempts, they saw or pretended to see in their submission to the Druze a greater chance for Protestant propaganda. The emissaries sent by Essad-Pasha to the mountain had reported to him that these fears were widespread.

VII

However, agitation was spreading in the mountain and gaining all the mixed districts. The Christians, despite the protection afforded them by France and the Mushir of Sayda, feared the vengeance of the Druze and the treachery of the Turks. Symptoms of impending troubles were breaking out everywhere, and the misunderstanding between the governor general and the grand admiral grew day by day. The Druze felt defeated by French influence: the support of Austria and Prussia was failing them, and Russia itself, although it had waited until the last moment, had just openly demonstrated all its interest for the Christians.

Their prey was thus going to escape them; but, remarkably, and yet easy to foresee, the same Druze sheiks who, in concert with the Christians, had requested the return of a Chehab prince, in order to preserve, under the patronage of this family, their mokatagi domination over the Christians of their districts, these same sheiks, unfaithful to their previous actions, were now as eager as the others to escape a measure that would strip them of usurped rights. Essad-Pasha left Beirut towards the end of winter 1845, and set out for the mountain, hoping that his presence could restore calm and raise the morale of the discouraged Christian populations. The journey he made in Lebanon, the firmness of his speeches and the equitable vigor of his acts, the increasingly inflexible resistance of Christians and their religious leaders, seemed for a moment to ensure the triumph that France had finally won in Constantinople, by forcing the Porte to give orders for the vekils arrangement, as French initiative had conceived and formulated it, to be executed without further delay. It was then that a change, whose consequences would be deplorable, took place in the government of Syria. Essad-Pasha was recalled and replaced by Vedgi-Pasha, governor of Aleppo. The

grand admiral found himself deprived, or rather freed from the salutary advice and restraint imposed on him by the high experience and uprightness of his colleague.

With Essad-Pasha's departure, agitation and fears redoubled, and, towards the month of April, the precursor symptoms of civil war became so threatening that I was obliged to speak openly about it to the grand admiral himself.

Halil-Pasha's responses, far from reassuring me, inspired in me the most acute anxiety. I returned home plagued by the most somber premonitions; reflection only intensified them further. Thus, on April 25, I decided to inform him in writing of the dark impressions I had received. I reminded him of the legitimate complaints of the Christians, the reports that had been addressed to me: the Ottoman troops stationed in the mountain villages and behaving with the utmost partiality, openly protecting the Druze against the Christians, and going so far as to disarm the latter whenever they found the opportunity. I tried to paint for him the terror of the Christians at the sight of Turkish troops, which were massing in villages where the Christian element dominated, while they didn't even enter Druze villages. I demonstrated to him the fatal effects of this partiality toward the Druze, partiality which wasn't even disguised, and which was reviving fears in the mountain that wise administration had erased. Once again, from one end of Lebanon to the other, the name of Selim-Pasha, accomplice to the massacres of 1841, was being spoken... I drew the attention of the Grand Admiral to a state of affairs that could not fail to cause the most painful impression on the French government; I renewed my request, which I had made to him, to order the departure of troops from Christian villages if, as Halil-Pasha had assured me, fears of collision were chimerical, or, otherwise, to equally place troops in Druze villages, and to give formal orders to officers to remain neutral and abstain from any demonstration in favor of the Druze. Finally, I appealed to the justice and reputation of the Grand Admiral. Halil-Pasha responded with evasions, and, despite his assurances, civil war erupted furiously in Lebanon. At the moment when gunshots were echoing even in the plain of Beirut, from where one could see the smoke of fires lit by the Druze in Lebanon, Halil-Pasha embarked on the Mahmoudié to the sound of artillery, taking with him the curses of the Christians. Thus ended this mission, which was supposed to have such happy results for them!

After the Grand Admiral's departure, events took on a more serious character day by day. The Turks' partiality in favor of the Druze became evident to everyone. Christian villages, assaulted by the Druze, were left defenseless, while those of the Druze were immediately aided by Ottoman regular troops, and even by artillery. Muslim fanaticism awakened among the people, a great number of Muslims left Beirut to go to the aid of the Druze in the mountain; Christians could no longer show themselves in the streets without being insulted. The Mutualis, who had remained indifferent until then between the Druze and the Maronites, were affected by this religious animosity and took up the cause of the former. Religious hatred spread; the Druze and Christians of Anti-Lebanon, Galilee, and Palestine came to blows, and murders followed one another with as much fury as in Lebanon. Daoud-Pasha, who commanded the Turks in Lebanon, and whose headquarters was at Deir-el-Kamar, was a fanatical Muslim, who openly lent support to the Druze wherever Christians had the upper hand. It even happened that, at several points, the Turks slaughtered Christians who had laid down their arms... Letters from the principal sheikhs, fallen into

Maronite hands, revealed the hateful complicity of the Ottoman general. In this fierce struggle, the two rival populations displayed equal energy; but victory remained with the Druze, although inferior in number, because their more feudal organization, the bravery of their chiefs, and the cooperation of Turkish troops compensated for their numerical disadvantage. The Maronite clergy showed themselves ardent, courageous, bold. They knew that France's protection was secured for the Christians, and that was enough to sustain them in the struggle. One afternoon when I was alone in the study of a country house I inhabited near Beirut, a Maronite monk entered without being announced. He took me by the hand and led me to the window, from where one could see the peaks of Lebanon.

"This evening," he said to me, "when night has fallen over the plain, come to this place, and you will see fires lighting up the heights of Meten. These are our mountaineers the Maronites who will have defeated the Druze and who will announce their victory to you."

The day had barely disappeared when I saw the agreed signal shining. Sheikh Hassan-Talhouk, seeing the Druze hesitate at the moment of action, awakened their courage with the following apologue:

"The lions one day sent an offer of combat to the jackals; these were seized with fear; but an old jackal advised them to accept the challenge, on the condition that they would have a lion to lead them into battle, and that the lions would be commanded by a jackal. The proposal was agreed to, and the jackals, led by the lion, won the victory. The Maronites may be lions," said Sheikh Hassan in conclusion, "but they are jackals who command them; while if you are jackals, you have lions at your head!"

Soon it became evident that the Druze would not stop at the Maronites, but that their fury and that of the Ottomans would extend to all Christians, even foreigners; thus, from May 5, in anticipation of the terrible scenes I am about to relate, I had written to Vedgi-Pasha to request that the monasteries of the reverend Capuchin fathers, at Abey and Solima, be protected from attack. This just request did not succeed in preventing the most dreadful misfortune, for it was precisely at Abey that the guilty connivance of the Turks with the Druze, and their hatred for Christians, showed themselves in their repulsive evidence. The Druze invaded the village of Abey, guided by Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked, the very one who had led the Druze in the pillaging of Deir-el-Kamar in 1841, and by Sheikh Hattar, both exiled to Hauran for their cruel depredations, and who were allowed to return to Lebanon at the very moment when the most serious disorders were erupting there! The Christians took refuge partly in the palace of Emir Essad, of the Chehab family, a strong construction that allowed them to mount fairly strong resistance; but the greater number were chased and driven back into the plain, where they fell under the blows of the Druze. The Capuchin monastery was occupied by only one religious, Father Charles of Lorette. The Druze penetrated the monastery, massacred Father Charles, who was intervening to save the lives of two Maronite priests who had taken refuge in the church; they killed them, they set fire to the church, broke the holy images, set fire to Father Charles's burlap robe, whose body was reduced to ashes, and seized everything they found worth taking. There were, however, two hundred Ottoman troops at Abey, and a detachment of ten men had been placed in front of the house of the American missionaries established in this village, which was respected. The day before, the United States consul was saying in a salon:

"Our missionaries have nothing to fear, since it is the Druze who are setting fire to Christian villages."

A Turkish colonel, Mustapha-Bey, who arrived from Deir-el-Kamar during the combat, received the capitulation of Emir Essad, who was defending himself vigorously in his palace. The emirs and Christians were placed in the house of the Druze sheikh Bou-Man-El-Din. Our missionaries' grief was profound, and it was not without deep emotion that I learned that all my efforts to save Father Charles had been powerless, thanks to the ill will of the Turks. The horrible assassination of this religious produced an inexpressible impression on all the populations. This murder of a Catholic priest and the destruction of a French monastery, while the Maronite emirs and other Christians had obtained a capitulation, granted, according to public rumor, through the intervention of American missionaries, excited painful astonishment. This good father had devoted his life to the education of Christian children from the village of Abey and its surroundings. His humble school was much more frequented than that of the Bible missionaries; hence jealousies and grudges that left him defenseless on the day of peril.

I believed that I should honor in a public manner the memory of a religious who died a martyr to his faith and our cause, and a funeral service was celebrated in the Capuchin church, which I attended with all the consulate officers, the commander of the naval station, his staff, and all the French present in Beirut.

The religious of the Solima monastery managed to escape with their most precious possessions and reach the Jesuit monastery at Bekfeya, where they received cordial hospitality. As civil war continued to bloody Lebanon, despite the most vigorous protests, I took all measures to soften its evils or to relieve its victims, and soon France's protection extended everywhere I could reach. I took in the fugitives; I had those whom the Druze's hatred had stripped clothed and fed. Amidst these disasters, I had the consolation of seeing my devotion and zeal appreciated in Paris and Rome. The illustrious Rossi wrote to me: "The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda is not unaware of all that Catholics owe, in these horrible events, to the French government and to you, sir, who have so worthily fulfilled its intentions. I am happy, sir, to be the interpreter to you of the feelings of satisfaction and gratitude of the sacred congregation. The knowledge of your firm, humane, foresighted conduct has somewhat softened the bitterness of the dreadful accounts that came to sadden it."

In the Chamber of Peers, Mr. de Montalembert delivered an eloquent speech in defense of Christians, to which Mr. Guizot added the high consecration of his words.[6]

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[6] We believe we should give here some passages from Mr. de Montalembert's speech: (Editor's note.)
COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT: "I am happy to be able to say that according to all versions, complete homage must be paid to France's representative in Beirut; that Consul Mr. Poujade has excited not only the natural sympathy of all his fellow citizens, but also the general admiration of all persons who were in Beirut, through the courage, energy, and activity he has displayed (approval). I hope that this praise from the lips of an opposition peer will not harm him in the eyes of the government."
MR. GUIZOT, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS:
"He has already received part of the reward that was due to him."
COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT:
"I am very happy to learn this."

Father Charles's death demanded a striking reparation, the conduct of the Turks a severe examination. We will see what that of the divan and its representatives in this laborious phase of Lebanon's affairs was.

VII

Vedgi-Pasha, charged alone with governing Syria after the unfortunate recall of Essad-Pasha and the departure of the Grand Admiral, was one of the last representatives of the old Ottoman administration, and a rather complete type of the old Muslim official. He could have been fifty years old; he was short, with Mongol features dominated by an expression of satisfied cunning and blissful indifference. He knew nothing of Europe, except that it exercised considerable influence in the empire's affairs; and, like almost all his colleagues, he was resolved to show apparent goodwill and even condescension toward Europeans, but also to grant them nothing except at the last extremity. He had sixteen wives, great oriental luxury, and knew no other recreation, after having spent a large part of the day dispatching affairs, than the interior of his harem. Such was the man from whom I demanded justice for Father Charles's murder. At the height of the civil war, Vedgi-Pasha had transported himself to Lebanon, under the pretext of putting an end, through vigorous measures taken on the spot, to the massacres and fires, but in reality to escape the sharp reclamations and complaints of the consuls. However, he had to return to Beirut, and, upon his arrival, I expressed my grievances and reproaches to him in language that reflected my emotion and that was authorized by the grave and sad events of which I had been witness, or whose repercussions had reached me. I insisted first of all on the arrest of Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked, and Vedgi-Pasha promised to give me prompt satisfaction on this point. However, days and weeks passed, and the sheikh continued his insolent courses across Lebanon.

"It is not easy to capture him," the Pasha was saying to me. "How can it be done? Do you have any advice to give me?"

"No, none. I ask you to have him arrested, but it is not for me to indicate the course you should follow. If I were governor of the province, I would certainly know how to do it by myself."

"Let's see, let's examine," Vedgi-Pasha resumed in the most friendly tone. "What if I invited him to dinner, and had him seized during the meal? What do you say?"

"I repeat that this is not my concern; do whatever you please, but Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked, the murderer of a religious under French protection, must be arrested. When he is in prison, we will address the question of punishment."

(See le Moniteur of July 16, 1845.)
See in the appendix the remarkable speeches of MM. de Montalembert and Guizot. (Supporting documents No. 1 and 2.)

Finally, I was informed that they had proceeded with the sheikh's arrest.

"He is in prison," the Pasha told me; "what shall we do now? What do you demand?"

My situation had become extremely delicate and difficult. If, immediately after Father Charles's murder, the assassin had been seized and sent into exile, the reparation following closely upon the crime would have produced a salutary enough impression not to oblige me to demand the ultimate penalties; but the calculated delays of Ottoman justice had so weakened our prestige that terrible condemnation and punishment were necessary. In the Orient, moreover, blood demands blood; and to lay hands on a European Catholic priest was an unheard-of audacity, a crime without precedent; I therefore demanded from Vedgi-Pasha the death penalty. He replied that he could not take upon himself the responsibility for such a punishment, and that he would refer it to Constantinople.

However, the events that had taken place in Syria, in Lebanon, Anti-Lebanon, Palestine, had stirred the representatives of the great powers in Constantinople; almost all the consuls agreed, in their accounts and in their judgments, to assess the conduct of Ottoman authorities with great severity.[7] The storm against the divan was growing in Constantinople; the ministers decided to have the sultan give a first, but illusory satisfaction, by withdrawing from Halil-Pasha the command of the fleet and his position as minister of the navy, which did not prevent him from being, shortly after, reinstated as minister of commerce. This satisfaction was nevertheless deemed insufficient enough for the Ottoman Porte to believe it should return to its old method of buying time and deceiving the European representatives. The intrigues that perpetually stirred in Turkey, around the sultan and his ministers, had made the situation of the minister of foreign affairs intolerable. Chekib-Effendi, who was then invested with these high functions, had been ambassador to London in 1840, and it was he who had signed, with Lord Palmerston, Baron de Brunow, Baron Nieuman, and Baron Bulow, the famous treaty of July 15, which took Syria and Cilicia from Mehemet-Ali-Pasha, led to the fall of Mr. Thiers, the rise of Mr. Guizot, and was considered a true diplomatic defeat for France. After endless debates in the chamber of deputies, imprudent threats to Germany, which had initially remained outside this conflict,

[7] The Blue Book concerning the affairs of Syria, 1845-1846, and the diplomatic correspondence on the same subject, published by the French government in 1846, will be read with interest. In these two publications, one will find abundant evidence of the author's involvement in the events he narrates, which serve as supporting documents for his account; however, we believe we should provide here a very important dispatch from Mr. Guizot, addressed to the French ambassador in Constantinople. (Editor's note.) Here is this dispatch:
"I have learned that the partiality of the mushir of Sayda and the Turkish troops in favor of the Druze had become more obvious and more odious. Not only did these troops, whose mission should have been to intervene between the two parties, protect the Druze and systematically allow Christians to be overwhelmed and slaughtered, but they have also in many circumstances participated in the massacre of the latter; they have committed horrible cruelties, and it is no longer possible now to doubt the complicity of the Porte's agents with the enemies of the Maronites. Our consul (in Beirut), whose zeal and good judgment cannot be praised enough, has more than once appealed in vain to the authority of Vedgi-Pasha to prevent or stop the disorder; the mushir remained impassive or even pretended to ignore facts that were no secret to anyone. It was just as futile that Mr. Poujade had urged him to take measures to protect the Capuchin monasteries in Abey and Solima from any attack; none were taken. These two monasteries, ransacked and burned by the Druze, no longer exist today, and a religious who occupied the one in Abey was assassinated under atrocious circumstances in the presence of one hundred and fifty Ottoman troops. Until then, missionaries had been respected amid the struggles and enmities of the mountain. Such an attack affected too greatly the honor and interests of our religious protectorate for it to be allowed to remain unpunished."

after many sterile agitations and protests that Lord Palmerston found amusing, the bombardment of Saint-Jean-d'Acre and Beirut was answered with the fortifications of Paris. Chekib-Effendi was thus the man of the decline of French influence in the Orient, and the treaty of July 15, 1840, which had made Baron Brunow minister in London, made Chekib minister of foreign affairs in Constantinople. But the situation of the latter was already greatly shaken; he wanted to avoid an imminent fall and buy more time for his government; thus he solemnly announced to the diplomatic corps his upcoming departure for Beirut. This time, it was the minister himself who abandoned the care of affairs and the honor of dealing with the ambassadors of allied or friendly courts, in order to go to the scene, examine with his own eyes, and give satisfaction to Europe's just demands and the Christians' grievances.

The mission of Chekib-Effendi came to the knowledge of the consular corps in Beirut in terms that should leave them no doubt about the success that the embassies expected from it. The nazirs of Lebanon, the ordinary and extraordinary commissioners, the serasker, the grand admiral himself had failed, it was true, this was acknowledged, but how could one maintain fears or concerns when the minister himself was going to do the consular corps in Syria the honor of discussing these important matters with them? This honor should however, in Chekib-Effendi's intentions, be sparingly measured, as he requested and obtained that the consuls general receive instructions that would oblige them to scrupulously abstain, during their stay in Syria, from any direct or indirect action that could be regarded as an obstacle to the mission of one of the principal members of the sultan's government. The Porte, it was said, should have free rein for the decisive trial it was attempting and for which it assumed all responsibility upon itself alone. One only forgot that this responsibility would probably still be exercised at the expense of the unfortunate Christians.

IX

Chekib-Effendi, before being minister of foreign affairs, had been charged, within the empire itself, with important missions having great similarity between them, although their results were quite different. He had been sent to Serbia to ensure the triumph of Prince Alexander George the Black's election, who was brought to power by popular vote, against Prince Michel Obrenowitch, an entirely national movement directed against Russian influence and supported by the Ottoman Porte. In this mission, Chekib-Effendi was admirably supported by his secretary Emin-Effendi. The diplomatic defeat of Russia in Serbia inspired in her the desire to take revenge in Wallachia, and she resolved to overthrow Prince Alexander Ghika, who had, on several occasions, vigorously resisted her.[8] But the court of Petersburg used the Ottoman Porte to execute its sentences in the Principalities, and this time Chekib-Effendi served Russia's wishes, thanks to Prince Alexander Ghika, who went towards his

[8] See Chrétiens et Turcs , by Eugène Poujade . In -8° . Chez Didier. Liv. V. Les Principautés avant et après le Congrès.

fall by refusing the concessions that Russia demanded of him and which would have assured the maintenance and duration of his power.

Chekib-Effendi, who was preceded by the most brilliant promises, had many misfortunes to repair. The situation in Lebanon was becoming more and more horrific. The Druze, victors over the Maronites, thanks to the cooperation of Ottoman troops, were committing murders and depredations throughout the Mountain. Women were stripped, tied to horses' tails and dragged naked through the villages where the Druze had concentrated their forces. The naval captain Bouet, commanding the steam vessel Pluton, traveled along the Syrian coast to provide aid and judge for himself the situation of the Christians. He returned to Beirut deeply moved by the horrible mutilations he had seen and the state of misery in which the Christians were. Emir Haydar wrote letter after letter to Vedgi-Pasha without receiving any response; as soon as a complaint reached the mushir, he would address the Druze chiefs to ask for explanations and, for all justification, he would communicate their responses. The employees of the French consulate traveled through the Mountain, sometimes to save a convent's harvest, sometimes to rescue poor monks and women from the Druze's fury. I thought that France should always be at the forefront when it came to humanity, religious protection, generous charity, and its name was blessed amid all these disasters. The American missionaries themselves had recourse to me, and one night I was awakened by one of these reverends, whom I had never seen and who came to ask me for help and protection for the village where he resided. Vedgi-Pasha had forgotten or pretended to forget the decisions taken by the Ottoman Porte; he seemed to consider the defeat of the Maronites as an accomplished fact, which restored to the Druze all their prerogatives; in inviting the Christians who had fled the rage of their enemies to return to their villages, he contented himself with announcing that he had recommended to the Druze chiefs to treat them with clemency and kindness. As for the English consul general, he had tried, amid this disorder, to obtain from the mushir that Sheikh Said Jumblatt be named governor of the great district of Djesin, where he was the mokatagi, where his family's vast properties were situated. But his efforts remained fruitless. Chekib-Effendi, having arrived in Beirut on September 20, 1845, found in effect an arrangement made by Vedgi-Pasha to end the civil war in the Mountain; platoons of troops had been stationed at various points designated by the consuls. The mushir had lent himself to this measure with feigned eagerness, which led one to believe in his impartiality, but he had done it too late to prevent or even to repair incalculable harm.

The Ottoman Porte, at the moment when the minister of foreign affairs was about to depart for his thorny mission, had delivered to the representatives of the five courts a memorandum, in which the principal objects of this mission were developed. This document drew my greatest attention.[9] The Porte announced an upcoming occupation of Lebanon by Namick-Pasha, commander of the Arabian army, whose headquarters was then in Damascus. The occupation of Lebanon by an armed force, after the odious conduct of the Ottoman military authorities during the events that had just taken place, was not likely to calm the Christians' apprehensions. They feared being disarmed and seeing their enemies remain on a war footing. Disarmament in itself was a good thing, and, at this time, I placed

[9] It can be read in the diplomatic documents published in 1846 by the French government.

some hopes in the character of the mushir of the Arabian camp. I knew he had governed the pachalik of Larissa in Thessaly rather well; he had protected Greek schools there and given French classics as prizes to the children who had most distinguished themselves. He even received newspapers and French reviews and made collections of antiquities. The memorandum promised again the payment of indemnities, but this promise had been made so often without being realized, so many definitive decisions had been taken by the Ottoman Porte in this regard, that it produced only an impression of doubt and almost disgust. Finally, new arrangements were announced as being this time irrevocably imposed on the mixed districts. They were far from being as favorable as those we had already obtained, and which the Porte no doubt considered as destroyed by the Druze victory. It had been conceded, as we recall, "that Christians would nowhere have to submit to Druze jurisdiction." This was far from the extensive powers that the memorandum left to the mokatagis, powers much greater than those previously granted to them.

As for the neutrality of the consular corps demanded by the Porte's memorandum, it was not easy to submit to it without abandoning our dearest rights and causing the Christians to lose their confidence in us. Chekib-Effendi disembarked in Beirut on September 14, 1845. I saw him immediately. He had a rather awkward gait; he squinted: his manner of speaking was not without bite, and his speech was fluent. Despite his oblique gaze, Chekib-Effendi had neither the dissimulation nor the cunning of Vedgi-Pasha; he was even rather good. I knew him later in private life, and I visited him in his modest kiosk in Bebek; this former minister then carried on him the key that locked away the preserves and coffee that he offered to distinguished guests; he was parsimonious, but without being rapacious; he laughed a lot at the memory of the disputes we had had in Syria. Chekib-Effendi had as his secretary in Syria Noureddin-Bey, now a high official of the Ottoman Porte, a distinguished intelligence and character full of uprightness. I began the conversation with Chekib-Effendi by asking him if he was not going to give France immediate, striking satisfaction by having the head of Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked fall. I am all the more entitled, I added, to speak to you in this way, as the Porte has made solemn commitments to the French embassy on this subject at the time of your departure.

Chekib-Effendi declared that he was ready to give me all satisfaction, but that he would proceed according to Turkish law: Sheikh Hamoud would be subjected to a trial, and the sentence would depend on witness testimony. This was announcing to me the culprit's impunity. "Besides," he added, "this affair cannot be separated from the general question of Lebanon. Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked is in prison, and we have time to proceed with calm and reflection." I simply but energetically protested against any delay, and I withdrew.

The very next day, a meeting of all consuls general took place at the foreign minister's. We had been summoned to hear from his mouth the presentation of his mission and the reasons that had motivated it. He did so with clarity and dignity. Here are approximately his words:

"I am sent to rigorously execute the memorandum that I myself addressed to the representatives of the five great powers who have all accepted it; no doubt, this document has been communicated to you. When Syria was delivered from the Egyptian yoke, the Porte promised the mountaineers certain privileges; my mission is to guarantee them these."

Chekib-Effendi then made a very veiled, but malevolent, allusion to the intervention of the five consuls, and clearly gave to understand that it had been decided by the five great powers that this intervention was going to cease; he asked us to listen neither to the complaints nor the grievances of the mountaineers, and to send them to him, assuring us that the sultan's government was animated by the most paternal intentions, and he ended by announcing that he would ask us in writing to withdraw, within a deadline he himself would set, and until the complete pacification of Lebanon, all the nationals we had in the Mountain. All the consuls general welcomed with approval, which differed only in terms, the overtures and declarations of Chekib-Effendi, and made no objection to the modifications brought to the decisions that had freed the Christians from the direct power of the Druze mokatagis. I could not, for my part, give such easy assent to the barely disguised injunctions of the foreign minister. The French establishments or those immediately placed under France's protection are numerous in Lebanon; one sees there Lazarists, Jesuits, Capuchins, Franciscans, Carmelites, French, Italian, Spanish, all placed under the protective shade of our flag. How to abandon so many convents! How to deliver to the mercy of Ottoman troops, to bands of Druze and Mutualis, sanctuaries, schools, libraries? And the religious establishments of the Maronites, Greek-Uniates, Catholic Armenians, the monasteries of men and women, which, by hundreds, cover Lebanon, what would become of them once the French religious had abandoned the Mountain? At no price could I comply with Chekib-Effendi's demands; thus, I did not yield, despite his keen displeasure, and I held him responsible for all the ills that would be the consequence of his enterprise against our age-old rights. The minister had nevertheless left Constantinople promising to give, upon his arrival in Beirut, complete satisfaction to our particular grievances as well as to the Christians of the Mountain; he committed himself, moreover, to respect all our privileges. My interview with him could leave me no illusions, and events soon exceeded even my expectations.

X

It is known how Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked had finally been arrested. This news had caused great joy among the Christians, keen disappointment among the Muslims and Druze. The incarceration of Sheikh Hamoud was a beginning of reparation. After several very animated discussions, Chekib-Effendi decided, not to inflict on Father Charles's assassin the punishment I demanded, but to have him tried; he even dared to send his first interpreter to ask me to appear as accuser, according to Muslim law, before the tribunal that was going to pronounce the sentence. I refused with indignation. My presence, facing this murderer, would have been an error all the greater as I foresaw his acquittal. The sheikh thus appeared before the tribunal, which declared him innocent; covered with a white burnous, he was released, and he left Beirut, armed and accompanied by Druze horsemen, armed like him and singing war songs.

The religious who lived in Beirut were deeply dejected, and the news that came from the mountain was not of a nature to raise their courage. Disarmament was being carried out

throughout Lebanon with a brutality that especially affected the Christians. Ottoman troops were installing themselves in the convents, and even the establishments of French religious were not respected; depredations, sacrilegious violations, injustices of all sorts provoked complaints and strong protests. I sent to the mushir of the Arabian camp, to Namik-Pasha, first moderate remonstrances; I appealed to reason, to the enlightened intelligence of the former governor of Thessaly; but his culpable indifference to the Christians' sufferings, the tolerance with which he covered his soldiers' excesses, the audacity with which our missionaries were mistreated, without his deigning to respond to our complaints, showed him very different from what he had been in western Greece. Thus his attitude, impassive to the point of crime, did not surprise me at the time of the Jeddah massacre. Why do Muslims, educated in Europe, nourished with the same ideas as us, and familiarized with our customs, our habits and our superiority, most often become our hidden or declared enemies as soon as they return to their homeland?

Do they believe themselves obligated, in order to escape the suspicions of their coreligionists, to exaggerate in appearance their prejudices and their hatreds, or has the humiliation they felt when comparing their society to ours poisoned these hatreds in their heart? Whether it be hypocrisy or vengeance, the results are often the same.

"I cannot," a pasha told me, "show myself accommodating in my relations with you, I wear glasses and I speak French."[10]

However, all these events had moved Europe, and the French government, concerned about the situation of our nationals and Christians in Lebanon, had wanted to give them a mark of its concern by sending to the harbor of Beirut a frigate, the Belle-Poule, "well suited to be shown to our friends and our enemies," as Admiral Turpin, then commander of the naval station of the Levant, wrote. The Belle-Poule or the Black One, as the Arabs called her because of her color (she had been painted black since she had brought back Napoleon's remains from Saint Helena) was welcomed with joy by the Christians. Her brave commander, M. Cuneo d'Ornano, made a tour along the coast, and everywhere we stopped, the emirs, monks, bishops, peasants would come down to admire the French frigate, or would send us amphoras of golden Lebanese wine, or loads of hardened snow, gathered from the heights of Sanin, and carried by mules accompanied by monks. The frigate soon had the opportunity to play a more active and useful role.

The disarmament continued with all its violence in the villages closest to Beirut, in Zouk, in Djouni, in Gazir, directed by Ibrahim-Pasha, placed under the orders of Daoud-Pasha, general commander of troops in Syria. Ibrahim-Pasha had broken down the doors of the Jesuit monastery in Gazir and had let his soldiers pillage it and establish themselves there. On October 26, I learned that Halil-Medaouar, Arabic writer for the general consulate, involved in all its affairs for fifteen years and particularly recommended for the consulate's protection by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had been arrested in Zouk, five leagues from Beirut. On two different occasions, I asked the mushir and Daoud-Pasha to order Halil

[10] There are numerous exceptions; the most striking is certainly the current Ottoman ambassador to Paris, Achmet-Velyk-Effendi, a man of most enlightened spirit and rare merit, to whom I have long been pleased to do justice. See Chrétiens et Turcs (Christians and Turks), by Eugène Poujade, Book III.

Medaouar's release; they responded that they did not meddle in Lebanon's affairs. I then wrote to Chekib-Effendi, and, to prevent any unfortunate eventuality, I dispatched to Zouk the first kawas of the consulate with a letter for Ibrahim-Pasha, in which I reminded him of Medaouar's position and asked him to release him. Ibrahim-Pasha replied that he did not know me, threatened to disarm the kawas and put him under arrest, and had his soldiers escort him out of the village. Meanwhile, Halil-Medaouar's distressed family learned in Beirut that he had been beaten with a stick. One last time I insisted with the mushir, warning him that if he did not order the dragoman's release, the frigate Belle-Poule would drop anchor in the harbor of Djouni, and the commander would retrieve the consulate employee. Upon another refusal from the mushir, the Belle-Poule set sail early in the morning of the 27th for the harbor of Djouni. I had clearly indicated to the commander the course he should follow; I had made sure his energy would not weaken. From my country house, which overlooked the harbor of Beirut and the entire coast, I could, using a telescope, follow all the frigate's movements. As soon as he had dropped anchor, Commander d'Ornano sent ashore an officer, accompanied by one of my dragomans, to reclaim the prisoner. They refused to return him. All the boats were then put to sea, armed and directed in good order to the shore. The officer commanding the landing company went ashore and declared to the pasha that if the prisoner was not handed over to him immediately, he would take him by force, and if necessary, the frigate would support him with its artillery. Faced with this act of vigor, Ibrahim-Pasha, whose emotion betrayed itself through great agitation, gave in and handed Halil-Medaouar over to the French officer. The dragoman was taken aboard. Upon setting foot on the deck, he pulled off his turban, shouted "Long live France!" and fainted. For two days he had endured the torture of the bastinado, prison, insults, and all sorts of deprivations. This expedition, conducted with as much prudence as firmness, had become indispensable. The haughtiness of Chekib-Effendi, of the serasker, the insolence of the soldiers, exceeded all bounds; even the consideration of the French name was about to be affected, and it needed to be restored by an act of vigor and brilliance. The scandalous acquittal of Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked was erased, but this vigor and brilliance, which restored all of France's prestige in Syria and Palestine, this demonstration by the Belle-Poule, which produced an electric commotion and unspeakable joy, suited neither Chekib-Effendi's purposes nor those of other European representatives; I was assailed with protests, demands for explanations, accused of having violated Ottoman territory and even of having wanted to provoke an uprising against the sultan. I did not hesitate to make my colleagues judges of the cruel situation in which I had found myself, of the harsh necessity to which I had been forced. I summoned them to my house. The one among them who had most warmly embraced the defense of the Turks abstained from appearing and thereby admitted defeat. To the others, I communicated my correspondence with Chekib-Effendi, with the mushir, with the serasker; I placed before their eyes the irrefutable proofs of the Turks' arbitrariness and bad faith, and, as a final argument, I had Halil-Medaouar appear, I had him stripped of his clothes, and, at the sight of the traces of violence that covered his body, my colleagues gave me, through the impression painted on their faces and their mute indignation, the only approval I wished to obtain from them.

The aftershock of the Lebanon events had taken place in Constantinople. When they learned there of Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked's acquittal, the violation of our rights and

privileges, and the casualness, the contempt with which the Christians' last hopes had been trampled underfoot, despite so many repeated protests, the French ambassador finally lost patience. For five years, they had kept him waiting through repeated missions, but all of which led to results contrary to what had been promised. They had sent nazirs of Lebanon, the serasker, the kapudan pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; the Porte would probably have proposed entrusting one last remedial mission to the grand vizier, but the cup was full: it overflowed; the ambassador threatened to take his passports and withdraw to the Dardanelles if striking satisfaction was not immediately granted; it was. Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked departed in exile for Nicomedia; the monks whose monasteries had been devastated obtained compensation. Chekib-Effendi had to withdraw the prohibition that banned our nationals from staying in the Mountain, and he even received orders to protect them there. Only, as if the Porte could not decide to do things gracefully, these orders took three times the usual time to reach Chekib-Effendi in ordinary circumstances.

This diplomatic crisis had just been honorably traversed by the French embassy when the news of the Belle-Poule's demonstration struck like lightning in Constantinople. But this storm passed like the first. Those who wish to know in detail this curious period of our diplomatic history will read with interest the discussion that took place in the Chamber of Deputies on June 15, 1846, and the firm and brilliant speech of M. Léon de Malleville, who, on this occasion, made himself the interpreter of the Chamber's patriotic sentiment towards men who know how to hold high the flag of France.[11]

However, despite Chekib-Effendi's mistakes and the Porte's ill will, the situation, thanks to Europe's clearly formulated will, was gradually improving in Lebanon. A council composed of Maronites, Greek Catholics and Greek Orthodox was formed and placed alongside the Christian kaymakam. This institution had real importance and significance. There were two divans or mejlis (councils), one with its seat next to the Druze kaymakam, the other next to the Christian kaymakam, presided over by the Druze emir and the Christian emir respectively. Chekib-Effendi convoked the three Christian bishops who reside in Beirut, that is to say the Maronite, the Greek Catholic, and the Greek Orthodox. He invited them to choose, for each of these divans, a judge or qadi, and an assessor member. The Maronite bishop showed sagacity; he chose for judge of the council of mixed districts residing next to the Druze kaymakam, Sheikh Becharra-Ruchmaya, belonging to the only illustrious

[11] Here is an excerpt from the excellent speech by M. de Malleville:
(Editor's note.)
M. LÉON DE MALLEVILLE: "But there was something more serious, because, immediately, a dragoman from the French consulate in Beirut had gone to a village, to Djouni, to oppose new massacres. He was seized by the Turkish authorities, beaten with sticks, imprisoned. The consul, M. Poujade, taking counsel only from his dignity and his courage... fortunately he had no instructions... (movement) immediately demanded reparation for these outrages; it was refused to him.
"A French frigate, the Belle-Poule, was in the port, he had it advance and declared that if his dragoman was not returned to him, the Belle-Poule would disembark; this disembarkation had to be carried out. Then, under the pressure of this act of vigor, of this act of sheer force, the dragoman was returned.
"This is an honorable act, and I am very happy to bring it to my country's attention; but I am very unhappy to remind it at the same moment that this very honorable act has been singularly weakened since."
(Moniteur of June 16, 1846.)
See in the appendix the speech of M. de Malleville. See also on this subject, a curious article in the Constitutionnel of June 16, 1846. - Supporting documents, nos. 2 and 3.
(Editor's note.)

Christian family living in the mixed country, starting from the Beirut to Damascus road, the great demarcation line of Lebanon.

The Greek Orthodox bishop likewise named two Greeks, one from Beirut, the other from Hamdoun, a large mixed village located in the Jurd. Mgr. Agabios, Greek Catholic of Beirut, had all the more reason to choose honorable and firm men, as these mejlis gave the Greek Catholics guarantees they had never had until then, having almost always been confused with the Maronites. There was in Deir el-Kamar a Mechaka family, which counted among its members two very intelligent men, but consumed by the need for intrigue, having moreover close relations with the Druzes, and furthermore, protected by the English. Many Greek Catholics, especially eager to be represented in the council by skilled men, visibly leaned towards the nomination of the Mechakas, but Bishop Agabios refused to present them. He saw the immense disadvantage there would be in introducing into the divans two recognized English agents, who moreover could not be both judges of their nationals and protégés of the English General Consulate. He therefore decided against the nomination of the Mechakas, but in the absence of truly distinguished individuals among those of the Mountain, it was necessary to choose between the most influential Melchites (Greek Catholics) of the cities and the coast.

The Melchites are numerous in Sayda, in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, in Jaffa. Here was the composition of the councils: each divan had ten members, two Druzes, two Maronites, two Greek Catholics, two Greeks, two Muslims, one from the Ali sect or Mutuali, the other Sunni or orthodox; these two sects having followers in the territory governed by the Christian kaymakam, as well as in that administered by the Druze kaymakam. In each divan there are five judges who rule on judicial questions, and five assessor members. Each judge or assessor member enjoys a salary of 1,500 francs per year. Each divan thus receives annually a sum of 15,000 francs, plus the salaries of a secretary and some guards (kawas). Each kaymakam receives 12,000 francs per month; it is a good position; the equality of salary is not equitable however, as the districts administered by the Druze kaymakam do not pay a third of the Mountain's taxes. However, his power was not increased; he did not collect, or at least did not use for his own use the totality of this salary. As I have already said, when the kaymakamate system was adopted, there were great difficulties for the nomination of a Druze prince. The Druzes are divided into two factions very hostile to each other, and which have only united through hatred against the Christians, or, to better say, through the need to resist them. They have no other religion than self-interest. These two factions, which have existed in Lebanon since time immemorial, formerly divided the Mountain into two camps, without distinction of race and religion: these are the Yazbekis and the Jumblatis. Christians, Druzes, Mutualis found themselves united under the same banner, and the Yazbeki Christian was much more the enemy of the Jumblati Christian than of the Yazbeki Druze. The Christians generally remained outside these quarrels, while among the Druzes neither of the two factions would allow the other to give an emir to the Druzes. However, as the Jumblatis were more powerful, if not by the number of chiefs, at least by birth, wealth and the multitude of subordinate adherents, an emir was elected who was not Jumblati, but devoted to this family. At this critical moment, the Druze chiefs came to an understanding, and they had their kaymakam sign a treaty by which he committed to share with the chiefs of his nation the emoluments he would receive, and to do nothing without their unanimous

consent or expressed by majority vote. On this account, the Druze emir has truly no power, and it is an oligarchy of Druze sheikhs that governs. The Christian emir shares neither his position nor his revenues with any sheikh of Lebanon.

From this combination, it results that the two divans, when they have the support of the Porte, do more than counterbalance the power of the two kaymakams, who are then nothing other than the executors of the mejlis's wishes. They feel this situation and often let their discontent show through. The Druze emir, especially, fears this institution, because the Christians are in majority, six against four, in the two divans; sometimes, the two Muslim members, Mutuali and Sunni, vote with the Christian members, that is to say when the divan has the support of the governor general. These were important acquisitions for the Christians, but whose importance depends only on the goodwill of a pasha, as has been proven again recently. Chekib-Effendi encountered great difficulties in the nomination of the two wakils of Deir el-Kamar. All those he had designated refused, and he was long embarrassed by the choice he had to make. His mission soon disgusted him, and the stay in Syria quickly became unbearable to him. The memory of the cool kiosks of the Bosphorus increased his impatience and embittered his character; he did not know that an approaching death awaited him in Constantinople. His departure raised fears of new disorders; indeed, since then, Lebanon has been almost always troubled. Either the well-organized divans functioned with the support of the governor general, and then the municipal government established itself in the Mountain and diminished the power of the Druze kaymakam and the muqata'jis of the same nation; or the Christians had a legal organ to make their complaints heard when they were wronged. The presence in office of Rechid-Pasha, who had succeeded Chekib-Effendi, improved the position of the Christians.

His decisions were marked with a high spirit of justice and humanity, and his orders severely executed. He repaired many misfortunes, he softened the exile of Emir Bechir by allocating him a pension and granted Christians and Druzes civil equality.

Before closing this account of events of which we were long witnesses, let us cast a general look at the Lebanon question. Let us consider the situation of Syria in 1840, at the moment when M. Guizot left the London embassy to take possession of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Emir Bechir, and with him the old administration of Lebanon, had fallen before the insurrection of the Christian populations, who had risen up despite our advice, despite the expression of our discontent. A pasha was installed in the Mountain after the short and unfortunate administration of Emir Bechir-Cassem. France then re-entered the European concert; it had not, like England, solemnly promised the Christians to restore their privileges and continue a quasi-independent indigenous administration. However, it used its influence and its title as protector of Catholicism in the Orient to have the principle of a Christian governor in the Mountain admitted. It must not be forgotten that Emir Bechir had never been officially recognized as Christian. Before the conquest of Syria by the Egyptians, he passed for Muslim, and it was only since 1832 that he publicly professed Christianity.

The French government never adhered to the numerous reforms that were attempted in Lebanon without making its reservations, without expressing its lack of confidence in the nature of these trials, and its formal conviction that the return to unity was the best solution for achieving the pacification of Lebanon. It consented to the establishment of kaymakams,

and tried to draw from this new form of government everything that could improve the lot of Christians and serve to put them on an equal footing with the Druzes. It was then that the latter turned their gaze toward England and leaned on it. A struggle for influence in Lebanon had to be the natural consequence of the intervention of 1840, and yet if one examines impartially the situation of Great Britain, called to Syria by the populations, and that of France, whose advice was ignored, and against which the Christians themselves were acting, one will be astonished by how little ground was gained by the first of these powers. This is because it did not take long to alienate those very ones who had invoked it. The English agents had promised the Druzes domination without control over the Christians; but the influence of France, by means of the wakils and mixed councils, has destroyed the principle of arbitrary power of the Druzes. This power is today shared, and the future would be rather fatal than favorable to it if the Christians knew how to unite. The inhabitants of mixed districts always complain about not having a governor of their race and religion at their helm, and we do not believe that they can be reproached for a demand based on tradition and justice, which the French government long strived to obtain for them. But at the time when, overwhelmed by the decision taken by the kapudan pasha (2 September 1844), they trembled at seeing themselves handed over to the Druze without any guarantee, at this time, they regarded the creation of wakils as a blessing, and their joy was great when they learned that this creation which I had proposed had been obtained in Constantinople by our chargé d'affaires. This victory was diminished, it is true, by Sir Stratford Canning. We sincerely believe in the perfect loyalty of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; he is one of the most honest and purest characters who have taken part in Europe's great affairs for twenty-five years, and his correspondence regarding Lebanon affairs is a striking testimony to this; but we think he yielded to a misplaced scruple, to the desire to keep towards the Druze party the promise of preserving for the Muqata'jis in their districts powers that the surprised religion of the British ambassador took for ancient rights. These supposed rights consecrated to the Druze made them the true chiefs of the Christians, and greatly diminished the value of the wakils. The mixed councils were instituted to restore balance. Certainly, we are far from having achieved the most satisfactory results in Syria, but each step taken in this matter had been marked by an advantage benefiting the Christians, and it was always France that took the initiative in the adopted measures.

France's action in the Syrian question had two aspects. It was isolated and independent in everything concerning the protection of the Catholic faith; Austria never sought to dispute this ancient and noble role with it. It was united with other influences for the question of Lebanon's administration, a question that France found open upon its return to the European concert in 1841. The French government has always acted alone; it has always maintained its right of religious protection; but an exclusive influence, regarding the administration of a province of the empire, was fortunately impossible. France, which could not suffer Russia's exclusive influence in Serbia and Macedonia, nor that of Great Britain in Egypt and the island of Crete, should not seek to claim exclusive political influence in Syria. Had it wanted to, moreover, it would not have succeeded. Formerly, thanks to Catholicism, the missions of the Holy Land and its commerce, France ruled alone morally in Syria and Palestine; but for a long time this supremacy had been undermined, especially by England. Already, at the beginning of this century, an English traveler, describing the

state of decline of the Turks in Syria, could say: "A silent revolution is taking place through sure means that do not seek aggression. Religious prejudices disappear before the influence exercised by English travelers. The Scriptures, translated into Arabic, are making their way throughout the country; the convents of the Holy Land are fortunately in decline, while Protestant missionaries turn their attention for the first time toward the holy city and the Christians of Syria. If the Ottoman government could be brought to tolerate this measure, there would be talk of establishing a Protestant church in Jerusalem, a nobler exploit than that accomplished by Godefroy de Bouillon's sword, and sung by Tasso's muse. From such a source, the rays of the light of Holy Scriptures would spread in all directions, and in the footsteps of Christianity would arise, as has always been seen, industry, liberty, social order, and all the charities of life." Another English traveler said approximately at the same time: "The language of Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron, the only one suitable for Greeks after their own language, will spread before long throughout the Levant, and with it a renovating spirit, the influence of English laws and the light of Christianity and the Scriptures."

I doubt that the creation of a Protestant bishopric in Jerusalem has met the expectations of the Protestants; I am even convinced that the fears of the Catholics have been in vain; but English influence and language, as well as Protestantism, have certainly made progress that one cannot regard with disdain. Commerce and religion have been, in our hands, powerful means to exercise high moral domination in the Orient; England has equaled or even surpassed us in commerce; and if French missionaries, the Lazarists and the Jesuits, had not brought a new spirit to Syria, it would have been very difficult to maintain our religious supremacy, which must serve as a beacon to civilization in a province where everything recalls our past, our glory, and where the future perhaps still reserves for us a noble role.[12]

[12] These pages were written in February of this year.

PART TWO

ELECTION OF A MARONITE PATRIARCH

The civil war that ravaged Lebanon during the summer of 1845 had just ended; the Maronites were beginning to breathe and resume their work when a new danger, no less significant than the one they had escaped, came to threaten them. Their patriarch, Joseph Habesh, from one of the main families of Kesrouan, died after a troubled life, which the anguish he experienced during the war contributed to shortening.

The Maronite patriarch, since the fall of Emir Bechir, the former prince of the Mountain, and the division of power between two kaimakams (lieutenants), one Maronite, the other Druze, is the greatest figure in Lebanon: he is the personification of the nationality and religion of the Maronites; he bears the title of Patriarch of Antioch and Jerusalem. Joseph Habesh had played a considerable role in the history of his country for several years; but this role had not always been inspired by the knowledge of his co-religionists' true interests: an extreme desire for independence, pity for his flock's sufferings, had led him to take sides in 1840 against Egyptian domination and to favor the Anglo-Turkish expedition.

The hardships of conscription that Ibrahim Pasha had imposed on Lebanon had seemed unbearable to him, as well as to the mountaineers, and he had convinced himself, like his flock, that Lebanon would transition without violent upheaval, and even without great difficulties, to the peaceful enjoyment of a gentler regime and its ancient rights and privileges. He was soon disillusioned: civil war bloodied the land of the Maronites and Druzes, and the pillaging of Deir-el-Kamar and the massacre of Christians under the government of Selim Pasha cruelly dispelled his illusions, while simultaneously dealing a terrible blow to this honest and timid soul.

Enthusiastic souls often let themselves be drawn to evil through the desire and passion for good; but when they become aware of their mistakes, repentance takes on the character of a severe punishment that they inflict upon themselves: Joseph Habesh never forgave himself for having lacked foresight and for not having better understood his co-religionists' interests. The hardships of conscription had ceased, it is true; the government, active and severe to the point of harshness at times, of Mehemet-Ali Pasha, no longer weighed upon the mountaineers; but civil war carried its sword and torches for several years through industrious, hardworking, and peaceful populations, and Lebanon never recovered from the struggles that had followed the fall of the Egyptian government.

The misfortunes that accompanied the restoration of Ottoman Porte power in Syria had not alone dispelled the illusions and deceived the hopes of the Maronite patriarch: the main allies of the Turks in the war against the viceroy of Egypt, the English, had been welcomed in the district of Kesrouan, where the first landing of the allies took place, as true liberators. Protestantism, of which they are the living image in the Orient, did not inspire any aversion

in the Maronite clergy at the time of the expedition in 1840, or rather the religious question was momentarily forgotten. Even in the Orient, where religion has held and still presently holds such a great place, the development of nationalities and interests has made such progress that it has ceased to be the sole motivator of men's actions, and they willingly welcome, when they judge them necessary for their success, the aid of allies whom at other times they regarded as unworthy even of the name of Christians.

The English were thus received with open arms in villages and convents where, a few months earlier, it would have been imprudent for them to present themselves, so great was the religious fanaticism there; but, once victory was won and the Porte's triumph assured, its allies wanted to reap the fruit of their cooperation. It was not enough to have dealt a harsh blow to French influence in Syria by expelling the Egyptian government: some English agents, driven, it was always thought, by biblical societies, tried to obtain authorization for Protestant missionaries to establish themselves in Lebanon, among the Maronites, to found schools there and to preach. On this point, they found the old patriarch inflexible, and his resistance was pushed to the point of intolerance and persecution.

A young Maronite, Essad Chediak, the deacon Essad, swayed by the preaching of Protestant missionaries whom he had seen in Beirut, seduced by their promises, and perhaps also by the charm that persecution braved exercises on ardent souls, and the even more powerful charm of the society of young women of the Protestant mission, abandoned the ancient religion of his fathers and became an ardent follower of the reform. Never in the mountains had any minister of the Lord revealed the divine word to him with the eloquence of the Northern preachers. He had been raised in the practice more than in the true knowledge of the Catholic religion. His soul was exalted by the voice of his new masters; the speeches of their women, who shared their work and surpassed them in ardor for proselytism, inflamed him; it is so difficult to resist religious or poetic enthusiasm when it passes through a woman's lips! He was carried away.

The memories of his childhood did not hold him back. The holy image that his mother had given him and that he wore around his neck like every Maronite, the old and dark village church where he had received baptism, the contempt that the missionaries poured on the old Catholic worship so full of grandeur and poetry, nothing could stop him, and he wanted to burn what he had worshipped. Young, bold, endowed with natural eloquence, he traveled through Lebanon preaching the reformed religion and attacking with his most passionate invectives, his most bitter sarcasm, Rome, the sovereign pontiff, the Catholic religion. The vocabulary of Protestant scurrilities was perfectly familiar to him.

His enterprise was senseless and no one ever believed in its success. The Maronites are passionately attached to the religion of their fathers, and Pope Benedict XIV did them justice when he said in his apostolic letters to the Maronite clergy: "The illustrious Maronite nation has, since its origin, professed the Roman orthodox faith, and has preserved it intact amid the infidels, heretics and schismatics who surrounded it, to remain closely attached to the holy see." It is not given to human speech to replace in Lebanon the majestic and gentle worship of Catholicism with Protestantism. Since that time, moreover, Catholic and intelligent missionaries have established themselves in Syria and have surpassed, in activity and truly Christian eloquence, their Protestant rivals. But the great superiority of Catholic

missionaries lies in their immense charity, and this superiority is well felt by the populations. They do not confuse the monk covered in a burlap robe, tied around the waist with a rope, cheerfully eating his meager ordinary meal in a dark and smoky refectory, and always ready to receive the unfortunate or to bring them help in the most remote places, in the most miserable huts, with the Bible missionaries, housed in excellent houses, surrounded by all the refinements of well-being and luxury, and sitting gravely and devoutly, with an elegantly dressed wife and numerous children, around a table served with abundance and variety.

However, the patriarch feared the contagion of doctrines preached by Essad, for some bold or misguided spirits, some weak souls, some self-interested characters, the scandal for all, and he resolved to cut the evil at its root. He especially feared the religious agitation that the Bible missionaries wanted to create; it could bring new and dangerous divisions among the Maronites, who needed all their strength and the closest union to fight against their enemies.

He had Essad Chediak arrested and imprisoned in the monastery of Kanoubine, located at the bottom of a gorge of Mount Lebanon, in the valley of Kadisha (the holy river); Kanoubine is the true and ancient patriarchal seat; there, visited by monks, bishops, by the patriarch himself several times, exhorted to renounce error and throw himself back into the bosom of mother Church, Essad stubbornly refused and preferred prison, suffering and death to the abjuration of what he believed to be holy truth.

The English and American Bible missionaries, the English consular authorities, displayed an ardent but useless zeal in favor of Essad; this zeal perhaps even contributed to their protégé's demise. During his agony, the patriarch, accompanied by several bishops, entered his dungeon, dressed in his pontifical robes, and wanted to exhort him one last time and administer to him. Essad rose up on the wooden bed where he lay, and, in his delirium, addressed the religious leader of his nation as if he had before him the enemy of mankind.

It was a horrible scene; it was told to me by a monk who had been an eyewitness while showing me around the monastery and the dungeon. I felt profound indignation, and despite my aversion to the doctrines of the Bible missionaries, I felt that I would have devoted myself to saving Essad, and that I would have loved him. "Father," I said to the monk, full of sadness, "it does not belong to man to impose a belief on his fellow man. Faith comes from God, and I cannot help but admire Essad's constancy and firmness, and pity you who believe that the soul can be chained like the body." The monk to whom I spoke thus looked at me with an astonished and beatific air. He did not understand me at all. I had before me a monk from the Middle Ages.

The death of Joseph Habesh, leaving the patriarchal seat vacant at a time when the Maronites had such great need of their spiritual leader, dismayed the bishops, the sheikhs, and the entire nation.

It was urgent to proceed immediately to the appointment of a new patriarch. This appointment takes place in Lebanon through election.

The election is made by the assembled bishops. There are nine diocesan bishops: those of Aleppo, Damascus, Beirut, Sayda, Eopolis, Jbeil, Eden, Tripoli, and Cyprus. Six others have no seat; among them, two fulfill the functions of vicar to the patriarch: one for spiritual matters, the other for temporal matters; a third resides in Rome, where he represents the nation before the sovereign pontiff. The last three reside in different monasteries or colleges of Lebanon. All these archbishops and bishops are elected by the faithful of the diocese, consecrated by the patriarch, and confirmed by the pope.

The election of the patriarch himself must be confirmed by the pope, who sends him the pallium and patriarchal signs. He bears the title of Patriarch of Antioch, granted by the sovereign pontiffs since the year 1243, and renewed several times; in 1438, by Eugene IV, in favor of Patriarch David; by Nicholas V and Calixtus III, his successor, to Patriarch Jacques Pierre; by Leo X and many other popes, to several patriarchs of Antioch, to Moses Accherens, to John, to George, to John Buoli, to Joseph-Achel Accourens.

The Maronite archbishops and bishops form a synod in which the patriarch is elected by two-thirds of the votes; the opposition of a single bishop can thus drag out the election. Here is how the bishops were distributed at the time of Joseph Habesh's death: three of them, the spiritual procurator and temporal procurator of the patriarch and the bishop of Tripoli, were at the monastery of Diman, located in the district of Djebbet-Bicharre where Mgr Habesh had died. The Archbishop of Laodicea, Mgr Murad, delegate of the patriarch to the Holy See, was in Rome; Bishop of Zouk Mgr Joseph Khazen, and his cousin Mgr Antoine Khazen, Bishop of Damascus, were in Kesrouan where the diocese of the first, the residence of the second, their family and their properties were located; the other bishops were dispersed throughout Lebanon, each in his usual residence. Two candidates were designated by public opinion as worthy of succession to Mgr Habesh, Bishop Boulos (Paul), bishop in partibus of Tarsus, who had been his spiritual procurator, and Mgr Joseph Khazen, Bishop of Zouk. The first, coming from a family of Lebanese peasants, had been sent to Rome and had been a student of the Sacred Congregation; after completing his studies in his own country, he had exercised an almost absolute influence over the late patriarch; his party was considerable in the district of Djebbet-Bicharre, where Mgr Joseph Habesh had always resided. The second, Joseph Khazen, belonged to one of the most illustrious houses of Lebanon.

Rich, member of a numerous and powerful family, bishop of a sought-after diocese, he had much more chance of success than his competitor; but the inhabitants around Tripoli and Djebbet-Bicharre were hostile to him. The sheikhs and peasants of this large and bellicose district knew well that Mgr Khazen, once elevated to patriarchal dignity, would not want to reside among them, and would return to Kesrouan where residence was more in keeping with his tastes, his fortune, and his interests; they therefore declared to the three bishops who had remained at Diman that they would oppose their departure, and that, according to the Lebanese synod, since the patriarch must be elected at Kanoubine, the true and ancient patriarchal seat, they would only accept as legal an election that had taken place in this monastery; they hoped thus to exercise moral pressure on the assembled bishops, and obtain an election to their liking. Dangerous consequence of the principle of election in the priestly hierarchy!

On the other hand, Mgr Joseph Khazen, his cousin Bishop Antoine Khazen, the Bishop of Sidon, the one of Djezzin, and the brother of the late patriarch Mgr Philippe Habesh, declared that they would not go to Djebbet-Bicharre, and that they intended the election to take place in the monastery of Bekerke, an ancient patriarchal seat located in Kesrouan. Two other bishops, the one of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, in partibus, who temporarily administered the diocese of Beirut, left vacant by the death of the ordinary, and the one of Cyprus, whose residence is in a monastery of Mount Lebanon, said they were ready to follow the majority of bishops wherever they would go; but their secret inclination was for the synod meeting at the seat of Kanoubine.

Public attention was keenly preoccupied by these dissensions. The enemies of the Maronites rejoiced in them. The latter only approached each other speaking of this question so vital to them, and the words: "Min bi sir batrack? who will be patriarch?" were on everyone's lips. The court of Rome has an apostolic delegate in Lebanon; this prelate also has the title of vicar of Aleppo. This good delegate was quite agitated by the divisions that had crept into the episcopal body, and which threatened to indefinitely delay an election to which he rightly attached great importance. I knew Mgr de Villardel well; we had made several journeys together, one by sea, on the warship Alcibiades, from Beirut to Tripoli; the other, much longer, on horseback, along the Syrian coast, from Laodicea to Beirut. I had resided several months in Laodicea at the same time as him, and I had a respectful affection for this good prelate, whom death has recently taken.

He was Catalan, and had retained, despite his long stay in Rome and his constant practice of the Italian language, some Spanish words which were like the visible links in the chain of memories that tied him to his homeland. He always said "la madre iglesia, pelegrinacion, buen viage," etc. etc. He was delighted to speak Spanish with me, and finding ourselves on the road during Holy Week, and in Tortosa on Easter Day, he had chocolate served to us in the morning upon our awakening, telling me it was the custom in Spain. He had a very fine tenor voice, and we would chase away the tedium of a long horseback journey by singing. It was never without emotion that I heard him intone the beautiful Roman chant "Laudate, pueri, dominum." Outside the walls of Tortosa stands a beautiful church built by the Crusaders, which was not entirely finished when the Muslims made the definitive conquest of Syria.

Mgr de Villardel entered it accompanied by a Greek merchant who had as beautiful a voice as his own, and both began to intone religious chants. The Catholic priest sang the "santum et terribile nomen ejus," the Greek sang the hymn of Emperor Lascaris, each taking possession in idea of the unfinished edifice in the name of his worship. Mgr de Villardel had an extensive and solid education, knew the classics well, and spoke and wrote Arabic with elegance. He was very timid, and nothing was easier than to frighten him.

He had been told that the road between Laodicea and Tripoli was infested with wild beasts and brigands. I knew there was sometimes danger in traveling unaccompanied; but with my well-armed servants, I thought there was nothing to fear; however, I only learned of his

preoccupation regarding wild beasts on the second day of the journey, when, towards sunset, he said to me: "Signor console, lei ha veduto molti leopardi?"[13]

This kind and amiable prelate wrote to me that he greatly wished to speak with me about the religious affairs of Lebanon, and asked me to come see him at his residence, called the Delegation.

It was the end of July, at the height of the heat. I left Beirut around four o'clock in the afternoon, on horseback, accompanied by a kawas and a servant, both on horseback like me. The first preceded me holding in his hand his silver-knobbed staff, a mark of his office. He was from Tripoli, was called Abdul-Wahed (the slave of the unique one) and spoke a few words of Turkish. My servant followed me; he was a young Greek from the island of Cyprus; I had taken him into my service in Tarsus, and he had quickly become an intelligent servant. I never spoke to him except in Greek; I took pleasure in the sound of this noble and rich language, even in its modern dress; for me in Syria, it was like a memory of Western civilization.

I lived in Beirut, in a house located in the countryside, on the edge of sand dunes enlarged by the breath of the desert wind; these dunes encroach each year on the cultivated lands around the city. A few months' stay is enough to observe the progress of this invasion and to see the trunks of mulberry trees disappear into the sand.

The dunes cover entire fields of these trees; the last branches still pierce the sand here and there, and turn green in spring, as if asking for help from man until they have completely disappeared. The peasant sees his field and his hut attacked, then destroyed by the inexorable invasion of the sands, retreats, and, a few years later, rides on horseback over this sand that covers his former roof. The breath of wind that carries and piles up these sandy hills is so regular that, in the vicinity, sycamores and carob trees remain perfectly clear. Their branches and thick foliage develop freely, grow less than ten steps from the dunes, and almost seem to have a sense of their security.

The paths leading to dwellings along almost all the coastline at the foot of Lebanon are narrow, sandy, bordered on each side by dry stone walls serving to delimit the fields and contain the topsoil. Between the stones of these walls grow cacti; these plants reach a considerable height, and their roots twist like serpents, entwining the stones and binding them together like solid ropes. These cacti, which form impenetrable hedges, lean their

[13] However, Mgr de Villardel, so timid in the usual course of his life, had demonstrated great courage and firmness on various occasions. While at the seminary in Barcelona, he was ordered, along with several of his fellow students, to bury a criminal who had been condemned to be hanged. The condemned man, hoisted in the air, the rope breaks and he falls full of life; the young seminarian Villardel throws himself upon him; his companions imitate him, and they all cry out that the condemned man will be spared, that it would be horrible cruelty to hang him again. The alguazils threaten to tear the unfortunate condemned man from them by force. The gendarmes aim their carbines at them. Nothing could shake them, and they saved the life of the guilty man, whose story was told to the King of Spain, and who had his sentence commuted.
In 1808, being in Damascus as prefect of the Reverend Franciscan Fathers' mission, he maintained, against a cruel and demanding pasha who was persecuting the missions, a struggle full of firmness, and while enduring the tyranny of this satrap, who forced him to pay an enormous sum, nevertheless managed to make his cruel situation known to the French ambassador in Constantinople, who obtained from the divan the dismissal of the pasha and the restitution of the money.

broad leaves over the road; the Arab horseman cuts them with his sword when they obstruct his path, and the camel crushes them in its iron mouth, despite the strong spines that cover them.

In winter, when the torrential rains have soaked the sand and reddish earth that cement the stones of these walls and nourish the roots of the cacti, the stones come loose, roll onto the paths, and soon these enormous plants, no longer supported, are dragged down by their own weight and come to strew the road with a dreadful noise. The Arab horse rarely crosses these obstacles without difficulty. These large twisted branches, these thick greenish leaves, the white and sharp spines that cover them inspire in it a vague fear. It stops; it sniffs, it snorts, and the rider must use alternately his voice or the edge of the stirrup to make it cross them. These walls also serve as lodging for scorpions; they live there by the hundreds, and the little Arabs wage an endless war against them.

To go from where I lived to the apostolic delegation located in the Kesrouan, one descends towards the city by a rough path covered with reddish sand in which horses stain their hooves an ochre color. Arriving in front of the Yacoub gate, one turns right and crosses a square bordered on one side by the city wall and on the other by a row of very beautiful sycamores. On this square, several times the Albanian militia have pitched their tents; on these trees more than one unfortunate person has been hanged. One passes at the foot of the square tower of Fakr-ed-Din (splendor of faith), better known as Facardin, and finds oneself in the countryside, planted everywhere with mulberry trees.

One leaves to one's left a small ruined mosque; it was formerly a church dedicated to Saint George, for it is there that this warrior saint killed the dragon, according to tradition; one crosses the Beirut river on a very fine bridge of Arab construction, or by ford during summer, amid thickets of oleander and water lily, and one skirts Saint George's bay, having on one's right the part of Lebanon where the district of Meten is found, and on one's left and behind, the sea and Beirut.

One follows the beach where the sea, tranquil or agitated, comes to bathe the horses' feet, but the eye and mind find occupation, either in examining the crops that carpet the slope of Lebanon or the convents that adorn it, or in contemplating the sea, that ever-new, ever-grandiose spectacle whose absence one keenly feels when one has been accustomed to enjoying it. For me, it was especially toward the waves that my gaze was drawn. The sea gives at once the idea of distance and closeness. Seeing this vast humid plain, I thought of France whose beloved shores it also bathed and of another homeland far away, but very dear, where lived then beloved beings whom I shall see no more on this earth.

The part of Lebanon that goes from the curve of Saint George's bay, into which flows the river of Beirut, to the promontory at the foot of which the Dog River (Nahr-el-Kelb) flows into the sea, offers nothing very remarkable; it is a portion of the district called El-Meten; after about three-quarters of an hour on horseback, one crosses again by ford a small river, that of Antelias called by sailors the Cat River. Soon after, the road rises noticeably along rocky ground. One moves away from the sea and hears it roaring in the distance against enormous blocks of rock; one climbs the promontory by a path cut like stairs in the living rock, and enters a defile through which some of the greatest names in history have passed:

the great Ramses, Sesostris, perhaps Sennacherib, San the scourge, whose soldiers were struck by an angel while sleeping, Cambyses; Caracalla[14], who widened the defile, as attested by a perfectly preserved Latin inscription, and united the Egyptian or Assyrian way with the Roman way; Sultan Selim, conqueror of Egypt and Syria. Numerous Assyrian, Latin and Arab inscriptions recall the passage of conquerors. Figures representing warriors, princes, which learned archaeologists believe to have belonged to the great Assyrian, Egyptian and Persian dynasties, are carved in the granitic stone and dominate the two paths, the ancient one which is no longer used, and that of Caracalla, which is the usual route for going from one point of the Syrian coast to another, the river and the sea.

The figures are life-size and surrounded by a frame; the top is semi-circular, or represents temple doors with their friezes and cornices, like the commemorative monuments so numerous in Egypt. The interior of the frames must have contained applied inscriptions whose worn hinges still appear at the four corners of the frames, and one of these inscriptions is sculpted on the warrior's chest, going from one shoulder to the other, contrary to Egyptian custom. Aromatic plants, brambles, tufts of wild lilies crawl along the cornices, or hang over the degraded headdresses of these conquerors and time, after so many centuries, has not yet entirely destroyed the features and attributes that serve science today to make them live in its annals.

The aspect of these figures is striking, and when one finds oneself alone in the defile, contemplating these tableaux and stone portraits, one cannot defend against a feeling that resembles both admiration and fright.[15] At the culminating point of the promontory, on the sea side, rises the roughly carved base which supported, it is supposed, an idol in the form of a dog or wolf, which the inhabitants of Syria worshipped and which pronounced oracles, if we are to believe Strabo. No doubt this idol gave its name to the river, and the Arabs believe they can see its trunk at the bottom of the waves that bathe the foot of the promontory, when the sea, calm and limpid, allows the eye to pierce its depth. The head of the idol is said to have been taken to Venice, according to the English traveler Maundrell; but I have not heard that it is there. The Dog River is the Lycus of the Greeks. Ancient geographers say it was once navigable.

The current is very rapid and emerges from a narrow valley, enclosed between two natural walls, wild and abrupt, formed by the mountains of Meten and Kesrouan. The river divides these two districts, and was formerly the boundary of the pashaliks of Sayda and Tripoli, as well as of the patriarchates of Jerusalem and Antioch. The two banks are joined by a two-arched bridge boldly thrown across and built by Emir Fakr-ed-Din. Along the flanks of the rock that borders the right bank, and seems to have been carved by the hand of

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[14] Some scholars have attributed the Latin inscription and the road whose widening it commemorates to Marcus Aurelius, but I have adopted Mr. Guys's explanation, who points out that neither Antoninus Pius nor his successor took the surname Britannicus, which can be read in the Dog River inscription, "while Caracalla claimed it for having accompanied his father in his expedition against Britannia. This prince," continues Mr. Guys, "later came to Syria and must have passed by this road in 96 after Jesus Christ, when, according to Montesquieu's expression, wandering with his fury, he went to Alexandria to give himself the barbaric spectacle of so many men slaughtered during a festival. The road must have then been repaired and enlarged by order of the emperor when he was in Antioch."

[15] I have not presumed to make a scientific description of the Dog River monuments, and I refer the reader to the scholarly and interesting works of Messrs. de Bunsen, Lajard, de Saulcy and Lepsius.

giants, the industrious Maronites have constructed an aqueduct that receives the waters of the river near the convent of Mar-Johannah-Chouair (Saint John of Chouair). Along this very high aqueduct, the surplus water bathes the mossy and greenish flanks of the rock, and makes vines grow there, climbing plants, lichens, whose thick tufts descend, swaying their dew-covered branches, down to the edge of the Kesrouan road.

The aspect of these places, when they present themselves to the traveler at the moment he has climbed the promontory, is grandiose. Their solitude is sometimes disturbed by caravans of mules or camels; their bells resound in the sonorous echoes of the valley; usually they cross the river by ford downstream from the bridge to shorten the route. Many times during my stay in Syria, I crossed the Dog River, and I was always amazed by the wild grandeur of the site, whether the sun, at its meridian, made the azure of the peaceful sea sparkle like a lake, or its last rays tinged with purple and pink the sharp peak of the rocks, or the waves, disturbed by the storm, furiously rose up the course of the river, as if to push it back toward its source.

After the Dog River, one skirts the sea along the narrow space that the Kesrouan mountains leave between their feet and the Mediterranean; one follows a path traced through mulberry plantations, and reaches the first slopes below the town of Zouk-Michaïl, where the apostolic delegation is located. At the moment when my horse was preparing to climb the rough paths that the peasants take care to strew with stones to make their mountains even less accessible to Turks and Druzes, the sun was disappearing on the horizon. The air was of an admirable serenity and transparency. This hour, in Oriental travels, compensates for all the day's fatigue. Silence, precursor of rest, succeeded the thousand noises of the countryside in summer days. One could only still hear some noisy cicadas pushing at intervals their sharp notes in the clusters of pines at the edge of the road, and the heat made them exhale a scent of resin.

The peaks of Lebanon were flooded with the most magnificent colors. First a brilliant purple dominated there, then gradually softened into a rosy tint; the rocks, whose smallest crevices could then be distinguished, seemed to have the transparency and fragility of glass; a fluid of pale reflection and tender lilac bathed the contours of these peaks lost in the air, while night climbed along their flanks and cast a black curtain over the forests that carpet them. The Kesrouan forms an amphitheater; its base is bathed by the bay of Djouni. At the point where I was, I had before me, to my right, the town of Zouk, placed on two elevated cones separated by a deep valley, and properly forming two large villages; one of them has been almost entirely abandoned due to its unhealthiness. To my left was the bay of Djouni and the village of that name; the last houses are built near the sand of the beach.

The Armenian Catholic convent of Beit-Hachbou (the wooden house), an enormous stone construction, placed on the slope of the right wing of this vast amphitheater, and separated from the village of Gazir by a narrow and deep ravine; on the other side of the ravine dominating the abyss, and placed directly opposite the Armenian convent, rises the palace of Emir Abdallah, of the Chehab family. On the penultimate plateau and almost in front of me, Harissa, a convent of Holy Land monks, reflected on its white walls the dying rays of the sun. Surrounded by pines, bushes, wild fig trees, almost at the center of the arena, and still climbing toward the summit, the old convent of Bekerké, and on the very crest of the

Kesrouan chain, the Armenian Catholic convent of Bezoummar, residence of the Armenian Catholic Patriarch of Cilicia, piercing the blue and limpid air with its spires and bell towers.

The transparency was perfect; I thought that a few minutes could take me to these solitary dwellings, and it takes several hours to climb the paths similar to long serpents, which crawl, hidden by bushes, along the mountain slopes. I soon reached the delegation; situated in one of the valleys formed by the last buttresses of Lebanon, it cannot be seen from the bottom of the amphitheater. Still lower down is the college of Antoura, a former Jesuit convent given, like all Jesuit establishments in the Orient, to the Lazarists by Pius VI in 1782, transformed today into a college, and whose clean white walls and green shutters announce the presence of Europeans. Once on the plateau where the delegation building is constructed, the eye encounters convents everywhere; here there are Visitandines, there Greek Catholic Basilians, Maronite Antonines, Capuchins; everywhere, along the mountain slopes or dominating their crests, monasteries appear, and everywhere the most admirable cultivation, from base to summit, everywhere the victorious struggle of man against the difficulties and aridity of the terrain.

Yet this is the work of these monks so often accused in Europe of laziness and mocked for their uselessness! The Angelus hour was ringing at the moment I arrived at the delegation, and the bells of all these convents and churches were piously chiming in the clear and calm air. The sound of bells, in the countryside and even in the heart of cities, awakens pious memories in us, but the impression is much deeper in a distant land, while traveling, at nightfall. For several years already, I had been living in Muslim countries where Christians do not have the right to ring bells. This call to evening prayer, at the moment when I entered this land consecrated by religion, filled me with emotion.

How painful would be this hour for the solitary traveler, when silence and advancing night return him to his thoughts and isolation, if he did not raise his soul toward God and toward the queen of heaven, the star of the seas, the consoler of the afflicted! One also experiences a very great charm in seeing an entire population fervently attached to the ancient worship of their fathers, and amid the vicissitudes of the world and the enemies of their faith, the poor drawing their consolation from their religion. This feeling, I have often experienced it in my travels, and it was not without admiration that I saw at sunset, the Maltese peasants leaving the city of Valletta with rosary in hand, and singing the Salve Regina, passing barefoot to return to their villages beside their masters, whose power has never tempted their ambition nor made their beliefs waver.

The apostolic delegate was waiting for me.

I

The delegation building, which is a very simple house, was founded by Msgr. Losana, now bishop of Bella in Piedmont. Above the entrance door are engraved Virgil's verses, "Sic vos non vobis," (thus we labor but not for ourselves) etc. The delegation house was expanded by Msgr. de Fazio, who died in 1840, and who had succeeded Msgr. Auvergne, a French

prelate. Msgr. Auvergne was a prelate of admirable piety and rare erudition. He left in Syria the reputation of a holy man. He died of the plague in Diarbekir, as did his vicar, Mr. Guinoir, both victims of their charity and devotion. The mortal remains of Msgr. Auvergne rest under a monument erected for him in the courtyard of the Capuchin monastery in Gazir, in Lebanon. This tomb has become a pilgrimage site for Christians of the mountain.

Although Msgr. de Villardel, who became Archbishop of Philippes and Apostolic Vicar, had maintained for himself, both in his dwelling and in his life, the harsh simplicity of the cloister, he served me a very good supper and had me drink golden wine from Lebanon, which however I preferred, and he too, to Bordeaux wine, which he found good, despite Spaniards' exclusive admiration for their country's wines. I found at the Apostolic delegate's residence R. P. Planchet, of the Society of Jesus, and prefect of his order's mission in Syria. We spent the evening in conversation, and we postponed business until the next day. I was tired, and yet my sleep was troubled and difficult. The bed I was given was very good for a traveler in the Orient, but I had no mosquito nets, and I was cruelly tormented. Mosquitoes in Syria have neither the form nor the monotonous buzzing that these voracious enemies of man's rest have in Europe. They are very small, of a pale green color similar to the leaves of trees among which they hide during the day. At sunset, they leave their retreats and stay quietly stuck against the walls of apartments, until sleep has begun to weigh down their victim's eyelids. They then pounce on them in the deepest silence, and the poisoned dart has penetrated under the epidermis before anything is heard; thus the Arab, in his metaphorical language, calls it the silent eater (iacoul ouscout). How many times, in my peregrinations, has this cruel insect disturbed my rest, and agitated hours upon which I had counted to rest from a long fatigue! But these are tribulations whose memory is soon forgotten.

I awoke at dawn to go to the terrace to breathe the pure and aromatic mountain air. Everything was still at rest in the house. The sun was beginning to tinge with pink the spire of the Bezoummar monastery and the crest of the immense cone whose northern flank supports the grayish and dark mass of Bkerke, separated from the delegation by a deep ravine, at the bottom of which a herd of goats was going to graze on the sparse plants that summer's burning torch had not consumed there. A shepherd, with bare legs, feet protected by thick sandals, body girded with a coarse linen tunic, shoulders covered with a short cloak of long wool threads, head shaded by a thick turban of coarse blue cloth, stopped across from me, on the other side of the ravine, and considered with benevolent curiosity my simple European costume. By raising my voice slightly, I could make myself heard by him. An eagle, in the blink of an eye, would have flown from one side of the precipice to the other, and it would have taken me more than an hour to descend and climb back up to where the shepherd stood.

As daylight descended into the valleys, I could examine at my leisure and in all the clarity of their contours the numerous monasteries that I had seen the evening before through twilight, and which were beginning to reflect the sun's first rays. Facing me was Bkerke, formed of two square masses where now live two or three Maronite monks, long the residence of a patriarch, and made famous by the story of the nun Hendia, recounted by Volney in his "Voyage en Syrie" (Journey to Syria), and questioned by Burkardt. This celebrated traveler, who was Protestant, but whom long association with religious people

in the Orient had made more enlightened and tolerant than the philosopher Volney, expresses himself in a way that deserves to be reported: "Three quarters of an hour from Antoura," he says, "I passed near the ruins (the monastery has since been rebuilt) of the Bkerke monastery, the Kourket, formerly the residence of the famous Hendia, whose story Volney has given. Now that passions have subsided, and that most of the people who played a role in this story are dead, the general opinion is that Hendia's only crime was her ambition to pass for a saint."

The abominable acts of debauchery and cruelty of which she was accused are probably imaginary; but it is certain that she severely punished those nuns of her convent who hesitated to believe in her sainthood or who doubted the visits she boasted of receiving from Jesus Christ. Hendia died about ten years ago in retreat at the convent of Seidet-El-Hakle." Burckardt was traveling in 1812. To my right, I had Antoura, the Lazarist college, where young Maronites, Catholic Greeks, and some children of Europeans established in Syria receive an education that might enable them later to follow courses at the University of France. The French government gives scholarships and half-scholarships to twelve young people from Lebanese families. I spent many pleasant hours in the Antoura monastery with the Lazarists[16], notably with Abbé Le Roy, the mission prefect, and Messrs. Amaya and Sapeto, were Spanish and Piedmontese respectively. Very close to Antoura is the Visitation Sisters' convent, as I mentioned above. This convent was founded by French nuns, and while churches and convents were closed in France under the Reign of Terror, when monks and nuns were fleeing their homeland and persecution, a noble woman became abbess of this convent. She was, I believe, the last French woman to direct it, for it is difficult to gather precise information in the Orient, and especially to recognize French names, distorted by Arabic pronunciation after many years; but what is impossible not to recognize in the Visitation nuns is the traditional grace and gentle dignity that seem to be the hallmark of French nuns.

At the time of my stay in Syria, the abbess of the Visitation Sisters was a beautiful young woman of twenty-five, from one of the first families of Lebanon. She was of remarkable beauty, although she had already become a bit too plump. Her complexion, of a matte brown, her eyes of an admirable black and an expression both refined and gentle, her small mouth adorned with dazzlingly white teeth, were framed with a coquettish but simple grace in her nun's headdress. I confess that I often visited this beautiful abbess and brought her tokens of France's munificence; I took pleasure, seated on a divan, smoking a pipe to which I was entitled by both my rank in Syria and the laws of Oriental hospitality, to converse at length with her through the parlor grating. Her conversation had charm, especially when she questioned me about France, and despite the sanctity of the place, I sometimes mentally hummed the refrain of the Visitandines romance.

I was drawn from my contemplation by my Greek servant, who brought me a filjan (small coffee cup) of coffee, while my kawas, encumbered in his wide charval (pants) advanced

[16] I learned that Abbé Le Roy has just succumbed to the long fatigue of his missions in the Orient, and especially to the grief caused by the Damascus massacre and the destruction of the beautiful establishments he had created. Abbé Le Roy, whose name was venerated in the Orient, was taking refuge during the Damascus massacre at the home of Emir Abd-el-Kader.

slowly, holding a long pipe that he swung in the air to stoke the small burning coal he had carefully placed on excellent Lebanon tobacco. The pipe smoked like a connoisseur, that is to say, after having only breathed its first aroma, the cream, to use the Oriental expression, I went to the delegation's chapel, where R. P. Planchet had just begun mass. In this modest chapel, an admirable Virgin by Murillo decorates the altar, of which it is the only ornament. The apostolic delegate, a Maronite priest and I attended mass. My kawas was Muslim and my servant schismatic, and both had remained smoking in the delegation's courtyard. When mass was finished, Msgr. de Villardel called my attention to the celestial head of the Mother of God. "What a beautiful and angelic face!" he told me. "Quanto è divota!" I have always found something both touching and sad in the religious devotion to the Virgin Mary. Happy are those who bring to the cloister only memories of their mother's or sister's smiles, and who do not find in Joseph's wife's features the smile that made them believe for a moment that happiness could be found on this earth!

After breakfast, the Bishop of Zouk, Msgr. Joseph Khazen, the brother of the late patriarch, Msgr. Philippe, the Bishop of Djesin and that of Sayda, who had come to visit the one who was already considered the spiritual leader of Lebanon, arrived at the apostolic delegate's residence. They were brought pipe and coffee, and our conference began. Msgr. de Villardel and R. P. Planchet both spoke Arabic with great facility. I understood it, but they served as my interpreters. Bishop Joseph Khazen spoke first and spoke with simplicity, but with the authority given to him by an exemplary life, great fortune, and illustrious birth. He fought against the claim of the inhabitants of Djebbet-Bicharré, who affirmed that the patriarch's election could not be legal if it did not take place at the seat of Kanoubine, and he declared that the election could be conducted just as canonically in the Kesrouan, at the seat of Bkerke, and that he feared that the resistance to bringing the synod meeting to Kanoubine might hide the guilty project of subjecting it to external violence. He ended by admitting that he had great objections to going to the district of Djebbet-Bicharré, and the continuation of this narrative will prove that he had judged well the dispositions of this district's population.

The apostolic delegate agreed that the Lebanese synod did not require the patriarch's election to take place in the Kanoubine monastery itself, but only in a patriarchal seat, which was indisputable; but we all knew that the three bishops who had remained at Diman after the death of Msgr. Habesch had not left this residence and did not want to leave it, for fear that the patriarchal treasury would be pillaged by the sheiks and peasants who had forbidden them to move away.[17]

I attended this debate with keen interest, as it gave me insight into the life, customs, and laws of an interesting people worthy of study, and I understood immediately that no party wanted to yield. I therefore proposed as a middle ground, as a transaction, the choice of an intermediate patriarchal seat between Kesrouan and Djebbet-Bicharré, in order to hold the synod there. I designated the monastery of Meyfouk, located in the district of Djebail, which separates the two I just named. The proposal seemed fortunate; but the bishops were still hesitating, and I ended their indecision by committing to lead them to Meyfouk, and then

[17] This is a book printed in Rome under the care of the Congregation of Propaganda, and which contains the various statutes and ecclesiastical laws of the Maronite nation.

to go to Diman to persuade the three bishops to join their venerable brothers at Meyfouk, and to remain personally at Diman during the election, in order to protect the patriarchal seat and treasury. There was great joy among the bishops, and the most vivid thanks were lavished upon me. I returned that same day to Beirut to make my arrangements for a slightly longer absence, and I promised to return to Zouk on August 1st. Monsignor Joseph Khazen made me promise to stay at his place.

Having made my arrangements in Beirut, I took the road back to Zouk on August 1st, but this time with a larger entourage. Two kawas preceded me, armed with their sabers, pistols, and yatagans, carrying their blunderbusses hanging from their horses' saddles. A large keffié, a silk fabric from Lebanon, covered their turban and shaded their head. I had chosen to accompany me the chief of my kawas, named Achmet-Aga, son of an Albanian, with whom I could converse in Greek and Turkish. Achmet-Aga was Ottoman, and as such, much more respected by Turkish authorities than an Arab. He had worked in all trades, knew politics, prided himself on handling business with the pasha better than a dragoman, was a smooth talker, venal, devout, drank wine in secret and ate pork. He sometimes relieved the tedium of the journey by telling me about his tumultuous life. The first region I had visited in the Orient was Albania, and I loved finding the sons of this oriental Scotland everywhere. Next to Achmet-Aga walked a handsome young man named Esmar, son of a seyd, descendant of the prophet.

He was from Tripoli; he was about twenty-five years old, and if he didn't have the skill of his companion, he had a selflessness, a grace in his bearing, and a good appearance that charmed me. He was usually dressed in green, as befitted his rank. His head, completely shaved, was topped with a red fez, under which he coquettishly slipped the stem of a flower that descended along his temple. His cheeks and chin were perfectly shaved, and on his tanned complexion showed the bluish trace of his beard. An ebony mustache shaded his upper lip. His supple waist was bound by a wide silk belt, in which were tucked his pistols, their butts covered with chiseled silver, and his handjar with its yellowed ivory handle. His well-formed leg was imprisoned in richly embroidered gaiters that revealed both its strength and fineness. Esmar was courageous and philosophical, despite his kinship with the Prophet; he didn't hide to drink wine with my Christian servants, by whom he was much loved. I was also accompanied by an auxiliary dragoman of the consulate, whose only weapon was a silver inkwell tucked in his belt. A very useful being increased my caravan this time: it was my cook, armed with his utensils, carried in two baskets on either side of his mule. Michaïl was a traveling cook who had accompanied gourmets from Paris on their journey to Baalbeck, to Palestine, to the holy places, but who knew only Carême's vocabulary of the French language. I soon covered the distance that separated me from Zouk, where I arrived at sunset. The population of this town consists of Maronites or Catholic Greeks or Melkites. A group of young girls from both races was gathered at the fountain that flows at the bottom of the climb leading to the bishopric. Long black eyelashes, eyes both gentle and wild at the same time, an aquiline nose distinguish the Greek race, whose features are more delicate than those of the Maronites. A more animated complexion, perhaps less finesse but more gentleness in expression, form the facial characteristics of young Maronite girls. A white cloth headdress, rolled around the head and chin, frames these pretty features, these fresh and naive smiles. No corset presses or

constrains their flexible waist; the dress opens on the breast which the eye can see without startling their modesty, and follow without trouble the ancient contours and slightly tanned skin. Some old women seemed to guard this young swarm; they were dressed in the same way, with the singular ornament of an enormous iron horn attached to the right ear, spreading its shell as if to announce that the most incurable deafness afflicted these unfortunates, whose hearing is nevertheless perfectly alert. Charming greetings came from this group and welcomed me. I responded with the same ceremony, placing my hand on my heart. I arrived in the bishopric courtyard. The bishop, surrounded by the main inhabitants of the village, was waiting for me on the terrace, an immense stone balcony that dominated the village, from where one could see the sea in the distance. As I jumped down from my horse, the bishop's secretary and two of his cousins took me under the arms to lead me to where he was waiting standing, rosary in hand. As I crossed the threshold of the inner courtyard, two peasants rushed at me and passed their hands through the silk belt that I had, like the Orientals, wrapped around my waist to reduce the fatigue of horseback riding, and cried: Aman. This is one of the oldest customs of the Orient. Putting one's hand in the belt of a powerful man is to ask for his protection, to place oneself under his safeguard. If an enemy, a rival, a persecuted man wants to reconcile with you or implore your support, he has you asked permission to come put his hands in your belt.

After I was brought the pipe, coffee and perfumes, I was invited to sit at the long table that was set in the courtyard, under the shade of sycamores and Persian acacias. The dinner was long, abundant, composed of the simplest or most spiced dishes, served without order, and each taking at will from the dish placed before him. Mutton, poultry and rice form, moreover, the basis of food throughout the Orient. The next day, dawn saw me again on my horse and heading with my retinue towards the village of Hamchite, located in the district of Jbeil, where we were to meet again, the bishops and I, at the home of the richest landowner in the region, Micaël Toubia, to finally hold council and then separate, the bishops heading towards Meyfouk, where it was agreed that the small conclave would take place, and I towards Diman, to persuade the bishops who had gathered there to go to Meyfouk to join their colleagues.

So here I am on the road with my personal retinue, accompanied by three Maronite bishops mounted on their peaceful mares, and a reverend Jesuit father, who had not changed his habit, but who had let his beard grow, as all religious do in the Orient, and who, instead of the long felt hat, wore a black turban. Leaving Zouk, one descends towards the coast, crosses the village of Jounieh and follows the sterile and rocky foot of Lebanon; one leaves to the right the Armenian convent of Beit-Hatchou with its imposing mass. One passes before the immense tear that separates this convent from the palace of Emir Abdullah-Chehab, built on the precipice itself of the opposite ridge, which dominates the village of Ghazir, the most important in the Kesrouan, and one heads towards Jbeil, the ancient Byblos. The road we were following sometimes descended towards the sea, and our horses then had to advance laboriously through thick yellow sand, trodden by the large feet of camels, whose tracks could be found, and from which emerged, here and there, some groups of tamarisks whitened by fine dust and eaten away by the acrid humidity of the sea; sometimes it wound upward along the flanks of Lebanon, through excellent tobacco plantations. From time to time we would encounter a spring, a fountain built by some pious soul, shaded by a sycamore or

carob tree, and there we would halt to refresh ourselves. Everywhere along our way, peasants would stop, kiss the bishops' rings, receive their blessing and wish us good journey. An hour before arriving at Jbeil, we met some Mutawali horsemen, recognizable by their white turbans, their long black beards, their pronounced features, their proud air and their haughty bearing; they contented themselves with giving us the temena, that noble Muslim salute, showing me more deference than to the churchmen who accompanied me and with whom it is time for the reader to become better acquainted.

The eldest was the bishop of Sayda, the ancient Sidon, Mautran Abdullah. Mautran is the name that the Maronites give to their bishops. He was a small, very vigorous old man, very active and full of cheerfulness. His wit was inexhaustible, whether he was calling out to peasants on the road, or worrying about the poor fare he would find at Meyfouk. But beneath this cheerfulness was hidden an iron character that had braved a thousand dangers. The Druzes, in the last war, had burned his convent and devastated everything he had; he was ruined, and was counting on his vote to make a benefactor of the new patriarch. He especially regretted, he said, a madonna that Emir Bechir had given him, and which the sacrilegious hands of the Druzes had delivered to the flames. The apostolic delegate had already calmed his regrets in this regard by giving him a very good copy of a Virgin by Sasso-Ferrato, whose original I had already admired in Milan.

The bishop of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, Mautran Tobia, was a man of about forty years old, of imposing stature. His eye was small, but at once full of finesse, gentleness, and sincerity. He is one of the most distinguished men I have met in the Orient. He speaks only Arabic, but his superior mind has made him divine the European genius, and it is he who has played the greatest role in the political affairs of Lebanon. He had been a monk and had put himself at the head of a rebellion in the monastery of Saint-Antoine, against the abbot of that order.

On this occasion, he had been exiled to the island of Cyprus by orders of the sacred congregation of Propaganda. Since then, his exemplary conduct has earned him to be successively bishop of Saint-Jean-d'Acre in partibus and of Beirut, one of the most important dioceses of Lebanon, because of the residence of the mushir and the consuls general. I have rarely seen united to the same degree simplicity, gentleness and firmness, sagacity, nobility of soul and Christian humility,

The third bishop was that of Cyprus, Mautran Djajah; he was the youngest of the bishops. His exterior was that of a peasant. At first glance, he appeared common; but, with a little observation, one was soon charmed by the air of gentleness, of high and calm intelligence spread over his entire face.

Perhaps I have unknowingly exaggerated the worth of these men, precisely because they were foreign and appeared to me in costumes completely different from those of Europe, and on a distant land. For one experiences a vivid and profound pleasure in discovering moral beauty and finding, so to speak, the immortal traits of the soul in races different from one's own; it is an even sweeter feeling than that which physical beauty makes us experience. We love to verify the proofs of our divine origin, and to strengthen ourselves in the belief of our immortal destinies. I have already spoken of R. P. Planchet; the reader will see him at work in the continuation of this narrative. He was superior of the Jesuit mission in Syria,

and was grateful to me for having protected the establishments of the reverend fathers against the jealousy of certain powers and the ill will of the Turks, at the very time when the opposition in France was asking the Chamber of Deputies for the closure of houses run by the reverend fathers. The bishop of Zouk, Bishop Philippe, brother of the deceased patriarch, and the bishop of Damascus, Monsignor Antoine Khazen, were to leave Zouk the next day and go directly to Meyfouk. The sun was rising to its zenith as we approached Jbeil; the sand sparkled under its rays, and from the furrows of this yellowed sand came puffs of stifling air, which undulated and shone before our eyes like an ethereal liquid, and fled before us; it is in this visible and incandescent air that the Arab, lost in the desert, believes he discerns the palm trees and the spring that promise him rest and the appeasement of burning thirst, while a solitary, suffocating death, full of anguish, perhaps awaits him on this shoreless ocean. A friend, a traveler like myself, told me he had seen with a feeling of mute terror the carcasses of camels and the skeletons of men suffocated under the sand in the Libyan desert. We had no danger to run, and the mirage that developed before me served only to extend the limits of my thoughts and the field of my observations; but the intolerable heat and the fatigue of our horses warned us that it was time to take some rest, and we headed towards the khan or vast caravanserai, built on the road, at the very gates of the city of Jbeil, facing Lebanon. As I passed in front of a café, a young child came out and poured the contents of a small coffee pot on my horse's hooves; this is a sign of honor given to distinguished travelers, a wish for prosperity. Our cushions and carpets were soon brought under the wide arcades of the caravanserai and our pipes lit.

III

I let the most terrible hours of the day pass and then went to visit the city.

It is supposed that Jbeil, Esbele, Byblos, Giblos or Gebal, is the land of the ancient Giblites mentioned in Joshua, who provided King Hiram with stonecutters to prepare materials for Solomon's temple, and mariners to the Tyrians. "And the king commanded them also to take great stones, stones of very great price for the foundations of the temple, and to prepare them for this purpose. And Solomon's masons and those of Hiram took care to cut them, and those of Giblos prepared the wood and stones to build the house of the Lord." (Kings, Book III, ch. V.)

"The elders of Gebal, the most skilled among them, have given their mariners to serve you in all the equipment of your vessel. All the ships of the sea and all the mariners have been engaged in your commerce, in your traffic." (Ezekiel, ch. XXVII.)

It is said that it was at Byblos that Cinyras, the father of Adonis, had a palace, and the city became famous for the temples where his son was worshipped. I entered the church of the Maronites, who form the main population of the city; it is built on the ruins of a beautiful Corinthian church built before the decline of architecture; the traveler Pococke believes it to be from the fifth or fourth century. Byblos was a considerable seaport under the Greek kings of Syria and had become a favorite place for Emperor Hadrian, who seems to have

been particularly attached to the cult of Adonis. I could not find the inscription made in honor of this emperor; it was, they say, engraved on the city gate on the Lebanon side.

At the beginning of the Crusades, Byblos was taken and destroyed by the Christians; they nevertheless surrounded it with walls that can still be seen around the city; they descend in steps to the sea. They are flanked by large square towers placed forty toises apart from each other. The port, once so frequented and lively, is now almost entirely filled in. The Mutualis also have a mosque in Jbeil. The city and its territory depend on the Christian kaimakam of Lebanon; he collects the taxes and appoints the subordinate authorities. When I had visited Jbeil in the company of Father Planchet, who kindly served as my guide, I rejoined my bishops; they had remained under the arcades of the caravanserai peacefully reading their breviary.

Little did they care about the memories of ancient mythology, or even of the Crusades to which they are perhaps indebted, however, for part of the freedom that the Christian religion enjoys today in Lebanon; and I confess in all sincerity, I did not pity them for their ignorance, nor their indifference; nevertheless, I believe that I still preferred my eager curiosity with its doubts and weaknesses, but also with its keen intellectual satisfactions, to their calm and indifference, which did not exclude ambition. We set out again, and leaving the city of Jbeil to the left, we headed again towards the flank of Lebanon. After crossing tobacco fields, vineyards, and mulberry plantations, we reached, at sunset, our stop for the day.

We were at Micaël Toubia's, in a beautiful and large house built half in European and half in Oriental style. I was given the place of honor on the divan which, bordering three sides of the salon in a horseshoe shape, did not rise more than half a foot above the floor. This is where one sits cross-legged, after leaving one's slippers at the door. The higher one's rank, the closer one sits to the corner of the divan. Long accustomed to Oriental customs, I charmed my hosts by my ease in adapting to their ways, and they could not refuse their friendship and confidence to a man who knew so well how to do as they did.

Orientals, whoever they may be, are even more seduced than Europeans by the adoption of their costume and language by foreigners. The Orient is the land of traditions and immobility; novelty and fashion, so powerful among Europeans, have almost no influence among them. At the time of my stay in Syria, I had rented near Beirut, in the village of Beitmiri, in an admirable position, a house belonging to a Druze, and I would sometimes go there to rest from the fatigue and heat of the city. My Druze, despite the firm support I gave to the Maronites, had taken a liking to me; and when my hunting companions and I were sitting smoking, eating or chatting under the oaks of a beautiful natural terrace overlooking the port of Beirut, my Druze landlord would come and sit on his heels facing us, and would stay there watching and listening to us without understanding us; but that did not prevent him from saying one day to one of my dragomans: "What a shame that a man like the consul should be dressed in such an indecent manner!" For him there was no decent costume but the Oriental costume.

In the summer of 1843, passing through Baalbek as a traveler in the company of the French consul, and having gone to visit the Greek Catholic bishop of Heliopolis established in a

small house amid the ruins of ancient monuments, I was welcomed with much more distinction than the consul; tired from a long horseback ride, I had taken off my traveling clothes and made myself comfortable in a dressing gown of Persian fabric with a white background scattered with palm patterns.

At Micaël Toubia's, an Oriental but excellent dinner, made even more delicious by our appetite, awaited us in a dining room entirely decorated with plates, dishes, cups, porcelains, and faience of all colors; this is a luxury in the Orient, like shining copper vases in Flemish countries. Our host, according to custom, sat down to table last, after seeing all his guests seated and, with sleeves rolled up, boldly attacking the pieces of lamb and chickens; as each guest finished, he would rise from the table, and a servant would offer him a polished copper ewer and soap to wash his hands and mouth. The master of the house remains last at the table and does not rise until all the company has finished. This time, the dinner lasted long, and we were treated at dessert to canticles that Bishop Abdullah sang to us in a high and tireless voice; he wanted to finish with a secular song and struck up an air very popular in Syria and Palestine; the Arabs certainly don't know its origin. It is this air, both touching and ridiculous, to which Cherubino sang his first impressions of love, and which served our brave ancestors to ridicule an enemy whose genius had made the sun of Louis XIV pale. There is no doubt that this air, very recognizable despite the Arabs' favorite cadences and their nasal tone, is an importation from the army that triumphed at the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, and was stopped before Saint-Jean-d'Acre.

The next morning, our host, Micaël Toubia, up before dawn, presided himself over the preparations for our double departure; and I could judge, upon waking, by the number of his people, his horses and his mules, by the affluence of peasants who had come from all around, of his wealth and influence. Micaël Toubia was the great presence of the Jbeil district, he owned the major part of it, and had risen to this degree of importance through commerce.

He knew that his life and goods were safe; gone was the time when the pasha and the prince of the Mountain would let a Christian or a Jew grow rich only to have him strangled and seize the fruits of his work and industry. He desired European protection solely to avoid having to make too frequent gifts to the entourage of the governor general or the customs farmer; but he did not at all fear the fate that Abd-el-Hak in Antioch, Hanna Kubbe in Laodicea, Karaly in Aleppo, Hain in Saint-Jean-d'Acre, all Christian or Jewish rayas famous for their wealth, suffered towards the end of the last century or at the beginning of this one.

When I had seen my three bishops and my reverend Jesuit father on their mares, on their way to Meyfouk, after distributing blessings to the peasants kneeling around them, I shook Micaël Toubia's hand; and, henceforth more free, I pressed my horse's flank to arrive early in Tripoli. The air was still fresh, the thick dew fallen during the night sparkled like pearls on the tree branches and on the rocks hidden from the sun's rays, I descended towards the sea and entered Batroun. It is supposed to be the ancient Botrus; Ptolemy placed it ten miles from Byblos, and, according to Josephus, founded by Ithobaal, king of Tyre, in the time of the prophet Elijah. Strabo calls it Bostria. The inhabitants of Batroun are mostly Maronites. One can see the ruins of a convent there. Batroun has a small port carved into

the rock parallel to the sea. The vessels are defended against the waves by a natural wall. Only boats that do coastal trading can enter it.

After leaving Batroun, one enters a defile that widens and opens into a valley in the middle of which rises an enormous rock topped by a small castle that follows all its irregularities; the walls and crenelated ramparts seem to be part of the rock; at the base is the bed of a dried-up torrent. Ancient travelers give this fort the name of Temseida. One arrives inside this small fort by a staircase carved into the living rock, from where assailants could be thrown down. Everywhere else the walls rise vertically above the rock.

After leaving Batroun, one enters a defile that widens and opens into a valley in the middle of which rises an enormous rock topped by a small castle that follows all its irregularities; the walls and crenelated ramparts seem to be part of the rock; at the base is the bed of a dried-up torrent. Ancient travelers give this fort the name of Temseida. One arrives inside this small fort by a staircase carved into the living rock, from where assailants could be thrown down. Everywhere else the walls rise vertically above the rock.

Built by the Crusaders, this small fort had become the lair of Mutuali chiefs at the time of their power in Syria. They ransomed travelers between Jbeil and Tripoli. After traveling for some time in this valley, one arrives at the foot of a high promontory of limestone descending perpendicularly towards the sea, which greatly resembles the Capobianco or Promontorium-Album of Pliny, near Tyre. The promontory that dominates the sea near Batroun is undoubtedly the το τοῦ θεοῦ πρόσωπον, Theoprosopon, the face of God, of Strabo. One climbs it by a winding path; and when one reaches the summit, one has a majestic view of the sea, of Beirut and Tripoli. On the flank of the promontory, the last limit, according to the celebrated Greek geographer, of Mount Lebanon, and overlooking the sea, is attached and as if suspended the Greek monastery of Belmont, founded by one of the counts of Tripoli. Access to it is very difficult, and the site was chosen by the monks to escape from the Turks, the Druzes, and the Mutualis. Descending the promontory, one arrives at a village situated among beautiful plane trees shading marble fountains covered with Koranic inscriptions in golden letters on a green background. The cleanliness of the village, its mosque and fountains, indicate the presence of Muslims, mostly descended from the ancient Arab conquerors of Syria. This village is called Calmoun or Calmon; it is crossed by a small stream; the traveler Pococke affirms that it is the ancient Calamos, but its name could well be of French origin like that of Belmont, and this is the tradition of the country. After an hour and a half of walking through beautiful olive plantations, rich orchards and a cemetery that serves as a public promenade, I entered Tripoli.

I stayed two days in this already familiar city to take some rest, visit the banks of the Kadisha perfumed with oleanders and orange trees, and receive visits from the consular corps. With the exception of the French vice-consul who offered me hospitality, all the other powers combined were represented by twin brothers named Katziflis, from a family originally from Corfu; they professed the Greek religion. One was vice-consul of all Protestant powers: Great Britain, Prussia, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, Denmark; and the other of Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal. In the vast courtyard of their house rose a multitude of masts atop which floated the flags of these various powers that appeared in turn or all together on grand occasions, such as the celebration of one of the

sovereigns or of a member of the Katziflis family. They had several sons; and the flags of the powers, that is to say the right to represent them, were designated in advance as part of their inheritance. Constantine was to have the flag of Great Britain; Michael, that of Russia; Paul was to be vice-consul of Austria. This small forest of masts then possessed in common by the two brothers was to be shared among five or six sons who already regarded themselves as its legitimate owners.

The two brothers came to see me. Usually dressed like wealthy Syrian Christians, they dressed on important occasions in the French style, that is to say like bourgeois.

Their clothes dated back to 1812. They hadn't changed them since; it was for them like a tight uniform, worn by the years, and which it was impossible to contemplate without being seized by irresistible laughter. The Katziflis brothers were, after all, very honest, helpful and hospitable people; their house was large; one admired there an entirely Oriental luxury; and the wife of one of these consular Menechmi was of such perfect and noble beauty that she would have shone and charmed the coldest gazes, even if she had worn a costume less poetic and less voluptuous than that of the Orient; she wore it with the art of a coquette and the ease of a queen. Her only rival in beauty, in all of Syria, was the wife of the French vice-consul in Haifa, Madame Catafago; a true goddess adorned with silk, cashmeres and jewels with an expression where Christian modesty and the timidity of the harem combined in a charming manner.

I left Tripoli at dawn; but from the first ray of sun, the heat became unbearable. We rode for some time, after crossing the Kadisha on a bridge upon leaving the city, through olive plantations. All the countryside surrounding Tripoli belongs to Muslims; there too, their decline and impoverishment are visible. I found ruined and abandoned mosques. In one of them, a Muslim beggar with a green headdress, indicating descent from the Prophet, was resting before entering the city and singing a monotonous tune. I gave him alms; he accepted it with that dignity that never abandons Orientals, even in the greatest misery.

Despite the overwhelming heat, our horses eagerly climbed the steep slopes of Lebanon; and, around three o'clock, we were able to stop on a plateau shaded by an oak, whose rich and fresh foliage indicated a temperate zone; this oak protected a fountain and gave it its name: Ain-Sindian.

There begins the district of Djebbet-Bcharré, true cradle of the Maronite nation, watered by the Kadisha, the holy river. Everywhere, in the harsh rocks that rise along the road, one sees the openings of caves where Christians took refuge during the incursions of the Mutualis, those Muslims of the sect of Ali, now pushed back to Baalbek, to Tyre and in the surrounding mountains, under the government of their feudal chiefs, Emir Harfouch and Achmet-el-Bey, but who were once the rulers of Lebanon. From Ain-Sindian, by a rather steep slope, one arrives at Hadet, a large Maronite village; from this point one overlooks the winding course of the Kadisha at the bottom of a deep gorge; and one sees from afar the amphitheater of the bare and stripped mountain still shaded at the center by the cedars; the Kadisha takes its source there. From Hadet, the road follows the left bank of the river and leads, in a short time, to Diman, residence of the Maronite patriarch, in Djebbet-Bcharré.

At the entrance to the courtyard of the patriarch's house, I found all the sheiks of Djebbet-Bcharré waiting for me standing, with at their head the venerable Boutros-Kéramé, sheik of Eden. They gave me an eager welcome and led me into the convent. At the door awaited me the three bishops, the spiritual vicar and temporal vicar of the patriarch, and the bishop of Tripoli. After the usual compliments, we took our places on the divan; and when I had received the congratulations of the bishops and the sheik and their thanks for the mission I had undertaken, I addressed them in these terms:

IV

"Venerable bishops and illustrious sheikhs, you know the reasons that brought me among you. Your holy patriarch is no more; your church is deprived of its leader, the Maronite nation anxiously awaits a new pastor. Among the bishops, some wanted the synod that must proceed with the election of the new patriarch to meet in Kesrouan; others demanded that the election take place here, in Diman. But the entire episcopate fears the dangers of dissensions that would prolong the situation in which the Maronite clergy and nation find themselves at this moment; thus it is with eagerness that the bishops gathered in Kesrouan, in agreement with the venerable delegate of our Holy Father the Pope, welcomed my proposal to proceed with the election of the new patriarch in Meyfouk; and, at the hour I speak to you, the illustrious prelates are only waiting for the arrival of the venerable bishops present here to proceed with the election. I made a commitment to them to come myself to you and to ask you to go to Meyfouk. During your absence, with the help of the illustrious sheikhs of the district, I will establish myself as guardian of the convent and the patriarchal treasury. Do not waste time; depart, venerable bishops. Your presence in Meyfouk and the union of the entire episcopal body will soon restore peace and security to the Mountain."

The three bishops responded immediately that they were ready to depart. Their hesitation came only from the fear they had of leaving the patriarchal seat and treasury without a defender or guardian capable of inspiring salutary fear or respect in the district sheikhs. My presence reassured them. Some sheikhs did venture timid observations that revealed their ill will; but the most considerable of all, Sheikh Boutros-Kérame of Eden, spoke up, warmly thanked me in the name of the Maronite nation for the striking testimony of interest that I showed by my presence in Diman; highly approved of the three bishops' intention to leave for Meyfouk, and declared that he was ready to assist me in all measures that I would take for guarding the convent during their absence.

The next day, the three bishops, after having handed me all the keys to the convent of Diman, left for Meyfouk; I kept the sheikhs for another day and offered them hospitality. The convent's resources were momentarily at the disposal of a Frenchman; my cook had accompanied me with his equipment and inventive genius, and the sheikhs did ample honor to the meals that were served to them. Eastern Christians are known to be very sober; but this sobriety is most often only the result of ignorance, poverty, or avarice.

The sheikhs departed in turn after having made me promise to visit the cedars, Bsharri and Eden during the time that the synod would be held in Meyfouk. Left alone, I examined the small convent of Diman; it is a very low building, with a terrace roof that served as a promenade for the deceased patriarch. A large room opens on the very edge of the gorge at the bottom of which the Kadisha rolls its waters. It serves as a dining room and salon. A long corridor separates rooms that are no larger than cells, where a camp bed, a table, some chairs, a crucifix, some images of saints or the Virgin, complete the crude furnishing. At the end of the corridor, one climbs a few steps to the chapel devoid of ornaments and where the absence of any seat indicated clearly that the attendees only prayed standing or kneeling. Barely outside the convent, one finds oneself at the edge of the deep precipice whose base is bathed by the waters of the Kadisha; and before one's eyes is an abrupt slope, bristling with cones, granite spires, stripped of all greenery and vegetation, where herds of squirrels bounce at the slightest noise that disturbs the solitude.

On the opposite bank which one reaches from Diman, following winding paths, and after having crossed the riverbed, one sees the convent of Kanoubine, so called from the Greek κανοβίον (kanobion). Diman is only an annex of Kanoubine, built at the extremity of a promontory that ends a peninsula several leagues long and one of whose ravines is animated by a branch of the Kadisha. The flanks of this rocky peninsula are covered with climbing and aromatic plants, and watered by numerous streams that fall in natural and harmonious cascades. The convent, built in a grotto against the rock walls, overhangs and seems suspended in the air. Theodosius the Great was its founder; and, although the convent has often been rebuilt, the church is believed to still be from the original foundation. It is a mediocre building. It is dedicated to the Virgin and adorned with portraits of a great number of patriarchs.

During winter, the peasants hang their silkworms in bags with the image of a male or female saint, or a patriarch; and thus implore their intercession to obtain a good harvest. This is one of the branches of the convent's revenue. The valley of Kanoubine has been a Thebaid; it is dotted with grottos, hermitages, cells carved into the rock. There are gathered the bones of the patriarchs; there, under this rustic chapel, rest the remains of Saint Marina. Saint Marina was a young orphan from Tripoli; driven by ardent piety, she had hidden herself in Kanoubine under monk's clothing. Her fervor had at first commanded the admiration and veneration of the valley's inhabitants; but the false monk was accused by another young girl of having seduced her and being the father of the child she had brought into the world. As punishment, the mountain hermits condemned the young monk to raise himself the child of which he was accused of being the father, and he endured this humiliation.

He raised the child and regained, through a life full of devotion, self-denial, and the most ardent piety, the veneration of the hermits of this wild region; at her death, which occurred some years later, her sex was discovered when removing her clothes for burial, and they learned of her long resignation and her sainthood. What silence, what calm in this solitude! I went from the humble chapel of Saint Marina to the dungeon where the young and unfortunate Essad had breathed his last. Their memory caused me profound emotion; I imagined the young girl turned hermit, joyfully cradling against her virgin breast the child who had been imposed on her as punishment, and the young deacon enduring with

constancy the tortures of captivity. They had suffered, they had been animated by an ardent and passionate faith, they had been persecuted; my heart was with their memory.

After having visited the valley of Kanoubine and the numerous convents bathed by the Kadisha, I headed toward the cedars, accompanied by a large number of sheikhs from Jebbet Bsharri. In this group one noticed the sheikh of Bsharri himself, a young and rich chief of twenty years, with blond hair and blue eyes, having the half-wild air of a mountaineer and the gentle expression of a primitive Christian; Sheikh-Chible, bronzed by the sun, poor, cunning and cruel, a true fox in features and manners; the two sons of Sheikh-Boutros: the elder, Sheikh-Micaël, ambitious, restless, prodigal, rival of his father and his young brother in the governance of Eden, and ready to take this governance from the hands of the Druze or the Turks; his young brother, Sheikh-Yussef[18], student of the Lazarists, object of love and hopes of his old father and of the hatred of his elder brother, whom Sheikh-Boutros feared as much as the cruelest enemy, and who was even accused of having wanted to attempt his life. Sheikh-Chible and Sheikh-Micaël had come to let me hear their complaints, one against the emir of the Maronites, who had withdrawn from him the governance of the district of Bsharri, the other against his father, both their protestations of devotion, at the very moment when, in concert with a rebel monk named Namet-Allah, who had been exiled by the late patriarch from the convent of Saint-Antoine, they were secretly seeking to make my mission fail, and to oppose the election of a patriarch who would not be subject to their authority.

These sheikhs, along with others less considerable, made up a retinue of more than thirty horsemen with which I arrived among the cedars of Lebanon, after a journey of a few hours.

If, from afar, the view of the cedars owes its effect mainly to imagination and memories of Scripture, one cannot help feeling, when penetrating under the shade of these age-old trees whose history is linked to that of biblical antiquity, an impression of respect and admiration. These noble trees grow on soil that snow covers for a large part of the year, and on one of the highest points of Lebanon.

The inhabitants of Syria devoutly believe that these cedars are the remains of the same forest that provided the wood for Solomon's temple three thousand years ago; and each year, on the day of the Transfiguration, the Maronites, Greeks, and Armenians celebrate mass on an altar made of rough stone at the foot of a cedar. The East is the country of immutable traditions and beliefs. Near Laodicea, I saw an olive tree of prodigious antiquity, one of whose branches, almost as strong as the trunk, curves in the form of a seat. Tradition holds that Our Lord Jesus Christ sat there. Numerous travelers have visited the cedars, and several of them have carved their names on their bark. Bellonius, in 1550, counted twenty-eight cedars; Rauwolf, in 1575, found twenty-four; Dandini in 1650, and Thevenot say they saw twenty-three; Pockocke, in 1738, saw only fifteen standing; the sixteenth had just been knocked down by a storm. In 1810, Burckhardt gives the number eleven or twelve; and Richardson, in 1818, declares that there are no more than seven. From this one should understand that these celebrated travelers want to speak of trees whose prodigious size

[18] Sheikh-Yussef Kérame has responded worthily to the hopes of his old father, his masters, his friends; it is he who, during the last misfortunes of Lebanon, conducted himself with such nobility and courage.

indicates an antiquity of several centuries; for, as for the others, whether they be cedars or cypresses, they form a veritable forest. It was under their fresh shade and to the music of wind in the foliage that I settled to take some rest with my Maronite sheikhs. Hardly were we installed when a long caravan of horses and mules loaded with tents announced to us the arrival of a distinguished traveler. I was not mistaken, it was the Marquis of Sligo, accompanied by a nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore, who were heading to Damascus, passing through Baalbek, and who had come to pitch their tents under the cedars to take some rest before climbing the steep and bare slopes that lead to the summit of the mountain, from where the traveler discovers the ruins of Baalbek, the vast and rich plain of the Bekaa and the chain of Anti-Lebanon. Having arrived first, surrounded by the sheikhs of the country, I claimed the privilege of doing the honors of the cedars to the peer of the United Kingdom. He was kind enough to share my breakfast, served under a canopy of greenery; and I later tasted his substantial luncheon in a tent full of British comfort. What joy to speak of London, Paris, Rome, Calcutta, of literature, politics, painting, of everything, in good and pure English under the cedars of Lebanon.

I parted from the Marquis of Sligo to visit Bsharri, where I was received with a deafening noise of bells and gunfire; then finally Eden, where I found Sheikh Boutros, at the door of his house, dressed in a magnificent robe of rose-colored antique moiré, a white cashmere around his waist, and a crimson cashmere rolled as a turban on his head. His bare feet played in yellow morocco slippers. A light cloth mantle of light blue color covered his broad shoulders. His face was shaved, and a thick white mustache shaded his lip. Mr. de Lamartine compared him to a gentleman from the time of Louis XIV; to me, he appeared as the perfect type of a grand seigneur.

Nothing could be nobler and more cordial than his welcome; nothing more dignified than his language, whether he was wishing me welcome, speaking to me of Maronite interests, or revealing to me the secret wound of his heart, telling me of the enmity of his sons and confiding in me his preference for the youngest.

Sheikh Boutros had two daughters whose beauty was much praised: but the presence of my Muslim kawas kept them hidden during my short stay in Eden. They did me the honor of giving me their room and even their bed; but despite the cushions covered with silk of different colors and the perfumed sheets, I couldn't close my eyes. Enemies of all kinds to man's nighttime rest descended from the wall or glided on the floor in tight columns as if marching to attack. I immediately left the room, and I found my traveling companions wandering like me in the anguish of insomnia and the bites they had received. I instantly invented a bed, and I recommend my invention to those who, like me, will have made the mistake of not sleeping in a tent when visiting Eden. I had a long table placed on top of the dining room table, and by means of superimposed chairs supported by my kawas, I reached the summit of the edifice I had constructed; there, lying on the hard surface with a rolled mantle under my head, I managed to fall asleep.

Upon waking, I was handed a letter signed by all the bishops gathered at Meyfouk, announcing that, under the protection of Sheikh Khazen, hereditary guardian of the synod, they had begun to proceed with the election of a patriarch; but that after a long discussion, they had agreed to go together to Diman to elect the new patriarch in this ancient residence,

in order to remove any pretext for discontent from the populations of Jebbet-Bsharri and erase all traces of discord between the bishops and the sheikhs of various parts of Lebanon. Sheikh Khazen had not wanted, like his brothers, to accompany the bishops and expose himself in the midst of a district hostile to their family, but he and the bishops entrusted to me the care of watching over the synod.

I therefore had no time to lose; I jumped on horseback and arrived at Diman at the very moment when the ten bishops, mounted on their mares and accompanied by Father Planchet, were making their entry into the courtyard of Diman, led by Monsignor Antoine Khazen, Bishop of Damascus, wearing a vast red mantle and leading the cavalcade as dean of the episcopate.

We barely exchanged a few words. The bishops first went to the chapel, then retired to their cells, and the greatest silence reigned in the convent. Only Father Planchet and I remained in the great hall to talk and smoke, Catholic missionaries in Lebanon being authorized to follow the customs and practices of the Oriental clergy when they are not contrary to propriety. We stayed up late. Father Planchet first told me about the bishops' meeting at Meyfouk, Sheikh Khazen's reluctance to let the synod members leave, the firmness and eloquence of the Bishop of Damascus, who had unanimously convinced the bishops that the synod should take place in Diman.

Our conversation soon left subjects of local interest to address a discussion that renewed each time the reverend father and I found ourselves together. He attacked the University, and I defended it; he repeated with bitter vivacity all the accusations launched at that time (August 1845) against the education given by the State and I refuted them. I certainly thought, and still think, that the child belongs to the family before belonging to the State; I believe that a humble Christian education is preferable to a brilliant education devoid of moral and religious sentiment; but I found and find it absurd and culpable to keep youth away from the fertile and vivifying sources of Greek and Latin antiquity, where the finest Christian and Catholic minds have drawn such noble inspirations; and not to cultivate the reason of childhood and youth as much as its heart, reason being always the firmest support and the best auxiliary of morality and spiritualism.

Three writers, illustrious for different reasons, and whose noble writings had a just and salutary influence on youth, were especially the object of passionate attacks by the reverend Jesuit father, who admired their talents but declared them dangerous for this same youth: I speak of MM. Villemain, Cousin, and Saint-Marc Girardin. Educated in a college of a colony that is now French only in heart, having come to France barely after finishing my classes, after the July revolution, I had only heard in our deliberative assemblies the eloquent voices of two of the three professors whose names alone were enough to inflame the dialectic of reverend Father Planchet. For the third, I had been his assiduous and charmed listener on the benches of the Sorbonne. I knew none of them personally; but as a layman, Frenchman, and humble Catholic philosopher, I was in this distant Orient the natural defender, and often successful, so good was my cause, of the authors of the "Tableau de l'éloquence chrétienne au quatrième siècle" (Picture of Christian Eloquence in the Fourth Century), the "Cours de philosophie" (Course of Philosophy) and the "Cours de littérature dramatique" (Course of Dramatic Literature).

The next day, after mass said by the dean and a frugal meal, which the bishops took separately, they retired to the convent chapel and remained there until two o'clock in the afternoon. Until then, a profound silence had reigned; but, at that moment, chants were heard, the bishops left the chapel and appeared in the great hall, led by Monsignor Joseph Khazen, who had just been proclaimed Patriarch of Antioch and Jerusalem.

Upon entering, Bishop Antoine Khazen came to me and said loudly in Italian while designating the new patriarch:

"Signor console, ecco il vostro patriarca; voi l'avete fatto. (Mister consul, here is your patriarch; it is you who made him.)"

I kissed His Eminence's ring, and Father Planchet embraced me with effusion. We then sat at table and celebrated the new religious leader of the Maronite nation. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, tired from my day and wanting to leave the prelates to the fulfillment of their religious duties, I proposed to Father Planchet that we take a walk on the slope of Lebanon, and come admire with me the dome of the cedars gilded by the setting sun.

We had been conversing quietly for half an hour; I was happy and proud of my success, and I was pointing out to the Jesuit father that the intervention of a philosopher and the use of reason could sometimes serve the triumph of religion, when we heard cries and strange exclamations, and saw about two hundred peasants armed with sticks, axes, rifles, and pistols, coming from one of the villages situated in the direction of the cedars and rushing toward Diman at a run. Soon I clearly distinguished through their cries the Muslim profession of faith: "La illah! la illah!" or "Mohamet ressoul Allah!" and I heard gunshots.

I did not deliberate. I descended the hill we had climbed as fast as I was capable, followed by Father Planchet, who was hardly encumbered by his monk's robe which he had hitched up, and I entered the convent almost at the same time as the rebels, who were only instruments of Sheikh-Chible, Sheikh-Micaël and the monk Namet-Allah, furious at the election of Monsignor Khazen. I went straight to the patriarch's cell; it was time: already he had been stripped of his headdress; his long gray hair had fallen in disorder and mixed with his beard, by which the mutineers were pulling him. He had received blows from sticks; two or three pistol shots had been fired in his cell. Gunshots were resounding in the convent courtyard, in the long corridor; each cell was the scene of violence and fighting; one heard cries, curses, reproaches, prayers:

"Joseph Khazen is not a Christian, he's a Druze: we don't want him as patriarch; we would rather become Muslims than recognize him. La illah! la illah!"

"Wretches," shouted Father Planchet, "you are not Maronites, you are rabid dogs; the pope will excommunicate you."

And joining action to words, he fought courageously against the assailants; distributing reproaches and slaps with equal rapidity.

"My children," said the patriarch, "respect the head of your church, the synod's elect!"

I was standing in front of the bed where the prelate was sitting: with arms raised, I was stopping now a stick, now an axe; I was turning away the muzzle of a pistol. "Dogs," I

shouted with all the strength of my lungs, "do you dare to attack a patriarch whom France takes under its protection." My dragomans were struggling in the corridor and trying to penetrate into the cells; my kawas were at the windows of the cells opening onto the courtyard, and one of them, pistol raised, was asking me, quite pale, if he should shoot! By providential chance no one had been hit by the gunfire; but almost all the prelates, as well as my dragomans, were wounded or bruised.

Father Planchet and I were nevertheless, in the midst of this frightful tumult, the object of the greatest respect. The patriarch had slipped into my hand the seal of the patriarchate which he feared would be taken from him and which the sheikhs, instigators of this deplorable riot, would have used to obtain, in the name of the patriarchate, considerable sums. In assaulting the patriarch, the mountaineers wanted above all to seize this precious seal: once in my hands, it was safe.

Through force of shouts, threats, audacity, and powerfully aided by Father Planchet, I finally obtained from this crowd to withdraw from the convent. I went out for a moment to breathe and drink a glass of water: my tongue was dry; I could barely speak. I had my horses saddled!

"I'm leaving," I then said to the peasants, "I'm going to Beirut; your conduct has been infamous. I'm going to get reinforcements, and terrible punishments will befall the guilty."

This demonstration had complete success. All the peasants followed me to the small village of Brissat, situated two gunshots away from Diman, and hidden in a pine wood.

There, I again gave them the sharpest reproaches for their criminal attempt, and I threatened to take striking revenge. Then there were tears, oaths, supplications to return to Diman, where they wanted to ask the patriarch's forgiveness and receive his blessing. I mounted my horse surrounded by this crowd that had passed almost suddenly from fury to the delirium of joy. Some discharged their weapons in the air, others danced around my horse, brandishing their naked yatagans or their axes. Their expressions seemed hardly more reassuring in joy than in anger. Arriving at Diman, they knelt in the courtyard. The patriarch told them he forgave them for love for me, and they returned to their villages; no sheikh had appeared.

As soon as they left, I dispatched a courier to Sheikh Boutros Kéramé by roundabout paths; and I invited him in the name of the patriarch's security, to come the next day very early, with his armed men to Diman. I spent a very agitated night. The next day, at eight o'clock, we were in the chapel hearing mass. The patriarch was officiating. At the moment of elevation, rumors similar to those of the day before were heard in the distance, followed by the detonation of firearms. Monsignor Joseph Khazen continued his mass without hurrying and without giving the slightest sign of emotion. When he had put the holy ciborium back in the tabernacle, he left the chapel and we followed him.

He then climbed onto the terrace of the monastery. In front of us, on the mountain, were yesterday's rebels, led by Sheikh Chible, Sheikh Micaël and some others who, after being the instigators of the riot, were now ostensibly playing the role of people who had come to restore order; facing them, Sheikh Boutros-Keramé was advancing in good order, mounted

on a beautiful Arab horse and followed by his men-at-arms; he was rushing to my call. At this sight, the mountaineers of Bicharré made the greatest demonstrations of submission. All knelt down; the sheikhs kissed the patriarch's ring and implored his blessing. Then I had the patriarch and bishops mount their horses; Sheikh Boutros established himself with part of his contingent to guard the monastery. Forming the rear guard ourselves with my retinue, we took the road back to Kesrouan. Our return was triumphant. In all the villages, the population came to meet us with flowers, fruits and cakes; on the beach before climbing to the village of Zouk, the Maronite kaymakam, Emir Haidar, was waiting for us at the head of a few hundred horsemen; the entry into the patriarch's palace was a real ovation - following the custom of the country, all the sheikhs of the Khazen family, a true Lebanese clan, galloped their horses while coming to meet me, and discharged their pistols above my head. This honor, too often repeated, ends up making one nervous. The good delegate wept with joy. After dinner, the sheikhs of the Khazen family, twenty in number, requested an audience with me in the great hall of the patriarch's palace, solemnly thanked me for the part I had taken in the election of their relative, and begged me to have those audacious enough to insult him punished. I promised them exemplary vengeance, and I kept my word. I left the patriarch amid an immense gathering of visitors of all ranks, who had come from all points of Lebanon, and whom he had to successively host for three days according to custom, with rice, chickens, sheep, cucumbers, and Lebanese wine. Back in Beirut, I could finally take a rest which I greatly needed.

Shortly after my arrival, I received from the patriarch a letter of which I give here a literal translation, because it depicts the customs of the country and serves as supporting evidence for my narrative.

"The illustrious, the generous, the respectable, he who possesses the high rank, the unique Monsieur Eugène Poujade, consul bey of France in Beirut, may God prolong his life. Amen!"

“After offering the apostolic blessing and the most ardent wishes to see your radiant figure in a good and perfect state of health, We have the honor to express to you the deep regret we have felt since you parted from us; we have been in profound sadness since then. We beseech the Most High to let us soon enjoy the pleasure of seeing you in perfect health, with all your wishes fulfilled."

Filled with recognition and gratitude for all your kindnesses, we come to bear witness to the greatness of your Christian zeal, zeal that you have displayed before our eyes:

"1st Towards our flock who find themselves among the Druze. The latter had made them suffer beyond measure, had lit the fire of war against them, and they found in you a sure protector. You have saved some from the murderous iron of their enemies; to others, you have given freedom after a sad slavery. You have lavished aid on the unfortunate who, without your beneficent hand, would have perished from hunger.”

"2nd You have displayed an ardent zeal worthy of all praise to help us and the bishops of our nation, when you saw that we were incapable, due to the opposition of some shameless ignorants, of holding a synod to elect a new patriarch in place of the deceased at Diman which you protected against theft and ruin. You stayed twenty-two days enduring all kinds of fatigue; and you enabled us to hold the synod that chose us as patriarch though we did

not deserve it. You protected us, you brought us back to Kesrouan. We are peaceful there with our brother bishops."

After this letter, I received another one. I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it here. It was from M. Guizot, then minister of foreign affairs.

"At the moment when your assigned duties are about to expire, I am pleased to renew the expression of satisfaction that the King's government has felt regarding the intelligent firmness with which you have consistently defended the delicate and important interests entrusted to your care. Your fortunate intervention in the patriarch's election is not the least service you will have rendered to the cause of the Christian populations of Lebanon."

Upon my return to Paris, M. Guizot asked me if the patriarch was a man of wit. I do not know, I replied to him, if one can say there are men of wit in the Orient, in the sense that we understand this word; there are very intelligent men, very astute, having diverse and very remarkable faculties; but they do not have the general views, the breadth of judgment, the philosophical aptitude that grasps the relationships between things, and which constitute what we call in Europe a man of wit. "Whatever the case," the illustrious statesman told me, "his election is a masterful stroke."

I will admit without hesitation that this judgment "flattered my spirit's proud weakness."

The reader might want to know what became of the characters he has seen acting in this narrative: Patriarch Joseph Khazen and his cousin Bishop Antoine are dead. Bishop Boulos has become patriarch. Sheikh-Boutros Keramé and Emir Haidar, kaymakam of the Maronites, are dead. The good apostolic delegate is no more, and Reverend Father Planchet is apostolic delegate in Mesopotamia.[19]

[19] Since these lines were written, Father Planchet has been assassinated by Kurds. See in the appendix a curious and touching account of his death by a Reverend Jesuit Father. (Supporting document No. 4.)

THIRD PART

AN EXCURSION TO DAMASCUS[20]

I

Few regions have been as favored by heaven as Syria and Palestine; they combine varieties of soil and climate, the advantages of almost all zones: The fertility is inexhaustible.

It is the land of olive and vine, of oak, cedar, mulberry and palm; it abounds in rich pastures, excellent cereals, exquisite fruits. Tyre and Sidon, Tripoli and Antioch, Baalbek and Palmyra, Aleppo, Damascus and Beirut, Jerusalem, what names! what memories! what ruins now! but nature has remained young, brilliant, marvelously rich despite the oppression, the laziness of the victors and the misery of the vanquished. Today as in the time of the patriarchs, grape clusters can make the robust shoulders of the vintner bend with their weight; olive, silk amply reward the laborer for his sweat: I have traveled through this beautiful country in almost all its parts; what a beautiful role to bring civilization there! How many times on the peaks of Lebanon, in the plains and fertile valleys of Coele-Syria, of Damascus, on the banks of the Sarus, the Paranus, the Orontes, the Nahr-Hussein, among the varied populations that inhabit these beautiful regions, the Ansaris, the Druze, the Maronites, the Mutualis, the Arabs and the Greeks, I have experienced this feeling that Manzoni so well characterized, l'ansia d'un gran disegno (anxiety of a great plan), thinking of the noble task of restoring to these regions their former splendor, to these populations, security, wealth and liberty.

It was in June 1843 that I first landed in Syria as a traveler; it was only the following year that I took up service at the consulate. After visiting Beirut, the French consul, some French residents in this city and I made an excursion to Damascus. Having departed early before sunset, our tents were pitched on a plateau of Lebanon, not far from the Druze village of Pteter and the next day we were already on horseback before the peak of Jebel-Sheikh, the highest mountain of Anti-Lebanon, had been touched by the first rays of the sun. We descended along the river of Zahlé, a large village almost entirely populated by Greek Catholics in the plain of the Bekaa, the ancient Coele-Syria which seems from the heights of Lebanon like a checkerboard whose irregular cases of varied colors indicate diverse cultivations. This plain, which begins in the vicinity of Homs, the ancient Emesa, extends to Saint-Jean-d'Acre, sometimes carefully cultivated, sometimes enriched with pastures covered with sheep, cattle, and buffalo; the Bedouins of the desert appear there from time to time with their horses and camels and pitch their black and low tents.

According to Lebanese traditions, it was in the year 260 of the Hegira that the inhabitants of Lebanon began to descend into the Bekaa, long occupied by the Bedouins, who had left it uncultivated. The Lebanese introduced agriculture there by means of the plow and oxen,

[20] This chapter was written before the recent events in Syria, like those preceding it, and is part of an unpublished description of Syria.

and brought peasants from Anti-Lebanon, that is to say from Rachaya, Hasbeya, Baalbek, Zebdani and even from the environs of Damascus. The Lebanese bore all the costs of cultivation, and the peasants took a quarter of the produce from the lands they cultivated. This state of affairs lasted until the conquest of Syria and Palestine by the Turks in 1516.

According to the same Lebanese traditions, there was in Syria, besides the Janissaries, another militia known by the name of koubliskouli, but whose name I have not found in d'Hosson, nor in d'Herbelot, nor in Hammer or Cantimir. This militia was to be at the government's disposal in case of war. Firmans from the Porte fixed the salaries of this militia from village revenues, revenues whose amount the soldiers knew through official communications. At the death of each soldier, the share he received from these revenues reverted to the Porte, which used it as it saw fit. The Janissaries and koubliskoulis of Damascus collected their pay from the villages of the Bekaa, according to firmans from the Grand Seigneur. In the year 800 of the Hegira, the Porte imposed a contribution on the Bekaa, and a mubachir[21] came each year to collect this contribution, which was called miri, after deducting the amount of aspres allocated to the Janissaries and koubliskoulis.

Later, part of the revenues from the Bekaa villages was attributed to the mosques of Damascus for their maintenance under the title of legacies, and it was decided that the mosques as well as the Janissaries and koubliskoulis would collect their respective shares in money, that is to say, they would receive a net quarter of the value of the products. Despite ever-increasing contributions, the Lebanese, peaceful possessors of the plain, fertilized it and multiplied the villages, gardens, mills, and canals that brought life and wealth to it. The Bekaa had duly become the property of the Lebanese, who legally alienated and bought lands, and the acts of sales and purchases were passed at the makémés (tribunals) of the sultan in Damascus and other Syrian cities.

The Bekaa's contributions were fixed once and for all; the miri, mosque allocations, and militia salaries were paid exactly. This state of affairs lasted until the destruction of the Janissaries. At this time, new spahis were established in Damascus as throughout the empire, and this militia had villages for its maintenance, like those that had been assigned to the koubliskoulis and Janissaries. The legacies to the mosques also remained on the same footing; but the change regarding the Janissaries initially caused great disorder in the Bekaa. To calm the owners, Raouf-Pasha sent troops from Damascus to this plain, and by a bouyourouldi (order) addressed to Emir Bechir, he fixed at 300,000 piastres all the taxes of the Bekaa, which were the miri, capitation, extraordinary expenses, spahi rights, mosque legacies, Arab tax (apparently to prevent them from camping with their camels near cultivated lands), the sheep tax. The bouyourouldi, which ended with a curse against all who would contravene it, bore the signature of the pasha, the notables of Damascus, the cadi, and the effendis.

Things remained on this footing, even after the conquest of Syria by Mehmet Ali, who however hardly hesitated to make modifications and reforms when he judged them useful to his interests, and even some years after Syria had returned under the sultan's domination. In 1843, Ali-Pasha was appointed mushir of Damascus; but already elderly, loving rest and

[21] Mubachirs are called the government messengers in the provinces.

good food, he did not concern himself at all with the affairs of his government and left the care of it to his kyaya or lieutenant, Abd-el-Kader bey, and to Faïk-Effendi, who was the defterdar or receiver general of this pashalik. These two officials, taking advantage of the state of anarchy that reigned in Lebanon during the first years following the expulsion of the Egyptian government, the wars of the Druze and Maronites, the imprisonment of some of the main chiefs of Lebanon, conceived and executed the audacious project of putting the Bekaa up for auction, and leasing it to two Muslims, Nacib-Effendi and Mahmoud-Aga-Bouzo, for the sum of 200,000 francs. On this occasion, the kyaya and the defterdar received considerable bribes.

Bouzo went to the Bekaa, drove out the vekils (representatives) of the Lebanese proprietors, took possession of the villages, mills, gardens, committed extortions, pillaged, ravaged, appropriated the revenues and left this beautiful and rich plain, the pride of Syria, in a deplorable state. In 1844, Essad-Pasha, mushir of Sayda, promised the Lebanese to protect them and ensure their tranquility; they, trusting in the word of a man as justly respected as Essad-Pasha, made new constructions in the Bekaa, bought seeds and gave them to the peasants, who sowed this part of the plain called Mehuld-Merké, which belongs more particularly to the Lebanese. But the same Damascus authorities again leased the Bekaa to Méhémed-Aga-Sennaoui, who followed in Bouzo's footsteps there and even surpassed him in violence, extortion, and atrocities. The unfortunate Lebanese proprietors were so discouraged that they had written to Bouzo to beg him to treat them with less severity. The letter arrived only after Bouzo's dismissal. Here is his response to the Christians of Deir-el-Kamar; I give it literally, convinced that the reader will not mind.

Letter from Bouzo to the Christians of Deir-el-Kamar

dated March 18, 1844, 11 rebbul ewel 1261.

"Illustrious sheikhs, illustrious notables and venerable sheikhs,

With all my heart, I desire to see you; your beautiful and radiant faces will fill me with joy. Inshallah! you are well in all respects.

We received your letter through the sheikhs of the northern villages of the Bekaa; we took note of the request with which you had provided them; but, before their arrival, our enemies had executed their plan, the intrigues had already prevailed, and orders had already been given to dismiss us from the administration of the Bekaa. We addressed a request to the pasha, but in vain. It appears that these intriguing Druze complained to H.H. Halil-Pasha (then capitan-pasha and extraordinary commissioner in Lebanon), and to H.E. Essad-Pasha, who spoke of these complaints to the mushir of Damascus. But know that we have undertaken to lease the Bekaa again, even if we should lose all our money, and we will not let these bad Druze make their intrigues prevail against us. We inform you of our decisions, and the bearer of this letter will complete what is missing from this information. We ask you to arrange the matter as you see fit. We are addressing a request to the French consul to this effect. Perhaps he will not allow our enemies to triumph against us. We ask you to continue sending us your good news!"

Bouzo took advantage of the deep enmity which, at this time, armed the Druze and Maronites against each other, to present himself as a friend of the Christians, and it is in this sense that he wrote me the letter to which he alludes in the preceding one, and which I transcribe as faithfully as the first.

Letter from Mahmoud-Aga-Bouzo to the French consul, dated March 18, 1845.

After the customary compliments... "You are not unaware that, at all times, we have been eager to support and protect the Christians of the Bekaa and even of Lebanon, and this with the intention of pleasing you, given that these Christians are placed under your protection, and that doing them good is to satisfy you. We therefore imagine having had claims to your benevolence through the eagerness we have always shown to be useful to your friends. The Druze, always insolent and always rebellious, seeing our avowed inclination for Christians, have undertaken to bring invented complaints against us, to write false documents about us, a natural consequence and necessary condition of their religion. First, they addressed complaints against us to Halil-Pasha and to the mushir, and Their Excellencies wrote to the pasha of Damascus to withdraw from us the administration of the Bekaa. Secondly, they wrote to some Muslim sheikhs of the Bekaa to urge them, under the strongest threats, to come to Damascus to ask the pasha for our dismissal, alleging that the yoke of our tyranny is henceforth intolerable to them. Under these threats, the sheikhs of the Bekaa went to Damascus and executed the perfidious project of the Druze; their complaint was heard and H.E. the pasha ordered our dismissal, etc."

As seen from this letter, Bouzo did not lack audacity. While he was writing to the sheikhs and the French consul, his successor continued his violent course and provoked the Lebanese chiefs and property owners to besiege the pasha of Damascus with complaints. Sennaoui stopped the messengers, attacked the Lebanese vekils at Jebel-Genine, killed two of them, chased away the others and gave himself up to pillage. The next day, the peasants gathered at Kabb-Elias. Sennaoui fell upon them with his small troop, but met with resistance that desperation made terrible; he was beaten, routed and forced to flee to Damascus. The sheikhs of Lebanon addressed requests to the mushirs of Sayda and Damascus to explain their resistance and apologize for their victory; but Ali-Pasha, still directed by his kyaya, sent back to the Bekaa, at the head of an armed force, this same Bouzo who had done so much harm there, and who, once clothed with new authority, threw off the mask of protector of Christians that he had worn and which had fooled no one. Nevertheless, his violence, extortions and cruelties provoked new complaints from the Christians; but despite the active protection of European consuls, they obtained justice only very late. These are facts that demonstrate the necessity of serious reforms in the administration of the Ottoman empire's provinces.

II

As we were crossing the Bekaa to reach the Anti-Lebanon, beyond which lies Damascus, in an almost parallel plain that extends to Hauran, the ancient Trachonitis, a Bedouin tribe

occupied a location where several wells had been dug; we stopped for an hour to water our horses. The sun had lost its strength and we had only a few hours of daylight left. We had allowed ourselves to fall behind to see everything, examine everything, talk with the peasants and young girls who were harvesting and offering us sheaves of beautiful golden wheat. We needed to hurry if we wanted to reach Damascus by evening. We were well mounted, but my horse, which until then had kept pace with those of my traveling companions, suddenly showed signs of fatigue; a sudden sweat covered its entire body, neither voice nor spur could make it hasten its pace.

I therefore decided to stop tormenting it, hoping that an hour of rest would restore its strength and that I could catch up with the other riders. A Maronite servant mounted on a vigorous horse stayed with me, and this was fortunate, as we shall soon see. I dismounted upon entering the defile that one takes when leaving the Bekaa, before climbing the steep slopes of the Anti-Lebanon, whose bare and arid walls are pierced with openings recalling the barbaric times when man sought refuge in these dreary dwellings. I was on foot, holding my horse by the bridle; shadows were beginning to descend along the mountain slopes, and before me, at a great distance, the caravan had reached the first plateau and was about to disappear. I fired a pistol shot as a distress signal; but the sound of the detonation was lost in the defile and could not reach the ears of my friends. My horse could no longer even move forward; it stopped, looked at me sadly, convulsed while shaking its saddle and fell dead. The Arab servant then gave me his horse, and, burdened with the weight of the saddle and bridle of poor Fil (elephant) - that was the name of my traveling companion - began walking ahead of me, jumping from rock to rock with the agility of a squirrel. Neither he nor I knew the route. The guide was ahead with the bulk of the caravan. Fortunately, we had the moon, whose light showed me the bare rocks with strange or frightening forms, jackals sliding and disappearing before us, belated Arab riders, armed to the teeth, giving us in passing the mehr abach, Omar's salutation.

The hours passed; an abundant and cold dew fell on my shoulders, barely protected by light summer clothing. From time to time I stopped to let both my robust Maronite and my horse rest, and we shouted with all the strength of our lungs, but no voice answered. Finally, we saw human forms in the distance, on the other side of a ravine that cut across the road. We started shouting again, voices answered us, and after making a detour, I found the caravan half an hour later, entirely settled for the night and fairly well established in two or three houses of a village called Diman.

Daylight saw us back on the road to Damascus across a bare, arid, rocky plateau, burned by the sun; then, suddenly, when one has passed the crudely built tomb of a Muslim saint, the amazed eye rests upon an immense orchard, in the middle of which Damascus extends in the shape of a mandolin, and which is watered and fertilized by the Barada, the ancient Chrysorrhoas. A local tradition maintains that Mohammed stopped, dazzled by this spectacle, and turned back, so as not to be deprived of paradise in heaven by having lived in it on earth.[22]

[22] Historically, this legend is completely false. Mohammed never had the power to enter Damascus, which was only taken two years after his death, when Khaled and Yazid, the two generals of his successor Abu Bakr,

We entered the noble Damascus, Esh-Sham-Sherif, on horseback, through the suburb of Salahiyeh, where fire worshippers (guebres) are still said to be found, after riding along beautiful gardens surrounded by miserable walls of hardened mud; a few years before, a European who had dared to enter the city on horseback would have risked being killed; but the Egyptian government, which had made Damascus the headquarters of the general government of Syria, had managed to subdue, or at least contain the fanaticism of its inhabitants. However, as we were crossing the grand bazaar, a sheikh with a white beard, green turban and dirty rags, seized my horse's bridle and tried to stop it; a quick strike of the riding crop on his ugly crooked fingers made him let go, and the explanatory greeting with which I accompanied my correction calmed the anger of the fanatical Damascene. I will not describe Damascus after so many other travelers. Mehmet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, had skillfully made it the center of the general government of all Syria in order to more easily contain the Bedouins and dominate the populations of the Anti-Lebanon and Hauran; but if Ibrahim Pasha and his lieutenant Sherif Pasha had something of European activity, they did not have, to a high enough degree, the administrative genius to have their reform attempts accepted without encountering strong resistance. When I visited Damascus, the pashalik was governed by Ali Pasha, a handsome old man whose resemblance to General Boyer had earned him from us the nickname of Pierre the Cruel; despite his severe appearance, he was the most good-natured of pashas and the most easy-going of governors. His only discussions with the French consul concerned the respective merit of their cooks, and these discussions ended with an exchange of the most exquisite dishes from both chefs.

In Damascus, I visited all classes of the population; I paid visits to the good Catholic missionaries, to the schismatic Greek archbishop who was from one of the Archipelago islands, and who complained to me about the lack of harmony that reigned between the different Christian communions. He told me in his energetic and colorful language that the Catholics regarded the Greeks as serpents, and that their disunion was very regrettable in the face of the Mohammedans. I then went to see the main Muslim figures; I was especially charmed by the welcome given to me by Abdullah Bey, son of Nassif Pasha, who had fought against the French in Egypt. Abdullah Bey had a sumptuous residence, where all was silence and contemplation, down to the rustling of the breeze in the branches of the plane trees that shaded his marble-paved courtyards, and the monotonous murmur of the fountains. Through a narrow trellis, protected by a dense and flowering vine, one could guess at his harem, his curious and playful women whose beautiful children, who gravely held the edges of the bey's robe while he talked with us, told enough of their grace and beauty. Abdullah Bey greatly liked Europeans, and especially the French, whose bravery and generosity his father had praised. Nassif Pasha had returned from Egypt with new ideas, the resolution to imitate European civilization. When plague broke out in Damascus, he did as he had seen the French do in Egypt: broke off all communication with the outside and established a sanitary cordon around his house. This infraction of Mohammedan fatalism laws, while preserving him from any touch of the plague, exasperated his co-religionists who threw dead plague victims into his courtyards, over his garden walls, and he soon died of the plague.

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defeated Heraclius in a pitched battle near Damascus, which they took after a siege of six months, in the year of Our Lord 634.

The Christians who are most numerous in Damascus are the Greek Catholics. During my stay in this city, one of their most prominent members married his daughter, and the few distinguished Europeans were invited to the wedding celebrations. It was first the father of the bride who received us. Divans had been set up all around a courtyard shaded by beautiful plane trees and whose center was occupied by a circular basin filled with clear water. In an adjoining room, a fine supper was prepared exclusively for the Europeans. Indigenous musicians squatting in one of the corners of the courtyard played their instruments or sang; all the young girls friends of the bride and her sisters dressed in the richest gold-lamé fabrics from Lyon, Damascus and Aleppo, held the young bride by the hands and turned in a monotonous and rhythmic step around the basin. The bride was entirely veiled, her bare hands and arms covered with henna stains. When she left the circle, she would sit on sheltés, a kind of thin and elegant mattresses stacked one on top of the other, and remain there motionless; or the young girls would withdraw to change outfits as if to play new roles; the last attire surpassing all others in richness and splendor. No Muslim had been invited to the celebration, only one, the house barber named Hamza was an exception, because this follower of the prophet had authorized his wife to appear without a veil among the Christian women. Hamza was a dancer, singer, storyteller, acrobat and charmed the company. The groom had not yet appeared and yet he had left his home since sunset, but he had to advance slowly sending messengers quarter hour by quarter hour to announce his arrival; at each new message, the group of young girls repeated in chorus, a song that one of them improvised:

He comes, the young groom, he comes to seek his companion,

He arrives from Baghdad with cashmeres and jewels;

How beautiful is the young bride!

Finally, the groom appeared and took the still-veiled young bride to his house where only the young men followed him; this journey was as long as the first. Damascus is divided into squares of houses, each square closes at nightfall, and at each door there is a guardian with whom one must negotiate, either to enter the square or to leave it. When we were at the groom's house, his mother came to receive the young woman and led her to the bridal chamber. The husband's friends were invited to go up with him. One must be a bachelor to obtain this favor. We found his companion sitting on cushions and still veiled. A small low table around which cushions were also placed where we took our seats, was covered with small plates filled with almonds, pistachios, preserves, dried fruits, and carafes where gleamed the golden wine of Lebanon or the country's liquors. When we had first tasted this small collation in the presence of the silent and veiled woman, the groom stood up, removed with a conquering gesture the veil that covered her and we saw a charming head adorned with a natural diadem of black hair, beautiful eyebrows and long lashes that shaded eyelids that modesty kept closed, and a mouth where despite the absence of a smile, an enchanting grace played. We rose, the groom embraced us all, and we left him in this charming tête-à-tête.

A few months later I inquired about the aftermath of this marriage; they had not been happy. The husband, a libertine, had soon tired of his wife and had simply decided to sell

her; so one day he left his house holding by the hand this beautiful veiled person as on her wedding day, but whose veil hid tears instead of a smile; he found his father-in-law on his way; the encounter was expected.

"Where are you going with this slave whom you hold by the hand?"

"I am going to sell her."

"How much do you ask for her?"

"Two thousand piastres."

"Here they are."

The father counted them and took his daughter back home.

This is the form, not of divorce, but of amicable separation.

I did not neglect the Jews in Damascus. This population has always greatly interested me in Syria and Palestine on their native soil; in Damascus, it is numerous and very supported by England and Prussia, whose consuls have taken under their immediate protection even the families whose members have been accused or suspected of being the authors of Father Thomas's murder. I examined their houses kept with great luxury, their richly dressed women, and I could never imagine that such beautiful creatures were capable of having participated from near or far in an odious murder. A ridiculous but entertaining belief reigned in Damascus among the Jews even during my passage: it was that the royal family of Prussia was Israeli. Here is what had given rise to it: During the journey that Prince Adalbert of Prussia made to Syria, he visited Damascus. An apartment had first been prepared for him in the Catholic convent of the Fathers of the Holy Land, and the good monks had taken great pains to make it worthy of receiving a prince of the House of Hohenzollern, when it was learned that the brother of the King of Prussia had chosen the house of a rich Israelite, the very one who had been accused of Father Thomas's murder. Was it a noble and bold way to clear him of a false accusation, was it in order to create future converts to Protestantism for Prussia, which had just given a bishop to Jerusalem? Had the prince's religion been surprised, and did the rich Israelite, whose roof he honored with his presence, have to buy this honor dearly? All these suppositions could be made and were made. The entire Jewish population, men, women, children, went to meet the prince and escorted him at his departure on foot, mounted on horses or donkeys, to a great distance, and pushing exclamations of joy and regret at once.

It is in Damascus that the great caravan that goes every year to Mecca is organized, and the pasha has high supervision over it. The pashalik contributes to the caravan's expenses at departure and the pasha of Tripoli, when there was one, was in charge of gathering the almost always miserable remains of this caravan on its return, which earned him the title of gerde-valessi. Today the Mecca caravan has greatly declined in importance since Egypt offers a secure passage and steamboats can transport pilgrims all the way to the port of Jeddah in the Red Sea. We returned from Damascus through the beautiful valley of Zebdani where a local tradition places the first murder and where the mind can only picture the gentle and pious figure of Abel, so calm and smiling is nature there.

From Zebdani we went to Baalbek, visiting on our route a monument called Noah's Tomb, guarded by a sherif or descendant of the prophet, in a green turban and covered in rags. It is a piece of masonry that has no character of antiquity, ten meters long by one wide, and covered with a green cloth, all topped by a vault or dome under which travelers let pass the great heat of the day while having a cup of coffee; but the pipe can only be smoked outside the dome. These monuments are frequent in Syria, and their dimension indicates, according to the explanation given by the guardian, the gigantic size of the Prophet. They are found on both sides of the Bekaa; between Beirut and Sayda there is a similar monument, on the place where the whale deposited Jonah; but there, there is only the dome and no tomb, as Jonah was not buried on the spot like Nebi-Noah or the prophet Noah. Everywhere it is Muslims, descendants of the Prophet who guard these marabouts and who bargain their entry to Christians or Israelites. Are these local traditions not true commentaries on the Bible, this book from which emerged Judaism, Christianity, Islam, so profoundly dissimilar in their consequences, despite their common starting point? Today, to follow Christian civilization with steps that are not too unequal, Muslims and Jews must modify the letter of the Bible and the Quran and move closer, if not to the dogmas, at least to the spirit of the Gospel.

There was no regularly traced road at the time when I was traveling in Syria, and it is only recently that a former French officer, M. de Perthuis, has undertaken to build one between Beirut and Damascus.

On leaving the Anti-Lebanon, we therefore re-entered the Bekaa and headed towards Baalbek. The first object that strikes the eye when advancing from the plain is a temple, at a distance of an hour's walk from the city, and which the natives call Kubbet-Duris. Volney does not speak of it; but the exact and conscientious Burckhardt gave its description, more than thirty years after the author of the Ruins, in that sober, clear style, eloquent through precision, which makes this Basel native one of the good writers of the English language.

This temple, of octagonal form, supported by eight beautiful granite columns of a style resembling Doric, is of simple and severe taste, and ornamental sculptures are rare there. It is isolated, and it is only after an hour's walk that the traveler penetrates among the great ruins that the greenery of poplars, beeches, willows and walnut trees partly conceals from his impatient view.

I will not give here a detailed description of these admirable remains of several antiquities, an immense museum where one finds traces of Cyclopean, biblical, Greek, Roman, and Arab architecture. I wandered with emotion among the ruins, sometimes contemplating the imposing masses, sometimes the finished pieces of ancient sculpture. Time, and even more so negligence and barbarism, add ruins to ruins, and I searched in vain for that Ganymede carried off by the Eagle, which had been the admiration of an English traveler, and had reminded him of this pretty verse by Martial:

"Illæsum timidis unguibus hæsit onus."[23]

[23] The burden stuck unharmed with timid claws. (T.N.)

Baalbek would become the meeting place of artists, antiquarians, of all intelligent travelers, if security was established in Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, if a good road led to the middle of these ruins whose destruction an intelligent government would hasten to stop.

FOURTH PART

LEBANON AND SYRIA IN 1860

"Commerce and religion have been, in our hands, powerful means to exercise a high moral domination in the Orient; England has equaled or even surpassed us in commerce, and if the French missionaries, the Lazarists and the Jesuits, had not brought a new spirit to Syria, it would have been very difficult to maintain our religious supremacy which must serve as a beacon to civilization in a province where everything recalls our past, our glory, and where the future perhaps still reserves for us a fine role."

These lines, written last February, end the first part of this volume.(See page 118.)

My predictions were quickly fulfilled; through the Emperor's initiative, an armed European intervention is about to take place in Syria, our forces are on the march, and it is France that must take the most considerable part in this intervention. What are the events that motivated this initiative from France? What role will it play? What should be the aim of the intervention? How can an understanding be established between the powers on a question where profound differences have often divided them? These are the points that we will examine with a spirit of complete impartiality, and with a sincere desire to find a solution favorable to maintaining European peace and to the future of the Christian populations of Lebanon and Syria.

I

The Lebanon question was never resolved in a definitive way; half-measures and palliatives were the remedies applied to an illness recognized by all. What was the origin of the Lebanon question? We discussed it in the first part, but we will briefly return to it.

In 1840, the Pasha of Egypt, who had conquered Palestine, Syria, and Cilicia from the Sultan's troops, and whose power had been accepted by the Ottoman Porte and European powers, dominated these beautiful provinces where he was represented by Ibrahim-Pasha, his son, who commanded the armed forces, and by Governor-General Shériff-Pasha, who had established his residence in Damascus.

This government undoubtedly made mistakes, but it was better than the one it had succeeded, and the terrible misfortunes that have afflicted Syria and Lebanon since its fall have sufficiently demonstrated how right the French statesmen were who wanted to maintain Mehemet-Ali-Pasha's government in the interest of both the populations and the Ottoman Porte.

I do not mean to say that there were no illusions about Mehemet-Ali-Pasha's power and his future, and one of the greatest errors of this period was some politicians' belief in an Arab empire strong enough to take the place of the Ottoman empire and regenerate it. It is not

part of my plan to address here the Egyptian question, particularly in its relations with the great European powers; I humbly believe that mistakes were made then, but one cannot hesitate to declare that regarding Syria, France was greatly right in counseling patience and submission to the Maronites who had risen against the Egyptian Pasha's government.[24] They had reasons for discontent, that is indisputable; orders from Egypt that were misinterpreted had led to a beginning of disarmament of the mountaineers, and this disarmament had provoked an explosion that had been encouraged by agents of powers interested in overthrowing the Egyptian Pasha's domination in Syria and to which they had even pushed': the Christians' insurrection would soon provide a pretext for signing the treaty of July 15, 1840.

Thus, M. Thiers, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Cochelet, then Consul General in Alexandria, gave the wisest counsel to the Christians. M. Thiers, thwarted in his general policy by the senseless conduct of the Maronites, never ceased to intercede for them with the Pasha of Egypt, but his voice was not heeded by the Catholics, and the Maronites were those who welcomed the Anglo-Turkish expedition with the most eagerness! They would pay dearly and for a long time for this fatal moment of confusion.

Although France's advice had not been heeded, as soon as the Sultan's authority was reestablished in Lebanon, the French government resumed without grudge or spite its role as protector in Lebanon. On February 6, 1841, M. Guizot wrote to the French consul in Beirut:

"I am not blind to how the events that took place in Syria have been unfortunate for our political influence in this country, particularly among the Catholic populations of Lebanon. Such a result was unfortunately all too natural to foresee; but I see with pleasure that amid the incidental causes that could tend to weaken these populations' old sympathies for France, they have generally remained faithful to them, and that their confidence in the interest we continue to show them is not diminished: we understand too well the necessity of maintaining them in such sentiments by proving to them that indeed they can and must always count on France's generous friendship to not do everything in our power toward this goal. Thus the King's government does not lose sight of any means proper not only to improve the Maronites' current existence but also to give them security for the future." As a first proof of the interest that France bore to the Maronites, the Minister of Foreign Affairs put at the disposal of the French consulate a sum of 40,000 francs, intended to relieve the most pressing misfortunes. Thus, it was France, whose wise, paternal and disinterested counsel the Maronites had disregarded, who came to their aid, following the age-old traditions of its policy: traditions to which the Emperor shows himself faithful in such a striking manner by sending an expeditionary corps to Syria to aid the Christians. If France remained faithful to its age-old policy by taking under its protection the cause of the Maronites who had helped the Anglo-Turks destroy Egyptian domination and shake its own influence in Syria, England did not scruple to lend its support to the Druze, who nevertheless had followed the fortune of Emir Bechir and Mehemet-Ali-Pasha to the end. I have recounted at length the diplomatic struggle of the powers regarding the question of

[24] One recalls Admiral Napier's revelations to the House of Commons.

Lebanon's government in previous studies, and I will return to it only very briefly. At first, they seemed to agree to give the mountaineers a single chief, taken from the Chehab family, which had been in possession of power for many years; then this combination having failed because at bottom only France strongly desired it, and because the Porte, England, Russia and Prussia were opposed to it, and Austria was lukewarm, they decided for the separation of the government of the two races; the Maronites to be governed by a Maronite, the Druze by a Druze, this was called and is still called the regime of the kaymakams. This regime, to be sincerely and seriously applied, supposed the equal division of Lebanon into two zones, one populated uniquely by Maronites, the other uniquely by Druze; now, this organization so simple was far from existing, for the districts of the mountain were almost all mixed, which was only realized in Constantinople at the last moment, and it was then judged too late to go back on a decision of which Prince Metternich was thought to be the author.

The creation of kaymakamate satisfied the Porte, England, and Russia because it created division, diminished the importance of the Catholic population, struck down a Catholic princely family, and dealt a serious blow to French influence. The French government, having returned to the European concert, had committed to treating the Syria and Lebanon question as five, it therefore had to yield before the majority of powers, and employ its credit, its disinterestedness, its high moral authority to soften or improve the Catholics' fate; I believe I have demonstrated that it has not failed in this mission; but it was impossible to harbor illusions; the organization of Lebanon as it emerged from the rivalries and diplomatic struggles of the powers was quite simply, to use Rifat-Pasha's word, organized civil war. Yet even this word is inaccurate; it is in my opinion something worse; if the Maronites and the Druze had been left to themselves; if their rivalries, their hatreds, had betrayed themselves through struggles, combat, a bloody antagonism, in the absence of a firm and impartial hand to contain them and force them to live in peace; it would have been civil war with all its horrors, such as has saddened a great number of European regions, and all the more cruel because racial hatred joins with religious hatred in the Orient; but in Lebanon, in Syria, even the horrors of ordinary civil war are surpassed; each time that struggles have broken out between the Maronites and the Druze, one has seen the Ottoman authorities, civil or military, lean excessively in favor of the Druze, and their soldiers take the latter's side, either by paralyzing the Christians' movements, or by pillaging them, or by openly joining their enemies. Am I right to say that this is something worse than civil war!

In 1842, in 1845, in 1860, the same revolting partiality, same support given to the Druze or to the Bedouins, same apathetic indifference at the sight of Christians' sufferings, same participation in the pillaging, sometimes in the extermination of these unfortunates. And let one consider that Muslims alone are called to the honor or duty of composing the army from which Christians are excluded; that this army must be the guardian of order, of the security of Christians who have not been admitted to serve under the flags; that the Maronites have been disarmed several times and that the measure of disarmament which was to be applied to their enemies the Druze, as well as to them, has never been but very imperfectly applied.

II

But, one will say, why this partiality of the Turks toward the Druze, why this animosity against the Christians, and notably against the Maronites? It seems to me that these sentiments are not difficult to penetrate. The Muslims see with poorly disguised discontent the interest shown to Christians in general and to Maronites in Lebanon.

The Maronites have been France's protégés for centuries.[25] This protection, proven by several documents, and which we have almost always exercised with vigilance and vigor, has often caused the Turks keen displeasure. M. Guizot, responding one day in the Chamber of Deputies to a member of the opposition who was urgently requesting that France's protection be made more effective, and who seemed to be inviting Christians to count on it, to act accordingly, exclaimed with profound reason: "Behind your imprudent words, there are immense misfortunes in the Orient!" He meant to say: There is the jealousy of the Turks, their heightened hatred, bloody vengeances, massacres. When one announces protection loudly, one must not limit oneself to words, one must act; the landing of troops must follow closely upon indignation; the flag of France must fly in the very midst of those we wish to protect.

The events that have taken place in the Orient in recent years have contributed to heightening Muslims' animosity against Christians. One recalls all the discussions that preceded the Oriental War, and the opinions expressed with vivacity by almost all the European press, and notably that of England. There was agreement on stopping and weakening Russia's threatening power; but the question of maintaining the Ottoman empire's integrity was envisaged only from the point of view of the Occident's interest; no sentiment of goodwill toward the Turks made its way through the animated polemics and exchange of diplomatic notes. Before the struggle, agents sent to several parts of the Ottoman empire to study Christians' situation made reports very unfavorable to the Turks, and an English agent even declared that the Russians' demands regarding Christians were just and well-founded, and that England would do itself honor by demanding, in other circumstances, the same concessions that Russia was requesting. However, the war on the Danube, the heroic defense of Silistria and Kars inspired in Europe sentiments of benevolent esteem and even admiration for Ottoman soldiers. Unfortunately, the Turkish army corps sent to Crimea, poorly composed, poorly commanded, destroyed the effect produced by the combatants of Silistria and Kars. The spectacle of the bad administration exercised in the Ottoman provinces, the complaints of Christians, the sight of these admirable regions, remaining so far behind the movement of civilization imprinted on the Occident, left in the allies' minds only painful memories almost hostile to the country and people to whom aid had been brought. There was undoubtedly injustice in these impressions, but I do not believe I stray from the truth in saying that they were general in the French army, whose sympathies pronounced themselves rather for its heroic adversaries, the defenders of Sebastopol.

[25] See the supporting documents in the appendix.

Among Muslims (I speak here of the masses, of the army, of the population of Constantinople and the provinces of Europe where the allies appeared, either before, during the war, or after the triumph), the passage of the liberators left only a muted hatred against the European and the Christian. This hatred was instinctive even more than reasoned; Muslims vaguely but surely felt that while weakening the threatening power of Russia, Turkey's traditional enemy, the Occident had, in running to the Ottoman empire's aid, perhaps dealt a mortal blow to this empire itself.

Until then, fears inspired by Russia's ambition and power had more or less united the other great States of Europe in a common agreement to prop up and maintain an empire whose fall to Russia's benefit seemed an immense calamity. Now that fears coming from Russia's direction had disappeared at least for a long time, there would be less agreement between the powers; Turkey would no longer have, to make them fly to its aid, to show dangers that had ceased to preoccupy Europe; it was going to be obliged to live with its own forces, to develop its resources, to reconcile itself with the numerous non-Muslim populations who are placed under the sultan's scepter. Turkey faced with the European areopagus thus had a situation even more difficult than in the tête-à-tête with Russia, threatening as it was. Muslims had been deeply wounded by the crushing superiority of Europeans' civilization and power. Other causes ignited their envy and hatred. During the war, the Christian populations of European Turkey and the littoral of Asia Minor had openly made wishes for the Russians' triumph, and had even attempted an uprising. France and England had been obliged, to contain Greece, to send troops; despite all these facts, Europe's sympathy had remained on the side of the Christians judged severely, watched with firmness, but inspiring more interest than their Muslim masters who were fighting alongside the allies and for the same cause. At the Congress of Paris, despite the considerations one had for the Ottoman Porte, Europe did not dissimulate the interest it bore to Christians. All these causes brought among Muslims the hatred of European Christians or rayas to a high degree of intensity, and this hatred soon spread throughout the Muslim world; the insurrection and cruelties exercised in India, although prepared for a long time, broke out following the Oriental War; the massacres of Jeddah followed closely and everywhere, in countries where Islam dominates, one saw Sicilian vespers being prepared. For more than three years all the newspapers contained numerous letters written from the Orient which announced arms purchases on a large scale by Muslims in all parts of the Ottoman empire and in the rest of the Orient.

During last summer, I met in the Orient an English agent who had just traveled through Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Syria, and part of Kurdistan; he painted for me a frightening picture of the terror in which Christians lived in all the provinces he had traveled through, of the hatred that animated Muslims, and declared that within a few months staying or traveling in Asia would be impossible for Europeans, or even for indigenous Christians, unless they wanted, to escape their dominators' fury, to feign the same hatred against foreign Christians.

In the correspondence published by order of the English government and submitted to both chambers of parliament, this situation is clearly described by Sir Henry Bulwer, the English ambassador in Constantinople, who writes to Lord John Russell that, for a year, not a week

has passed without his calling the Ottoman authorities' attention to Syria's situation and the threatening events that were preparing there. The other representatives of European powers, whether in Constantinople or in Syria, had equally foreseen and announced the same misfortunes, whose precursor signs, in Syria, could not indeed escape even the least clairvoyant eyes.

III

The first troubles began in Syria, in Lebanon, as early as May. Isolated assassinations preceded, as at the beginning of all civil wars, the explosion of massacres that have made blood flow and perhaps still make it flow, at the moment I write, in floods in Lebanon and Damascus. From the start, the governor general of the province accused the Christians of being the authors of the first murders, and denounced to the English consul general a committee of Christians sitting in Beirut and including some rayas and Ottoman subjects placed under foreign protection. This accusation made by Khourchid-Pacha is not new; each time troubles have erupted in Lebanon since 1842, there has been no failure to try to shift responsibility onto the Christians and this alleged committee; let us say it once and for all: provocations have almost never come from Christians. The Maronites are hardworking, devoted to working the land, peaceful; numerous French or Italian Catholic missionaries are established among them; they preach to them only patience and trust in God. Moreover, assassinations only take place in mixed districts where the chiefs or mokatagis are Druze; on all occasions, the Maronites have had the cruel experience of Ottoman authorities' partiality in favor of the Druze, how then would they have dared, when they saw rising all around them the tide of hatred and fanaticism of Muslims, to provoke against themselves the unleashing of the most frightful passions?

At the same time that Khourchid-Pacha was denouncing to the English consul general the alleged schemes of Christians, these latter were addressing the most vivid complaints to the governor general about the numerous assassinations that the Druze, with atrocious circumstances, were committing against Christians in mixed districts, forcing them to flee, to abandon their harvests and their homes. The crimes of the Druze remained unpunished; but, one might say, the Druze are not Muslims; where then comes the Turks' partiality for them. The Druze are not Muslims, but they affect an inclination toward Islam. Much has been written about the Druze religion, but nothing very certain is known about it; it is probably originally a heresy of Islam. It has been said that they were to Muslims what the Samaritans were to the Hebrews. They are also accused of worshipping a calf. This accusation is not proven. They have temples where no external symbol has been seen. The Akkals (intelligent and initiated) seem to profess pure deism. They number ten thousand, wear a white turban, abstain from tobacco, are very reserved in their speech and can marry. The Djahel (ignorant) perform no rites. The Druze have schools and their children learn to read in the Quran or in David's psalms, Arabic books very widespread in Syria. During the conferences of 1845, the Druze kaymakam, Emir Roslan and the principal Druze sheikhs, never failed to follow the Kaptan-Pasha and the mushir to the mosque, and to prostrate

themselves like them; while such a demonstration was never made either by the Christian kaymakam, Emir Haydar, who was nevertheless of Druze origin, nor by his nephew, today kaymakam of the Maronites, Emir Béchir-Achmet, whose father was Druze, and only professed the Catholic religion under the Egyptian government, which always showed itself entirely favorable to Christians of all rites. I have already said that the most considerable Druze chief by birth and fortune, Sheikh Sayd-Djomblat, counted several pashas among his ancestors: to attain this dignity they had to profess the Muslim religion. One could not without great injustice or great ignorance confuse the Druze and Maronites regarding attachment to religion. The Maronites live side by side with Greeks united to the Holy See or separated from the Roman Church, there is between them emulation for the maintenance of faith and fidelity to the rite; they are moreover contained, supervised, evangelized by European missions. The Druze know none of these restraints.

Another sentiment that brings the Druze closer to the Turks is their common hatred for Christians who always boast of European protection. It is the English who have contributed the most to returning Syria to the Turks, and since the Sultan's domination has replaced that of the Viceroy of Egypt, England has shown, whether through itself, its agents, or its travelers, a marked favor to the Druze in all their disputes with Christians. During discussions about the organization of Lebanon's government, English agents openly admitted they could not show more goodwill toward Christians than toward the Druze. In the English parliament, a speaker attempted to shift onto their victims the initial wrongs and consequently the primary cause of the massacres; Lord Palmerston himself seemed to be of this opinion; in the papers recently published in England by the government, we read in a letter written by a distinguished English traveler, Mr. Harvey, owner of the Yacht Claymore: "I do not believe that the Druze would want to attack a place defended by an English force, however weak it might be; they have the greatest regard and respect for us. Fearing that the role I played here might inspire in them hostile feelings toward the English, and affect the future security of travelers in Lebanon, I will write to my friend Sayd-Bey-Djomblat, of Moktara, prince of the Druze, to tell him that I only protected women and children."

Finally, the Turks are convinced that Great Britain is the only power that wants, by all means, to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire: they see their goodwill for the Druze who are in Lebanon and Syria as the support point of their policy. All these causes have always led the Ottoman authorities, civil and military, to favor the Druze in their differences, discussions, or struggles with the Maronites and Greek Catholics or non-united.

Moreover, what is the use of accumulating evidence of the partiality of Ottoman authorities and the sad role they played in 1860, as in the events of 1842 and 1845? Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston himself, passed the most severe judgment on their account in the House of Commons. The Sultan addressed instructions full of firmness to the governors general of several provinces of Asia, and finally we have just learned that Ahmed-Pacha, governor general of the province of Damascus, and commander in chief of the Arabistan army, brought to Constantinople after the Damascus massacres, was immediately degraded and sent back to Syria to be put on trial; Khourchid-Pacha, governor general of Beirut, was also placed under arrest. The Ottoman government itself has therefore strongly pronounced

against the main Turkish authorities who in Syria failed in their most sacred duty. The Sultan, whose heart is paternal, had from the beginning written to the Emperor to express the sorrow caused him by the atrocious scenes that had taken place in Syria, and yet he was still far from knowing the awful truth. It would have been a very great mistake on the part of the Ottoman government to try to explain the conduct of its agents in the sense of justification or to shift onto the Christians the origin of the misfortunes that have raised public conscience in Europe!

I do not want to remake here the heartbreaking history of the latest massacres; it is not necessary to overexcite public sentiment in France; it has exploded through all organs of opinion, and the Emperor has responded to it with an act of vigor that has met with unanimous approval, deeply felt.

Why tell now what everyone has read, why return to these scenes of barbarity and carnage in which the Druze and Muslims spared neither women nor children slaughtered on their mothers' knees with a refinement of atrocious cruelty? Alas! these hideous scenes had already occurred in 1845; already childhood had been without defense against these tigers; pregnant women had been disemboweled! others, tied naked by their hair to horses' tails! In 1842, Sheikh-Hamoud-Abou-Naked and his brother Sheikh-Nassif had sacked and burned Deïr-el-Kamar and slaughtered the Christian inhabitants. They had been punished only by the deprivation of their rights as mokatagis over this district of which they were chiefs, and from where they were banished; in 1845, the same Sheikh-Hamoud-Abou-Naked dared, something then unheard of, to lay a sacrilegious hand on a Catholic priest, Father Charles de Lorette, massacred in his monastery at Abey. I demanded that he be punished with the ultimate penalty. We know how he was acquitted, then only exiled. He has just reappeared with other Druze chiefs; he has descended upon this unfortunate city of Deïr-el-Kamar, where the massacres have recalled those of Cawnpore, with this odious circumstance, that the Christians had ransomed themselves, had trusted the Turkish military authority, and were delivered defenseless to the Druze. Sheikh-Hamoud-Abou-Naked, the murderer of Father Charles, the protégé of Shekib-Effendi, the sheikhs of the Amad family, and Sheikh-Sayd-Djomblat, Mr. Harvey's friend, directed these killings, from which the presence of our soldiers will, thanks to God, we hope, forever deliver Lebanon and Syria.

I have read with scrupulous attention all the correspondences from Syria published by the main French and English newspapers; in all these correspondences the ferocity of the Druze, the treachery of Turkish troops, the anxieties and calamities of Christians are reported with equal vividness; thus, the main organ of the English press, the Times, has not bargained either its blame for Ottoman authorities or its profound horror for the crimes of the slaughterers, nor its pity for the victims, nor its admiration for the Emperor's bold and beneficent decision.

The massacres reached Zahlé, a flourishing, peaceful city, entirely populated by Christians and situated at the foot of the Lebanon slope that descends into the plain of the Bekaa; at the same time, scenes of murder were taking place in Hasbéya and Rachéya, two districts located in the Anti-Lebanon where princes of the Chehab family, who remained faithful to Islam, still govern hereditarily; finally, the Druze slaughterers, Bedouins, Muslims, living in the city of Damascus, began the massacres and pillaging in this great and rich city. There,

neither European religious nor consular officers were spared; only the English and Prussian consulates were respected. The sword reaped men, women, and children, fire destroyed the houses that the slaughterers, aided by Ottoman troops, had first pillaged and sacked. The number of victims of these furies, whose mere recounting makes one shudder with horror and indignation, rises, in Lebanon and Damascus, to several thousands; we will not enumerate them, one can read it in the newspapers, for each day new details arrive, and each day also one trembles to learn of new misfortunes.

Some Muslims of Damascus distinguished themselves by their charity toward the victims of their coreligionists whom they sheltered during this frightful butchery. A Muslim, a former enemy, Emir Abd-el-Kader, displayed courage, reasoned daring, greatness of soul, a noble chivalrous devotion which earned him from the Emperor a striking reward (he has just been elevated to the dignity of grand cordon of the Legion of Honor).

The Emir, surrounded by a small troop of Algerians, snatched victims from the hands of executioners, gathered them numbering several thousands in his palace, led them to the citadel, personally paid everywhere without stopping before the furious threats of the slaughterers, before imminent death, himself led the convoys of Christians whom he directed to Beirut in order to save them from famine after having saved them from almost certain death. Certainly the Sultan and all true Muslims owe profound gratitude to the man who alone succeeded in such terrible circumstances in preserving thousands of Christians from death and showed that Islam can still inspire noble sentiments. A great role is perhaps reserved, in Syria, for the man who for so long balanced our fortune in Africa.

IV

I did not want to elaborate on the crimes committed in Lebanon, Anti-Lebanon and Damascus; I avoided citing the names of all the Ottoman officers and officials who are denounced as accomplices to the massacres by all newspaper correspondences. Fuad-Pacha, the minister of foreign affairs, is on site; punishment has begun, and, at the time I write, French vessels are carrying our soldiers at full steam toward Syria. What should be the goal of the expedition that France is making to Syria? It seems to me that it has, first and foremost, a goal of humanity, civilization, reparation! First, the bloodshed must be stopped, sufferings whose extent is not yet known must be alleviated, order and security must be restored in Lebanon and Syria. To achieve this goal, one must not hide it, prompt and terrible punishments are needed. If, in 1845, Sheikh-Hamoud-Abou-Naked had been beheaded in the village of Abey or in Beirut immediately after the crime he had committed, our religious would not have been slaughtered this year in Damascus! If, in Jeddah, the death of our consul had been followed by bloody vengeance, the Muslims of Damascus would not have dared to execute the frightful killings that have just taken place. But will the main culprits be found? Will they not have gained the desert? On this point, we must rely on the energy of the French authorities to whom is now entrusted the task of getting us reparation as terrible for the guilty as it is striking for us. We can expect everything from

the vigor of Marquis de Lavalette, our ambassador in Constantinople and the general commanding the expedition.

But it is not enough to inflict exemplary punishments for the evil that has been accomplished, decisive measures must prevent its return. Had not Shekib-Effendi announced that Lebanon was pacified forever? Today the powers must no longer let themselves be stopped by rivalries whose consequences have made floods of blood flow. The coalition, in 1840, took up arms against France's protégé in Syria; this protégé maintained order, security there and offered the Christian religion guarantees and advantages that it has not found again, and which the Maronites and European religious, who had made common cause with the Anglo-Turks, have since bitterly regretted.

Rivalries must today completely disappear; it is not on political grounds that the great powers, all united without exception, join hands in the Syrian question; it is on grounds where dissent is not possible; it is a matter of humanity, of life and death for thousands of coreligionists; we must see in Syria and in Lebanon neither Catholics, nor Greeks separated from the Holy See, we must see only Christians; Muslims and Druze, these fierce enemies of Christians, must understand that henceforth all vengeance, all persecution is forbidden to them; in a word, what is going to happen in Syria and in Lebanon must have such resonance that it becomes a lesson, a salutary warning for Muslims, a safeguard for Christians in all other points of Turkey. The government of Damascus must be entrusted as in the time of Mehemet-Ali-Pacha to an energetic man determined to grant Christians vigorous protection, at all times, and who must be supported by an armed force that does not play, at the hour when repression is necessary, the infamous role played by Ahmed-Pacha and his soldiers. What divergence can separate the powers on this point? Is it not in the interest of all, including Turkey?

It is especially in Lebanon that we would strongly wish to see a radical change brought about, because it is the events in Lebanon that always have repercussions in the rest of Syria. The government of the kaymakams is judged by the bitter fruits it has borne, and the Druze chiefs can no longer claim to maintain any jurisdiction over Christians, after what has just happened. Europe must decide to boldly revisit the arrangements of 1845, otherwise it risks seeing the renewal of atrocities that have just plunged it into stupor and indignation. Does one want proof of my sincerity and conviction on this point? It is better to finally yield to the wish so long secretly cherished by the Ottoman Porte and entrust the government of Lebanon to an Ottoman approved by Europe, than to let the current dualism subsist and the government of a Druze emir with Druze mokatagis, administering Christians. I am not systematically an enemy of the Druze; I have lived among them, I know their qualities, I know that they even have virtues, but they can no longer claim, after the cruel experiences repeatedly made, to retain rights over Christians.

The Druze can only maintain their current situation on the condition that a single Christian chief is restored to the head of the united Maronites and Druze, that is to say, having all of Lebanon in his government, with power such as Emir Béchir exercised.

Why couldn't the powers agree to obtain this result which would only be the restoration of an order of things so often, so solemnly promised to the Lebanese? The Chehab family

inspires aversion in some powers, and besides, it perhaps does not have today a prince capable of bearing the burden of such a government? Well then! let the Ottoman Porte entrust power there to one of its Christian subjects, made to earn the confidence of Europe and the populations; today the state of Syria is such that there can no longer be deep dissent between the powers; everywhere, public opinion has pronounced itself, and let us say it loudly, awaits striking satisfaction. The Druze will no longer find in English agents a protection or at least a goodwill which has been the source of so many evils. Russia will not seek to separate the cause of schismatic Greek Christians from those of other Maronite Christians or Greek Catholics; all the united powers must now see only Christians who need to be defended, protected against Muslim fanaticism, the weakness of Turkish authorities, the ambition of Druze chiefs. In 1845, the inhabitants of the city of Zahlé which has been so cruelly tested again recently, wrote to me these significant lines:

"The Druze having come to attack us, dressed as Albanians, our Christians went against them and routed them, killing six men and Sheikh Cassem-Abdallah, whose horse they captured. When the Turks saw that we were the victors, they sent us Gebran-Aura, Cassem and Mustapha-Aga with soldiers who fired on us; we then withdrew. At the same moment other Druze were attacking the Christians camped at Ras-el-Meten and defeated them. The pasha was not quick to stop the victors over the Christians, on the contrary he let them burn all of Meten, while when he saw us defeat the Druze he had us stopped by his soldiers."

"According to the reports made to us, it appears positive that the Druze only come to make war on us because they are forced to by their mokatagis, even with beatings."

"Indeed, as long as the chiefs have claims, privileges, immunities, Lebanon will not be able to enjoy peace, for in reality these privileges and immunities were granted to the Druze only by the prince of the Mountain, to whom they rendered services and who withdrew them at his will."

"Lebanon is not the property of the Druze, it belongs to us. The Druze are refugees whom we were willing to welcome when they fled from Egypt after the murder of the impostor Hakim-el-Amrihe, they are therefore not the true owners of the country: they are foreigners. In 1840, they surprised us, they wanted to overwhelm us, but God granted us victory over these perfidious ones. The Druze rose up against the Porte itself, and it is we who repressed them."

"The government had proscribed Sayd-Djomblat, Emir Roslan, Hamoud and Nassif-Abou-Naked, Hattar-Amad, Yussef-Abdul-Melek, however none of these sheikhs has been punished, and they were allowed to return to Lebanon to incite the Druze against us."

"Peace can well be made between Druze peasants and Christians but not with their chiefs who will always want to have prerogatives over our brothers, which is the most impossible thing."

"Hattar-Amad never stops writing to the Muslims of Damascus to excite them and the Christians of this city are in a sad position."

"The Druze of Safed have arrived at Medjel-Chems, to join the other Druze and overwhelm us, but we are ready to sustain their attacks, we pray heaven to preserve you!"

What light this letter written in 1845 sheds on current events! According to all correspondences, Hattar-Amad, Sheikh-Hamoud-Abou-Naked are among the Druze chiefs who most cooperated in the massacres. Does one want to read letters written by the most considerable of all Druze chiefs by Sheikh-Sayd-Djomblat at the time of the civil war in 1845? These letters fell into my hands, were delivered by myself to Vedgi-Pacha, and the mushir of Sayda recognized them as being from the powerful mokatagi of Moktara.

These letters contained a campaign plan which was followed point by point. It is not without shuddering with indignation that one reads in the one addressed to Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked that the troops stationed at Abey had received orders to lend him assistance; this indignation redoubles when one knows that the mushir of Sayda and Daoud-Pacha, who then commanded the troops, gave the title of emir to Sheikh Sayd-Djomblat and one is saddened in remembering that he was the English candidate for the kaymakamate of the Druze.

Letter from Sheikh Sayd-Jumblatt to Sheikh Hamoud-Abou-Naked.

"Illustrious brother, father of Cassem, venerable Sheikh Hamoud.

You have undoubtedly learned what the nation of Christian infidels has done to us in the Chouf, if the Porte and its troops had not helped us, they would have dispersed us. Now we have been authorized as well as the other gatherings of Druze by H.E. the illustrious Daoud-Pasha to fall upon the Christian nation and annihilate it. In accordance with this authorization, it is your duty to rise immediately with your men, to fall upon the Christians of Chahar and Dubbié, to burn their houses, and to do in a word against them what you did the first time. Fear nothing. Even the troops that are in Abey have orders to help you, so this is the moment to take advantage of the opportunity to annihilate this perverse nation. May God preserve you."

Letter from Sheikh Sayd-Jumblatt to the Muslim sheikhs and notables of the district of Harroub.

"Dear brothers, illustrious sheikhs and notables of Harroub, you are not unaware that the nation of Christian infidels has risen against the Muslims who recognize one God. The Sublime Porte has granted us the favor to fall upon them, and to erase their traces; and H.E. our master, the illustrious Daoud-Pasha has authorized us and helped us to wage war against them with the imperial troops.

This being so, it is the duty of all those who recognize one God and who believe in his prophet to rise with zeal and wage war against this infidel nation. We want, from your solicitude and your courage, that all of you rise immediately and come to attack Dubbié. The soldiers who were there have left by order of H.E. Mustapha-Bey; therefore wage a religious war, and fear nothing, for we and the Porte are but one hand against them (the Christians). This should suffice for your security and replaces all that I could say."

These letters were so compromising for the Ottoman military authorities and the Druze chiefs, that after acknowledging their authenticity, the mushir of Sayda wanted to contest

it with ridiculous explanations; but they were commented upon and corroborated in such a terrible manner by the events, that doubt was not permitted. How, after such facts, could one live in security regarding the future of Lebanon and the Christian populations in Syria?

Can supreme power be maintained in the hands of the Druze? We say no without hesitation, and we make ardent wishes that this time Europe will unite in a sentiment of humanity, foresight and high civilization, to put aside all rivalries, and agree on the question of Lebanon's government in a way to finally ensure the fate of Christians.

The signatory powers of the July treaty had solemnly made this commitment in 1840; France has made constant efforts at all times to achieve this goal, the congress proclaimed it loudly in 1856. Now that the French flag flies at the foot of Lebanon, and perhaps at Deïr-el-Kamar and Damascus, it must not leave this classic land of our ancient glory without having definitively settled the fate of Christians for the future. Making their happiness will be, let us not doubt it, also making that of the populations, Muslim or not, who cover the soil of Syria.

The following table of men able to bear arms in Lebanon will prove superabundantly to any impartial mind that, by entrusting the government of this mountain to a Christian, while establishing guarantees in favor of dissenting faiths, one is only obeying the logic of facts and justice.

Names of the districts	Maronites	Greek Catholics	Greek Orthodox	Total Christians	Druze	Muslims	Jews	State of populations in Lebanon
Deïr-el-Kamar district of Chouf	660	380	-	1,040	140	-	-	1,268
Arkhoub	250	685	75	1,010	1,700	-	-	2,710
Jérid	410	350	-	410	668	-	-	1,188
the two Khazen	221	200	700	1,121	1,030	27	-	2,168
Menassi	100	150	-	340	520	-	-	860
Gharb	450	350	200	1,450	120	-	-	1,570
Jezzine	900	400	-	800	-	184	-	984
Jabal-Rihan	400	600	-	800	-	25	-	825
Toffah	200	400	-	600	-	850	-	1,450
Harroub	50	600	150	3,500	120	502	-	4,122
City of Zahle and Bekaa	2,500	1,000	2,000	3,500	1,300	-	-	6,800
West of Zahle	1,250	150	200	1,500	282	-	-	1,882
The Sahel	12,500	300	2,500	15,300	580	-	-	15,880
Batroun, Jabal-Bichari, Koura, Kesrouan	29,304	3,665	6,225	35,194	6,800	2,158	58	44,807

The total population able to bear arms in Lebanon is 44,207 men. Christians of the three rites - Maronites, Greek Catholics, and Separated Greeks - form a number of 35,191, of which 29,301 are Maronites, 8,665 Greek Catholics, 6,255 non-united Greeks. There are only 6,810 Druze and 2,158 Mutualis, that is to say less than a quarter of the armed or potentially armed population. Catholics, among Christians, form the vast majority; and it is to create in favor of the Druze, whose numerical figure is so low, a situation equal to that of Christians, that Syria was returned to the sultan in 1840, and that civil war has been raging in Lebanon almost periodically for twenty years! Today, as Europe unites in the name of humanity and no longer in the name of politics, we believe that it is enough to indicate the problem, for a radical remedy to be finally brought to it. In 1840, Syria was returned to the sultan despite France's advice full of insight and foresight; today, there is no question of changing Syria's master, but of coming to the aid of the sultan himself, in order to prepare a new era of peace, happiness and prosperity for a country that has experienced all misfortunes for twenty years.

The Ottoman government has destroyed feudalism in almost all points of the Ottoman empire where it has been able to reach it, and yet it was attacking the power of Muslim chiefs exercised over co-religionists; why is the power of Druze sheikhs allowed to persist over Christians whom they have been, so to speak, official slaughterers since 1840? Why, in a district like Djézin, where there are 1,460 Catholics able to bear arms and only 120 Druze, is the sheikh Saïd-Jumblatt, who can be considered as the greatest enemy of Christians and one of the most inexorable men of Lebanon?

But it is not only in Lebanon that Europe's protection must extend to Christians: it is in Laodicea, in Antioch, in Palestine, in Anti-Lebanon, in Damascus, in Hauran, in Homs, in Hama, in Aleppo, everywhere where there are Christians, Catholics who live in terror of Muslims, Druze or Bedouin, and who need effective protection; otherwise, the departure of our troops would be the signal for terrible vengeance. But we have confidence; the French flag will not withdraw from Syria until it has accomplished its mission of peace and humanity, equally advantageous, ultimately, to all subjects of the sultan.

The landing of European forces in Syria and Palestine was the subject of concern for English travelers, long before the expedition of 1840. "It is surprising," wrote Major Mackworth in 1824, "to hear the universal expression from all classes of inhabitants of these regions, to see a Christian power brought to take possession; all sigh for deliverance, and the Muslims themselves have a superstitious presentiment of the end of their domination. Four thousand English troops with the undoubted assistance of the natives would suffice to take possession of all Syria, and ten thousand to conquer Egypt, without which the possession of the first province would be precarious. Once master of El-Arich and Saint-Jean-d'Acre, Palestine could not offer any resistance. Burckhardt, who knew these regions admirably, says that a garrison of a few thousand men in the fortified points of Hauran, the fertile region that extends between Damascus and the desert, would maintain complete security and put an end to Arab exactions. El-Hosn, Deir el-Kamar, Safed, Souhour and Kerek are strong positions that would be of great utility in European hands. The Christians of the Greek Church have their eyes turned toward Russia, and when the traveler Seetzen traversed these regions, they imagined that he was sent by Melek el-Asfar (the Yellow King), name given

to the emperor of Russia, to examine the country and study it, with a view to an expedition that should deliver them from the Ottoman yoke. The Druze and Arabs, one has reason to believe, would prefer the English, who have, even in the eyes of the Turks, the merit of not being idolaters.

France, rushing to Syria to help Christians of all rites whom she wishes to protect equally, has no plans for conquest and the convention signed by all the great powers contains the formal declaration of this. Certainly France's self-denial has been pushed very far, too far, we might say, when, at the Paris congress, the plenipotentiaries renounced all separate action in the Ottoman empire. This renunciation can be understood when it comes to purely political questions, of intervention in Turkey's internal affairs, but we had, particularly regarding the Catholics of Lebanon and Syria, old rights, ancient duties, a noble charge of souls one might say, in favor of which some reservations could have been made.

When in 1840 Mehemet-Ali-Pasha, irritated against the Maronites who had risen against him, spoke in very strong terms to our consul general in Alexandria of his intention to go himself to punish them, M. Cochelet reminded him that "ancient firmans obtained from the time of our kings put them under the protection of France, and that he should use restraint towards them if he did not want to compromise the interest and goodwill we bore him." This language was heard by the viceroy of Egypt.

Today, the Emperor, in taking the initiative of an armed occupation of Syria to protect Christians and come to the aid of the Ottoman government, in order to restore peace and security to this unfortunate province, has regained possession of France's old rights and the noble obligations contracted by our ancient kings.

SUPPORTING DOCUMENTS

No. 1

SESSION OF THE CHAMBER OF PEERS OF JULY 15, 1845.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. I wish to draw the attention of the chamber, the ministry, and public opinion to what is happening at this moment in Syria, regarding the Lebanese Christians, protégés of France. I will be as brief as possible, not only because the session is very advanced, but because I am far from knowing this matter perfectly. I had hoped that it would have been treated either in another chamber or in this one, by voices having more authority than mine; as this has not taken place, and since on the other hand I have received letters from Syria on this subject, from the most considerable persons and most worthy of trust, who implore me to discuss it with the chamber, I believe I am obliged to say a few words about it, and I hope to obtain from the Minister of Foreign Affairs some reassuring words, and, if possible, consoling ones.

I do not wish, gentlemen, to abuse your time by explaining to you in detail the entire situation of things in Lebanon and Syria. I assume you all know it.

You all know that there are two races there: one, which is the most numerous, that of the Maronites, Christians and specifically allied to France, since the time of Saint Louis, as it is assured, and notably placed in recent times under the special protection of France; the other, that of the Druzes, less numerous, but more warlike, more savage, and making cruel abuse of this warlike superiority.

I will not tell you the causes of the perpetual discord and wars between these two populations, nor the circumstances which, in recent times, have made these wars infinitely more bloody and more terrible. It is agreed to regard as the principal of these causes the expulsion of Emir Bechir, head of the dynasty who was removed by England's jealousy as being specially protected by France. It is to this period that one agrees to trace back the intensity of the evil that we deplore today. Only, one had obtained from the Porte, at the request, I believe, of France (the Minister of Foreign Affairs will say it better than I), a reciprocal independence for these two races, neither of which should be governed by its rival anymore. There were to be two administrators named vekils, one for the Druze race and the other for the Maronite race. This condition, demanded by the French government, has not been faithfully observed. The Druzes have gained the upper hand, they have abused their strength, and the position of the Christians of Lebanon, that is to say the Maronites, for the Druzes are neither Christians nor Muslims, has become more and more cruel.

Last year, everyone in Paris could see an archbishop from these regions who, I can say, tired all the ministers, and even all politicians, of whatever opinion, with his complaints and grievances. He came to tell us all: You do not know the dangers that Lebanon faces; you do not know what your protégés in this country are exposed to; you do not want to know, I come to tell you, and many others will confirm it. He was not listened to, although he

predicted everything that has happened since. He was sent away, and he only took back vain words. I gathered, like many others, his grievances and complaints, and I saw him leave saying that France had renounced its mission, that it did not want to do anything positive for its protégés in Syria, and that great misfortunes would result from it.

Well, this is yet another example of these prophecies all the more completely verified as they are more threatening. What this envoy of the Lebanese Christians announced has precisely happened, and in an even more serious manner than he had predicted.

For two months hostilities have broken out in Lebanon, on April 30, if I am not mistaken. The first letters I received are from May 13, and at this date, that is to say fifteen days after hostilities had broken out, fifty villages inhabited by Christians protected by France were already burned in the vicinity of Beirut and under the eyes of a French agent. We have indeed been told since that there was a suspension of arms dated May 23, but the latest correspondences of which I have had knowledge (no doubt the Minister of Foreign Affairs will have had more recent ones) announce the continuation of hostilities, ravages and assassinations committed by the Druzes, and, what adds considerably to the gravity of the situation, by the Druzes with the cooperation of the Turks, the Turks, responsible to France for the fulfillment of commitments made to the Maronites. These Druzes then, aided by the Turks, commit unheard-of atrocities in the Maronite villages; they quarter small children, massacre priests; they burn the elderly, and as for the women, they make them suffer treatments so horrible that I dare not speak of them at the tribune, finally they commit all the horrors ever told in history, and excesses even more cruel than those that have been recently denounced to your just indignation, regarding Africa.

Once again, I have the honor to repeat, I am not speaking based on newspaper articles and the correspondences they contain, correspondences whose sincerity I do not in any way revoke, but based on personal correspondences, received by me or communicated by persons perfectly able to guarantee their authenticity.

And not only did the Maronites, protégés of France, have to endure these cruelties, but even Europeans did not escape them. In the village of Abbey, a short distance from Beirut, there is a convent that belongs to France, and whose inhabitants were regarded as French subjects; and this even outside of this synonymy, this identity that exists in the Orient between Catholics and the French. Well, in this convent, property of France, and whose inhabitants were regarded as French, Father Charles, the superior, was slaughtered by the Druzes, and his corpse burned. (Sensation.) Two other priests were slaughtered at the same time in these places protected by the French flag; and this crime was committed in the presence of Turkish troops who did not intervene in any way. And yet, if I am well informed, these same Turks sent guards to the American Protestant missionaries who inhabit the same village. This is very loyal, very honorable on the part of the Turks, I do not blame them, but I wonder how the protection of France did not earn our Latin convent the same favor, and did not save the lives of these religious who died martyrs, not only of their attachment to their religion but of their confidence in the protection and power of France.

I know very well that the Maronites have responded to these acts with reprisals. I do not present the Maronites as lambs who let themselves be peacefully slaughtered; when they

can, they defend themselves; but they cannot do so sufficiently, and moreover, they have the right to count on the sympathies and protection of France.

I am happy to be able to say that, according to all versions, complete homage must be paid to the representative of France in Beirut, that the consul or the one who manages the consulate at this moment, Mr. Poujade, has excited not only the natural sympathy of all his fellow citizens but also the general admiration of all persons who were then in Beirut, for the courage, energy, and activity he has displayed. (Approval.) I hope that this praise, in the mouth of an opposition peer, will not harm him in the eyes of the government.

M. GUIZOT, Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has already received part of the reward that was due to him.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. I am very happy to learn this.

Now, what is serious in these events, apart from the horror they must naturally excite, is the role played by Turkish authority.

I render full justice to the intentions of the Turkish government. During the short time I spent in Constantinople, I was able to acquire the conviction, which nothing has come to destroy since, that there were in Constantinople men determined to act in accordance with the laws of civilization and to faithfully execute the commitments made by the Ottoman government vis-à-vis Europe, especially regarding its Christian subjects; but nobody ignores that there is also a spirit completely contrary to this spirit in the Ottoman government and in a number of its officials.

I have had knowledge of the public instructions that have been sent since the beginning of hostilities by the Ottoman government to its agents in Lebanon, to the pasha of Beirut, I believe.

These instructions, it must be said, appeared to me extremely vague, and seemed to me not to respond at all to the extreme gravity of the circumstances; but whatever the case, whether they are executed or not, it is evident that there has been until now a partiality, a revolting iniquity on the part of Turkish officials in Lebanon, I will even say an evident complicity in the crimes committed by the Druzes. This complicity is proven by a large number of facts that have not been contradicted, which I will recall very briefly: firstly, the Turkish troops that had been distributed in the mountain, supposedly to contain the two rival populations, never occupied themselves except with containing the Maronite Christians and protégés of France; they gave complete freedom to the Druzes, and this is what explains how the Druzes, despite their small number, were able to so easily fall upon the Maronites and slaughter them.

Then, when the first hostilities began, the Turkish troops advanced into the country; they took a more decisive attitude, but always towards the Maronites. Thus, there were disarmaments carried out in the region called Chouf; but these disarmaments were only carried out to the detriment of the Maronites; the Druzes kept their weapons; and, moreover, they received the weapons of the disarmed Maronites.

Thirdly, the Druzes were led in their massacres by exiled chiefs, who had been recalled from exile by Turkish authority.

Elsewhere, the Turkish troops, seeing that the Druzes were going to be defeated in certain encounters by the Maronites, joined the Druzes to fall upon the Christians.

Finally, lastly, the Turkish troops themselves are accused, not only of remaining spectators, as I was saying just now, of the massacres that were committed at Abbey and elsewhere, but of having themselves massacred Christians who had surrendered to them as prisoners, and this notably in a castle near Djezina.

This suffices, it seems to me, and beyond, to establish the odious complicity, not certainly of the Ottoman government leaders, but of its troops and its agents in the attacks committed on the Maronites. There is an even more odious and more serious complicity; it is that which is generally attributed to the English agent in these parts.

You know me well enough to know that I am not in any way among those who generally attack England and its agents; you know on the contrary that I am a very great admirer of England, a very great supporter of the English alliance, and that never has anyone caught on my lips these exaggerated attacks, often dictated by an honorable patriotism, but which are in no way either in my tastes or in my habits.

However, when I find myself faced with facts as patent and as odious as those I have pointed out, I listen only to justice; I cannot refrain from denouncing them to you, and from asking the government what attitude it has taken on this subject. I do not want to imitate what was done in the English parliament not long ago, where one of our diplomatic agents, the king's minister in Greece, was attacked with certainly very improper violence. I will therefore in no way attack the person or the intentions of the English agent in Beirut; I will limit myself to saying that the unanimous voice of the French who were there, and of other foreigners, judges even more impartial than the French, points to him as having been the principal instigator of the movement that took place in Lebanon, and of the Druze insurrection against the independent authority that was to take away from them any kind of power over the Maronites.

Well, I ask how a Christian power could grant this monstrous support to completely savage hordes, who unleash their fury on other Christians. This execrable policy can only be explained by the jealousy that France's secular authority in the mountains of Lebanon inspires in England. It is known that, for centuries, France has exercised there an entirely maternal patronage, as honorable for France itself as it is advantageous for the Christian populations of Lebanon; this is known, and it causes indignation, and they would like to make these populations understand that the protection of France is no longer sufficient for them today, and that they need that of England as well.

This is the only interpretation that can be given to such odious conduct; but it is an interpretation, surely, that we must neither accept, nor tolerate, nor above all approve. What is certain is that it is England that has incited the Druzes to violate the pact of reciprocal independence that guaranteed the rights of each race, and that it is England that has supported the claims of the Druze chiefs called mokatagis, who exercised there a kind

of feudal authority which they did not want to renounce; that it is England that has exhorted them not to renounce it and not to recognize the new order of things that had been solicited and imposed by the will of France.

This leads me to deplore, in very few words, the change that has taken place in our general policy in the Orient. I want to speak of this change that I have already attacked several times, and that I cannot refrain from pointing out at this moment on such a serious occasion; this change that has substituted action by five, and conducted in agreement with four rival or foreign powers, for that independent and unique action which France could freely dispose of formerly in the Orient.

I will be careful not to touch on other points of France's policy in the Orient, where this substitution of a five-power policy for the unique policy has produced, in my opinion, serious and deplorable results; but I ask you to notice these results concerning Lebanon.

There, what is it about? protecting a Catholic population of 4 to 500,000 souls (slight murmur), approximately.

This Catholic population was naturally under the protection of the first Catholic power of the West, it was a recognized fact, under its unique protection; and, as I was saying just now, this had resulted in this glorious and useful identity that all persons who have been to the Orient will point out to you, and the agents of foreign affairs first, an identity which means that every Oriental Catholic regards himself in some way as French and as a subject of France.

To this state of affairs you have substituted an intervention of five powers, three of which are naturally hostile to Catholicism in the Orient; first Russia, because it has on its side an Oriental religion in direct hostility with the one we protect; and, on the other hand, England and Prussia, which have other equally evident motives for not being specially favorable to the Catholics of the Orient.

And beside these three powers, we have fourthly a Catholic power like us, Austria, but which has a great desire to substitute itself for us, a very natural desire, for which one cannot hold it against them, but which we have done wrong, in my opinion, to encourage by admitting it to share our prerogatives and our exclusive and secular right in these regions. I fear that by this unfortunate situation, as a result of this relative inferiority into which one enters when one does with five what one did alone before, we have torn out the deepest and most precious root of our influence in the Orient.

I will say further that Sardinia itself is putting itself forward among the protecting powers, and it is right; for, although it does not count among the great powers of the West, it is Catholic, it has a respectable maritime force, and a great commerce with the Orient. It is doing well; but we, are we doing well to inspire in everyone the idea and the need to replace us?

Gentlemen, I will not go further at this advanced period of the session; I declare that these observations are not dictated to me by a spirit of hostility against ministerial policy. The moment is not opportune to judge this policy in its entirety or in its details. I have been guided only by two motives that you must understand and appreciate: first the honor of

France, of our flag, then and above all the salvation and life of these unfortunate populations of Lebanon for whom there can be here only a feeling of pity and sympathy. I will therefore limit myself, with the permission of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to addressing these three questions to him:

Has he obtained any serious and solid guarantees against the return of the indignities, the atrocities that have been committed against our protégés in Lebanon? Has he obtained any reparation for the murders committed on religious persons protected by the French flag, and the punishment or at least repressive measures against the Turkish authorities who were directly or indirectly complicit in these attacks? That is my first question.

Secondly, I will ask him if he has intervened with England to make it feel how much the conduct of its agent in Beirut is incompatible with the French alliance and with the interest of civilization and Christianity?

And finally I will ask him if, shaken by these deplorable events, he does not feel inclined to withdraw more or less from the bonds that have chained him in this quintuple alliance, and to adopt, at least concerning the Catholic question in the Orient, a more independent and more effective policy?

M. GUIZOT, Minister of Foreign Affairs. - Gentlemen, I do not come to combat what the honorable previous speaker has said, nor to complain that he has called the chamber's attention to this question. I deplore as deeply as he does the facts he has recalled. Most of these facts are accurate, and if one were to display the picture before the eyes of the chamber, it would be penetrated with emotion and indignation.

Gentlemen, several years ago, in 1841, when they began to seriously address the affairs of Syria in Constantinople, we foresaw these facts; we not only foresaw them but predicted them in Constantinople, and, in predicting them, we did everything in our power to prevent them. We thought then that the fall of the old mode of administration in Syria, of a single, national and Christian administration, would deliver Syria to deplorable anarchy. We said so. We were then, and the honorable previous speaker cannot ignore it, in a rather bad position to take the part of Christians in Syria; we had recently, pardon my word, abandoned them in their struggle against the Pasha of Egypt; we had taken the Pasha's side, not only against the Porte but against the Maronites of Syria who had risen against him. This extremely weakened our position in Constantinople when we spoke for them.

It is because of this weakening, to remedy it to a certain extent, to correct the vice of our momentary position, that we entered into understanding, into common action with the other powers to engage them to act in the same direction as us; they who, for the moment, were in a better position than us regarding Syrian affairs, and to try to reestablish in Syria the old mode of administration, the only one, in our opinion, that was suitable to maintain a little order and justice there. I say a little, because, even under the administration of Emir Bechir who is so deeply regretted today, there was never much. From then on, we were obliged to limit ourselves at that time to obtaining, through the common efforts of France and the other powers, the recognition of the principle that there would not be a Muslim administration in Syria, that the two races that share this country would each be administered by a chief of their religion and origin.

In obtaining this principle, we declared that this mode of administration seemed very imperfect to us, that we were convinced it would not have all the good consequences hoped for, that we persisted in demanding the reestablishment of the old mode of administration. But we had to be content with what we could obtain.

Let us never forget, gentlemen, that we are here in the presence of an independent State; that we desire to strengthen, to raise up, if it is permissible to say so, the independence and consistency of the Porte, of the Turkish government; that it is our policy to treat it ourselves with the regard, the consideration, the respect for its independence, that we ask of others.

We thus often find ourselves in a difficult position, having duties, not contradictory, but different, to reconcile, the duty to protect the Catholics of the Orient, which we never abandon, and the duty to lend support to the independence of the Ottoman empire in its own domains. This policy is difficult. This is not a reason to abandon either of its elements. We have never done so, but the chamber understands the difficulty.

Not having succeeded then in getting the old mode of single and Christian administration adopted in Syria, having been obliged to content ourselves with a mode that was better than a purely Turkish administration, but whose imperfections we recognized, whose bad consequences we foresaw, we have lived since then in this state, often renewing our protests and our request for the reestablishment of the old mode of administration.

The facts that the honorable previous speaker has just recounted erupted in the midst of our continuous complaints.

He was right to tell you that a part of the Turkish authorities and even troops had in some way lent themselves to these deplorable facts; that they had not displayed the impartiality, the energy necessary to repress such disorders; that they had often lent support to the Druzes against the Maronites, while they should have repressed both. This is true. We have energetically pointed out to the Turkish government this bad conduct of some of its agents and soldiers.

We find ourselves again here vis-à-vis the Turkish government in a difficult situation. The honorable M. de Montalembert indicated it without saying it expressly: there are two parties in Turkey; there is an intelligent, moderate party that believes that, to strengthen the Ottoman empire, to restore a little order and governmental force there, rather large reforms must be introduced. But alongside, there is a fanatical party, the old Turkish party, always inclined to practice the old policy, the violent, bloodthirsty, cunning policy of the Ottoman empire.

The struggle of these two parties reproduces itself in all the provinces of Turkey as in Constantinople, and it reproduces itself even more vividly, more deplorably in the provinces than in Constantinople. This is what happened in Syria. The fanatical party which believes that all the art of governing consists in opposing the two races against each other, which dreams of the destruction of the Druzes by the Maronites, and of the Maronites by the Druzes, by lending its support successively sometimes to one, sometimes to the other, this party has adherents, agents among the Turkish authorities, in the ranks of the Turkish army, although it does not have any, I dare say, in the divan in Constantinople. Although

today the intention, the habitual policy of the divan are favorable to good and intelligent reforms to be introduced in the administration of the Ottoman empire, we found ourselves in Syria in the presence of authorities who did not have the intentions, did not follow the line of conduct that the Ottoman government would have wanted them to follow.

We have done and we do each day what is in our power to enlighten the Ottoman government on the conduct of those of its agents who practice what it prescribes to repress, who do not conduct themselves properly in the various localities where they are sent by their government; but the chamber understands how difficult this role is to play from the outside, when one is a simple spectator, a spectator no doubt who has influence, who has the right to be listened to, who can do much good or much harm, according to whether he approves or disapproves, but who has no direct and immediately effective authority.

M. de Montalembert certainly does not think that France should send troops to Syria to repress the disorders. It can only proceed by way of influence; it must enlighten the Ottoman government on what is happening in Syria, teach it to direct its agents, to weigh on them, to make itself obeyed, to have an effective administration. There is nothing so difficult, so new in Turkey as such facts, and we are asked to introduce them completely, suddenly, in one of the most torn provinces of the empire.

I do not refuse this task; it is the one we are working to accomplish; but, I repeat, it is very difficult: success can only be the work of long perseverance. Let M. de Montalembert be sure, this perseverance we will have; we have not given up on bringing back to Lebanon the mode of administration that seems best to us, on reforming the administration, first very imperfect, and at present decidedly bad, that weighs on Lebanon.

M. de Montalembert cited a deplorable fact, the devastation of a monastery more directly placed under France's protection, the murder of this monastery's superior. We immediately demanded, in a way that could not be refused, the punishment of the guilty, real and effective punishment, and compensation for the thus dispossessed religious. This was promised to us by the Porte. We will ensure that execution follows closely after the promise. (Marks of approval.)

As for the disorders that were not as directly addressed to France, which fell upon the unfortunate Maronites, we did everything in our power to remedy them. The king's ambassador in Constantinople immediately sent two more vessels to the Syrian coast. There are three at this moment carrying from one point to another all the material aid, all the moral support that it is possible to carry. If necessary, we will send more vessels.

I will say, not to completely reassure either M. de Montalembert or the chamber, I would not want to falsely reassure, and one should not be reassured at this moment, for there are many things to deplore in Syria; I will say however that hostilities have ceased, that for the moment civil war no longer devastates Lebanon. I do not consider the position good, I consider this suspension of arms very precarious; Lebanon will remain for a long time in a deplorable state, and there is much to do to restore a little order and justice there. The king's government will do in these circumstances what it has not ceased to do for a moment.

And let M. de Montalembert be well persuaded that, when we happened to treat in concert with other powers, as five as he said, to protect the interests we had to safeguard in the Orient, it is not that we have concluded any formal alliance in this regard, that we have made any commitment to never do anything except as five, that we have tied our hands, that we have abandoned the right to protect the Christians of the Orient alone whenever we could and should. We have not renounced exercising this unique protectorate whenever the interest of the situation would seem to warrant it. When we have treated questions as five, it is because we thought that, to resolve them effectively, promptly, in the interest of the populations in question, it was better to treat as five than alone. When we recognized that alone we could resolve the questions, we did not abandon any of our ancient privileges. I will tell the honorable previous speaker, and I am sure he will hear it with pleasure, that from Rome, from the propaganda, there came to the king's government vivid, repeated thanks for its conduct in Syria, and that of the consul whom M. de Montalembert recalled, and that of all other French agents who are dispersed on this part of Ottoman territory, and that of the king's government, which had not ceased to extend the goal. The chamber and Count de Montalembert can be sure that the king's government will not lose sight of it for a moment. (Very good! Very good!)

(Moniteur of July 16, 1845.)

No. 2

SITTING OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES OF JUNE 15, 1846.

M. DE MALLEVILLE. It is on the occasion of this chapter that I asked the chamber for authorization, not as has been so often repeated, to address interpellations to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but to engage in a discussion that is within our right, about our affairs in Syria.

I do not fail to recognize that this refusal to accept the discussion, on the part of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, constitutes for us a serious and delicate situation.

I was more surprised than others to hear him refuse this debate, when I remembered that, in another chamber, far from fearing it, he provoked it in these terms: "The honorable peer was pleased to live in a free country where, on such questions, public opinion, public sentiment can form, manifest itself, spread, warn, provoke the government, press it, encourage it, support it; he was right, and I am pleased with him.

What the minister thought then, I think today, and far from believing in the danger of this discussion, I take a keen interest in provoking it, for I am among those who wish to obtain, for the honor of the country and its government, some explanations about the past, some consolation about the present, and above all some hope for the future.

I do not have to assess, and I had, I will say, much trouble understanding the reasons that made the Minister of Foreign Affairs request absolute silence on this question. And I must say that, if this refusal of discussion imposes some reserve on me, obliges me to postpone certain explanations, to rely only on known facts, on published documents, it has been impossible however, like those who intend to take part in this discussion, to accept the obligation to remain silent; I have said why.

The affairs of Syria have deeply preoccupied this legislature at its beginning; the chamber has not lost the memory of this solemn and thorough discussion, where the present situation and future dangers were examined. The ministry, then, had an opinion: it accepted the conclusion decided by the five powers; it accepted the arrangement of 1842, as satisfactory, as achievable, as suitable to ensure the pacification of Lebanon. The chamber did not share its hopes; for, in a famous amendment that I will explain shortly, it wanted to impose another direction on it, indicate a completely different policy, a completely different course. Since that time, although we have pressed the government with questions, we have always been forced to accept postponements; from year to year, we have been asked what we are being asked today, to remain silent... We have yielded far too much to these eternal supplications!

But we are going to part ways, gentlemen, and it would not be honorable for the legislature to separate, after four years, after so many disappointed hopes, without asking why wishes that had been so clearly expressed, and that the ministry had accepted, have not been realized. This is the only goal of the discussion I am engaging in, without hiding from myself the embarrassment of speaking to a minister who must not answer me.

I will not resume the long exposition of this affair, but it would be childish to no longer want to remember that, in the Syrian question, independent of the sacred interests that are dear to us all, there is a French interest to preserve, for it is French influence in the Orient that was attacked in 1840, and that is still being attacked today, for the war has not ceased on this point, despite our concessions.

French influence was attacked, first in Egypt; France, with its powerful hand, had stopped the victor of Nezib, and through this intervention it had favored the wishes of Europe which wanted to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire, that is to say the integrity of this immense prey that ardent European rivalries have coveted for so long, and whose partition they want to postpone, in uncertainty of the share that is reserved for them!

France, more disinterested and more generous, had stopped the victor of Nezib, and history will tell if it kept towards him all the commitments it had contracted by imposing such a sacrifice on him! But the day after France had rendered this service to Europe, the day after the integrity of the Ottoman empire was guaranteed by its spontaneous, effective intervention; the day after that day, Europe became concerned about two things: about the influence that France had in Egypt, and about the influence it had in Syria, influence that it owed to age-old traditions, to written capitulations: hence this European conspiracy against Egyptian power, which led to the treaty of July 15; hence, you will see shortly, the oppression of the Christians of Syria, which, if you do not take care, will lead to their extermination; it would be senseless to keep the slightest doubt in this regard.

The Pasha of Egypt had seized Syria; he had governed it for seven years, and it is fair, and I am here only the echo of contemporary history, to say that in these seven years he had made order reign there, he had established equality in taxation, security of commerce; under his administration, if Syria was not the happiest country, it was a peaceful one.

For six years since you have taken it to guard, for six years that the European powers claim to protect it, you know what happens: massacres, pillage, murder... This is what is good to remember, for it is a cruel lesson for those who have engaged in this policy, to see that this European concert, whose results for European peace are praised each day, this European concert has not been able to achieve in six years what the Pasha of Egypt alone had achieved so quickly, and which has perhaps been destroyed beyond return.

At that time, pretexts had to be created. Syria was peaceful; it had to be agitated: and then those who needed the pretext of intervention in the Orient, those same ones went to excite revolt against the Pasha in Syria, division between races that lived in peace. A mission audaciously denied, when it was denounced to Europe by the ministry of 1840, was resolved; I have the proof in hand, in the documents that have just been published in England; a year ago, the mission of Mr. Wood, the agitator of Lebanon, this long-denied mission, it is recognized, admitted on every page of the official documents.

The unfortunate Syrians remind England at every moment of the promises that Mr. Wood had made to them if they would consent to shake, by their revolt, the power of the Pasha of Egypt, whom they wanted at all costs to expel from Syria.

We talk a lot, gentlemen, about the cunning, the perfidy of these uncivilized races. If they ever learn to write history, they will have to speak of Europe's felony, for at that time we went to agitate them by promising them the maintenance of their guarantees, of their privileges, what am I saying, by promising to extend them.

And here is how we kept our word:

The Christian populations in the Lebanon mountains, where the cross surmounts the crescent, according to the happy expression of one of our colleagues, these populations who have been guarded, maintained by Providence as an eternal protest against the barbarism that surrounds them, were in reality removed from the direct administration of the Ottoman Porte, which exercised only a simple right of suzerainty.

The Lebanon mountain had been governed for forty years by a Christian prince, whose name has become famous in our debates, by Emir Bechir; he governed it so skillfully and so happily that the two races who inhabit it and who are divided by their religious faith, the Druzes and the Maronites, today so fierce in their bloody struggles, lived in peace under his paternal government, and for a long time uncontested. At the stormy time of his domination, this hatred of races, excited by Europe's intrigues, did not even exist! Emir Bechir, they went to tempt him too; they asked him to come to Europe's aid against the master of Egypt who had to be driven from Syria. He yielded, like all Orientals to the ascendancy of force. He remained faithful to his suzerain as long as he could; but finally one day he yielded, and he came to help England destroy Mehmet-Ali's power in Syria; these mountaineers made common cause with the enemy.

What was the reward?

The day after Beirut was bombarded and the Pasha's power was lost, the day after that, Emir Bechir, to whom had been promised, guaranteed, I will not say his personal power, I am not concerned with that, but in whose person were guaranteed to the Christians the ancient privileges they possessed; the day after that, he was violently expelled from Syria, and he was held in prison in Malta.

He asked, like all unfortunate Christians of this country, to come to France; it was refused to him; he was even refused to come to England; and the day he wanted to change prisons, he was sent to Constantinople under the eyes of those who had interest in keeping him.

This was the conduct towards Emir Bechir, in contempt of the most solemn, most sacred commitments!

From that day, it was necessary to provide for the government of the country which he had sufficed for until then.

The Ottoman Porte, it was natural, was no longer content with the integrity of the empire, it wanted to expand it. The Christian population of Lebanon had always been removed, in reality, from its direct administration by the privileges that France had always known how to guarantee.

And yet Europe (you came to power at this time, ministers), Europe did not hesitate to abandon this unfortunate population to the direct administration of a Turkish pasha.

The results did not take long to appear. Persecution began from that day, and you know what humiliations the Christians have suffered. And the evil became so great, the complaints became so strong, that, I recognize, the French government took the initiative in this regard.

After two years of a state of affairs that one of our colleagues has qualified quite harshly, I will use this word to spare myself from recounting them, after two shameful years, as the honorable M. de Carné said at the end of 1842, we finally asked the Porte to humanely administer these populations.

Then diplomatic skills were put into play: it is so beautiful to govern from the depths of one's office populations that one does not know! Then arrangements were sought. It was understood that the Christian population could not be abandoned to the direct administration of a Muslim authority.

But there were two races: there were Christians, there were Druzes. It was then that what was called the arrangement of 1842 was imagined, that is to say the division of the Mountain's administration between two kaymakams, two governors, one Druze, one Maronite: a Druze emir for the Druzes, a Maronite emir for the Christians.

These, gentlemen, are things that are arranged in chancelleries very quickly and very easily. The idea of this procedure was then put under the authority of a great name: it was M. de Metternich who had invented it.

There is a remarkable thing and I am happy to remind the chamber, it is that, when the arrangement was known and explained before this chamber, immediately an opinion was formed that became a majority, which saw in this arrangement only a new means of perpetuating discord and the misfortunes of Christians in Lebanon. The government had accepted it, the chamber had refused it; and I am happy to remind it that if the government's responsibility is compromised in the question, thank God! the chamber's solidarity was never engaged; for, by M. Berryer's amendment which it then adopted, it refused the authority of even its implicit adherence.

All the misfortunes that would arise from the proposed arrangement were pointed out in the discussion, with great energy; they were predicted, and unfortunately, the prediction was accurate.

The chamber went further; it indicated by the very terms of the amendment the only combination that could prevent the disorders that have broken out; it indicated the restoration of the old single and Christian authority, that is to say the restoration of Emir Bechir, of the Chehab family, who still possessed the confidence of the two rival races, long accustomed to his paternal domination.

There was at this time, from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, such a strange assertion that I should hesitate to recall it, since he does not want to respond; but he will respond later. At this time people were asking: "Why would one reject Emir Bechir? But if there is a power that has reproaches to make to him in the past, it is France, for he abandoned his suzerain and our ally; what is he reproached for? We, whose ally he abandoned, whose cause he betrayed, we consent, since he is the only one who can guarantee to the Christian populations of Lebanon a paternal administration, to demand his restoration!"

At this time, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, I must assume, wanting to avoid admitting at this tribune that France had been defeated at the start of negotiations, said that if the Chehab family, if Emir Bechir had been excluded by the councils of Europe, it was England that had been defeated, for it was England that had requested the restoration of Emir Bechir.

I am obliged, when I bring such assertions to this tribune, to justify them with exact citations.

Here is what the Moniteur textually states:

"The power that most insisted," said the honorable M. Guizot in 1843, "that most insisted on the restoration of the Chehab family to domination of Lebanon, is England; it is she who formally requested it." And at these words M. de Carné exclaims and asks for the floor.

M. Guizot continues: "It is the pure and simple fact; it is England that particularly insisted that the Chehab family be restored to the domination of Lebanon."

And in the documents published at this time, which were in the archives, there is precisely a dispatch from our chargé d'affaires in Constantinople, who declared to the minister "that he had not been able to come to an understanding with the English ambassador, given that

his court had been the first to formally exclude Emir Bechir from the choice that Europe could make."

I cite, and as my notes carry the indication of the Moniteur, I will provide them to the Minister the day he wishes to respond.

I have returned to these memories, because it is necessary, for the sincerity of my debates, that this error be explained; it cannot be an error of memory, it would be too strange, I thought that the Minister, at this time, hoping that we would soon return to the idea of indeed restoring the single and Christian administration which should be the constant goal, the sole goal of his efforts, hoping that this result would come soon, he had to avoid admitting that we had failed at the start. I cannot explain this inexplicable error otherwise; but what is true, what results from numerous documents that I have in hand and that I do not want to analyze, I would tire the chamber, is that England has for five years put the most sustained ardor into preventing at all costs the restoration of the Chehab family and Emir Bechir. And why? No one is fooled, the restoration of single and Christian authority in Lebanon is the restoration of French influence, and that is what is always refused to you.

I could accumulate the most conclusive proofs and citations, but these facts will not be denied, it is quite unnecessary to insist longer...

The only question that preoccupies me, the one on which we most desire explanations from the government, is that of understanding how it could happen that when the restoration of single and Christian administration should have been the goal of all sensible men, when the chamber had expressed such a clear and precise opinion on this subject, nothing appears for five years of the efforts made by the government to achieve it.

I say that nothing appears, and one has only to read one of the dispatches addressed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs to our chargé d'affaires, to understand how we have been so weak in the pursuit of this result.

In 1842, the Minister wrote:

"We must carefully avoid anything that might risk giving us in the eyes of the courts the appearance of proper action, seeking to anticipate or surpass theirs. The inevitable consequence would be to unite them once again against us, and to throw us back into isolation."

This is the constant preoccupation; this is what France has gained by returning without conditions, without reservations to the European concert.

And the fault shines through in Syrian affairs more than anywhere else, for, when you returned to the European concert, what did you do? You abandoned rights that you held from age-old traditions, from written capitulations that go back to Saint Louis, which had never been abandoned even by the National Convention at the moment of its most terrible struggle with Europe; you subordinated, that day, the exercise of your primitive rights, rights that were yours, that no one could contest, that no one even contested at the beginning of negotiations, you abandoned them, you subordinated them to this right of

assistance, to these councils where a majority is always formed against you. But, this mistake made, I ask, I want to know what efforts you have made.

When I read the documents published in England, documents far more complete than yours, when I read those that we wrested from you with much difficulty, you will agree, I never see trace of an effort. I see in England, I see in Russia, I see on the part of all European powers, a constant preoccupation to distance the thought of restoring single and Christian administration and the need to maintain the arrangement of 1842, in contempt of all the misfortunes that result from it. The misfortunes that break out in Lebanon do not enlighten them; no, they find that the experience is not sufficient; and when, in 1844, the honorable Minister of Foreign Affairs of France finally becomes concerned about the results of the arrangement of 1842, when he points out for the first time the disadvantages, and the numerous disadvantages of this arrangement, he adds however: "I cannot yet indicate anything in its place, for I am not sufficiently enlightened."

On day later, that is to say after misfortunes whose account I omit, and which are known to all Europe... I do not seek to inflame the chamber with the account of horrors that have been committed in Lebanon; they are not denied, the dispatches, I must say, record them with extreme fidelity!... When finally it was necessary to try to indicate to Europe what was France's thought, what were its desires; do you know in what terms it was done?

The chargé d'affaires wrote on May 17, 1844:

"To this state of affairs, I was not yet charged with proposing a single remedy of certain success; but it was impossible for me not to remember that the Mountain had prospered under other chiefs, under another form of government, and I could not help reflecting with a very keen feeling of regret that the Porte, in innovating, seemed to have itself created the difficulties of its task, which should have been like ours the pacification and happiness of its subjects in Lebanon."

"This first overture, which designated the Chehabs without naming them, was very well understood by Rissaat-Pasha; I believe it, for now, of good measure: it is a base of operation for a laborious campaign."

French policy is at the point where it can only act through timid insinuation; it indicates, it hopes that one will guess, it indicates the Chehabs without naming them.

It is added further on: "This order of discussion puts, I believe, sufficiently in evidence the thought of the king's government, without attaching its credit and influence in too absolute a manner to this or that solution, without committing it too deeply in an enterprise where there are not serious enough interests engaged to risk the consequences of an open struggle."

From which I draw proof that it is the first time, on May 17, 1844, since it concerns a new base of operations that one has dared to tell the councils of Europe that it was necessary to think of the Chehabs... always without naming them.

M. de Bourqueney returns twice to this singular way of introducing the question, and the Minister responds to him:

"I appreciate the perfect clarity of language with which, as you inform me in your dispatch of May 17 last, you have supported the considerations of right and fact, etc."

Truly, if the question were not so serious, and if the Minister were not such a serious man, I would take the response for an epigram. But the chargé d'affaires, in expressing such timid wishes, such indirect intentions, was only the too faithful interpreter of a weak and hesitant thought; he had the right to his minister's approval.

One sees with what softness of action the government, although it was under the pressure of this tribune itself, although it had been strongly invited to pursue, as the only means of restoring order in Lebanon and also maintaining our influence, which is our right, the restoration of the Chehab family, sustained the struggle engaged in the councils of Europe. It expressed doubts, manifested fears and sometimes went so far as to predict misfortunes without doing anything to prevent them.

It would be easy to put in perspective the activity, the vigor with which English agents reject the return of the Chehabs, and make inconceivable efforts to maintain a deplorable arrangement for Syria, but which had the merit of achieving their true goal: the exclusion of France in the Orient and the annihilation of its influence.

The English documents are very frank in this regard. The partiality of English agents for the Druzes has reached the point of scandal. I want only one proof of this.

In 1844, and at the moment when it was a matter of settling between the Druzes and the Maronites very important interests (it was a matter of knowing the amount of indemnities resulting from the pillage that the Christians had suffered), the representatives of the oppressors and victims had been called to Beirut. Arriving in Beirut, the Druzes find in Colonel Rose, English Consul General, an advocate who does not leave them, who supports them, sustains them; he tells it himself.

The French agent, M. Poujade, not that I want to reproach him for it, for we will shortly have a striking tribute to pay him, M. Poujade does not attend this assembly. He is asked why; he responds: "I have no instructions!" And he adds, speaking to the Christian chiefs: "I urge you to submit, for I have no means to support you." And Colonel Rose does not fail to tell his government: "This attitude of the French consul has singularly facilitated negotiations;" and he so little disguises the role of advocate that he played in this affair, in favor of the Druzes against the Christians, that he says again, I don't need to translate, I remember the phrase well: "I urge you to thank the sultan greatly for the generosity he had in taking charge of paying for you the largest sum of the indemnity that you owe."

It truly takes all the preoccupations of political passions to boast oneself of such patronage; for it was simply the settlement of indemnities due for pillage, murder and arson: Colonel Rose congratulated himself on having so well supported the Druzes, his clients, that he had obtained from the sultan that he would kindly pay for them.

There is another indication of this partiality, and I must say instantly to the Minister why I insist on this fact; it is that I heard him, a few days ago, slander himself, when he said, regarding England's conduct in the Orient: "But the English have the same sentiments as we do for the Christian populations; they have the same views; it is not myself that I defend,

it is the English ministry." You slandered yourself then. No, you did not have the same views, the same interests: I am among those who reproach you for not having known how to defend ours, who reproach you for much weakness; but I reproach you for no complicity. No, I do not believe that the cordial understanding went that far, no, I do not believe that you wanted, like England, to maintain an arrangement that twice delivered our Christian brothers to massacre and fire, and that you ever shared its blind partiality for the Druzes; you will judge.

There is in the London documents a long report made by an agent specially sent by the English government to Lebanon, in order to examine on site and judge the situation of the two races and their relative value.

I read in this report, signed Alison: "The Druzes are, like the Christians, of very bad faith; but they are infinitely superior to them in their personal courage, their ability and their religious tolerance." (Movement.)

The religious tolerance of miserable barbarians who don't even have a positive faith, who slaughter priests, who outrage women, burn convents!... It is the religious tolerance of the Druzes that explains the preference that England gives them. Here is the document that I have before my eyes.

The English documents have often been accused of dissimulation; I cannot share this opinion today, when I see publications in which such brutal frankness shines through.

The revolting partiality of the English for the Druzes, after such revelations, cannot be denied, and the honorable Minister of Foreign Affairs will then have to explain how he understood that England's views and his could be similar.

Today when it is well established that the Christians, for five years, have been, I dare not say completely, but finally too often abandoned, while their rivals, inferior in number, have been supported, not only by England actively, but by all the powers, should we be astonished at the misfortunes that have come to befall them, and can we be reproached for the fears we have of seeing realized the greatest shame of this epoch, that is to say the complete extirpation of the Christian population in the Orient, either by the extermination of the strong, or by the apostasy of the weak? It is toward this goal that we march, it is this goal that will be reached, if finally the French government, excited by the country, supported by public opinion and above all by the deplorable examples of the past, does not have sufficient moral force to make understood that the only means today to snatch these populations from the fate that threatens them, is to return to them what has always belonged to them, their ancient privileges and the strengthening of the authority which alone can consecrate them.

Well, in all the facts that are known to us until now, the greatest moral weakness has always revealed itself. We all remember that two years ago the Bishop of Laodicea, Murad, was sent by his brothers of the Orient to beg the French government to come to their aid and to denounce to it the partiality of the agents of England and other powers, to come to signal all the humiliations he had suffered. I do not know how Bishop Murad was received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but I know what Lord Cowley said about it. When this envoy

from Lebanon, discouraged probably by the reception he had received in France, asked to pass to England and obtained only the most bitter refusal. "You will see," said Lord Aberdeen to Sir Strafford-Canning through Lord Cowley's dispatch that I send you, "that the Maronite agent was no more successful with the French government." This is what they say in England, what you do not deny, what you do not explain.

But it is not only Christian interests that the French government has had to concern itself with in the Orient; when the mission that had been announced as having to be reparative was realized, and that had been entrusted to a minister of the Ottoman Porte, Chekib-Effendi, the most perfidious and hypocritical of persecutors, it is no longer only the populations of Lebanon who have had to suffer from Turkish administration: exclusively French interests were immediately engaged; it seemed that it was an infernal ruse to exhaust the energy of our representatives, preoccupy them with their personal defense and make them lose sight of the Christian interests that they wanted to sacrifice; we were directly interested; for the first act of the last envoy of the Ottoman Porte, sent to repair so many evils, was to breach one of the most positive capitulations, Article 32 of our written capitulations which guarantees to our nationals in the Orient the free exercise of their properties.

Chekib-Effendi gives the order to all merchants, to all French residents, to leave the Mountain, declaring to them that, if they did not leave it, he could well guarantee properties, but that he would not guarantee their lives. Some had the courage, despite this threat, to remain in the places where their right and the protection of France should retain them. Others came to seek asylum in Beirut. It was indeed the interest and honor of France that were engaged, for these French merchants were there by virtue of a written right that had sheltered them all from the humiliations of Turkish police at all times.

There was, on the part of the chargé d'affaires in Constantinople, I must say, extreme vigor for the redress of this unexpected grievance. He went so far as to threaten to ask for his passports and withdraw; and it was only under the blow of this threat that he obtained the promise of reparations of which I have not yet found trace; but finally the commitment to make reparations was taken. But there was something more serious: because immediately a dragoman of the French consulate in Beirut had gone to a village, to Djounié, to oppose new massacres with which the Christians were threatened, he was seized by the Turkish authorities, beaten with sticks, imprisoned.

The consul, M. Poujade, and I am eager to pay him this tribute, M. Poujade, taking counsel only from his dignity and his courage.... fortunately he had no instructions! (Movement.) immediately demanded reparation for these outrages; it was refused to him. A French frigate, the Belle-Poule, was in the port: he had it advance, and he declared that if his dragoman was not returned to him, the Belle-Poule would disembark; the landing had to take place. Then, under the blow of this act of vigor, this act of live force, the dragoman was returned.

It is an honorable fact, and I am very happy to bring it to the attention of my country; but I am very unfortunate to remind it at the same time that this honorable act has been singularly weakened since; it was first followed by a dispatch from the Minister of Foreign

Affairs, in which I find this deplorable phrase, and I must read it alluding to the demonstration of the Belle-Poule. The Minister writes: "It is a serious measure and one that should not be used often." (Exclamations from the center. Ironic laughter from the extremities.)

Allow me! It concerns a violation of international law that we had suffered: we were not the aggressors, we only defended ourselves and exercised our right: this act was so well within the limits of our right that you dared to approve it! There was no disavowal this time. But to tell agents, when they are within their rights, when they have only repelled an odious violation by an act of force, to tell them: "We must not return to this often," that is incomprehensible. That should have been said to the Ottoman Porte, to those who had insulted us; but to those who repelled the insult, this is not the language that should have been used with them. As for those, you owe them the most resounding approval, an unrestricted assent. (Very good!)

But there is something else. This act would have been followed in Constantinople by a request for explanation; the dispatch proves it. I read: "When the official complaint that he felt he had to address to us...."

Thus there was an explanation requested from the French government, and a response to be made. These are the two notes, the two documents, the chamber will remember, which I had requested to be communicated. I had requested it, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs told me that day that he would examine again whether he could provide these two documents. They have not been communicated. I say they should have been; they should have been to avenge us of an insult. It has been said abroad: France, that day, made its flag, its honor respected; but later its diplomacy made apologies.

That's what was said in the newspapers of Europe; that's what needed to be answered.

Well, I have the misfortune to know today, not for long, that you cannot produce the two documents for me: they are lost for the discussion, but they will not be lost for history, for they are known; and I must say that the impression they made on those who have read them explains very well to me why you cannot communicate them, even though it concerns a separate act, an accidental case in this great affair, even though the explanations have been given and received, that everything is finished. There is only one reason not to communicate them, it is the very text of these explanations; we will not have them; and I will always remember, always, that in this very honorable affair, it is very unfortunate that you cannot complete, that you have some reason not to complete the demonstration that our government, that day, it's not much, a single day, was dignified, firm and vigorous.

Gentlemen, I would fear tiring the chamber by prolonging this exposition, in which I perhaps put much disorder by the need I feel to tighten the discussion a bit at such an advanced hour of the session. But I will say what goal I would like to achieve. I say, I, and the powerful colleagues who will lend me their aid.....

I do not hope that by insisting again with our diplomacy, we will obtain a more vigorous act, a firmer action. No, I no longer hope for it. It is not after five years, when it has had arguments, so sadly founded, to make valid, when, for five years, it has obtained nothing,

after having always promised us, after having told us at each end of session: "We are reaching the goal, we are going to get there," and each year it has been obliged to come, by its silence at least, to tell us that the goal is distant.

I expect nothing from our diplomacy, I can expect nothing from it.

In another chamber, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to share his confidence with the speaker to whom he was responding, said:

"The thought of a single and Christian administration enters little by little into the ideas of Europe, it is accepted by Austria."

And, two months later, two dispatches from M. de Metternich...

(The Minister of Foreign Affairs makes a sign of denial.)

I have not seen the seal of the Austrian chancellery. What I know is that the dispatches have been published, that they are formal. I will read them to the chamber if it wishes. (Read! Read!) What I will say is that these dispatches, which have long been in the public domain, contradict in the most formal manner the assertions of the Minister, and it is very strange that no one has taken the trouble to deny or explain them.

Here are these two dispatches.

The first is from February 27, 1846. It is close in date to the day when the Minister of Foreign Affairs had suggested that Austria was of our opinion.

"However, we would feel sincere regret for having abstained, if the Porte, by adopting for Lebanon the system of government of a single chief, exposed itself to exciting the just discontent of the part of the population that does not share the religious faith of this single chief. We did not think either that we could grant our moral support to a combination which, by entrusting the administration of Lebanon to an individual presented and protected by a foreign power, would give the agents of this power exclusive preponderance in Syria."

The second dispatch states textually: "Moreover, the government of a single chief, recently proposed by France, will always present serious difficulties."

The refutation is complete. If the dispatch is not authentic, no one knows better than the Minister of Foreign Affairs whether it expresses the true opinion of M. de Metternich.

As for me, I expect nothing from M. de Metternich, nothing from Austria, and I say it with regret, I expect nothing from the French government in this matter. What I hope for is that after five years of waiting, a cry of alarm will rise in Europe; I hope for it from Protestant England as from Catholic France, for it concerns the common cradle of our faith; our faith comes from Jerusalem; it is impossible that in the Christian world there will not rise a powerful opinion that will come to weigh on governments, and that what happened twenty years ago for Greece will happen for Christian Syria.

It has been said rightly, it was not the governments of Europe that saved Greece, it was public opinion, it was a simple citizen of Geneva, M. Eynard, who called all of Europe to

the aid of Greece; it was at the voice of this venerable man that all consciences, and soon all the intelligences of Europe responded, it was to this constant action that was due the awakening of religious sentiment for this holy cause, and the day when Europe wanted Greece to be saved, it was saved.

Well, the day when European opinion will want the Christian population of Syria to be saved; the day when it will want to escape the shame of seeing exterminated before its eyes a population that has secular privileges, and which seems to be devoted to destruction only from the day when five great powers of the world took it under their protection; the day when this opinion will have burst forth at both tribunes, in both countries, in all countries of Europe, that day, the chancelleries will begin to understand that there is in this operation a force which cannot be resisted. (Very good! Very good!)

Yes, we were wrong to believe in your constant promises, made in good faith no doubt, but which events have always belied.

We were wrong to waste time; but we will waste no more. This question that we engage today, we will sustain it to the end, and we will find echo in Europe, and I hope that we will obtain more from this opinion that will awaken than from the slow action of the chancelleries which, in six years, have only managed to make of this country a theater of disorder, massacres and fires.

I did not want to inflame the chamber with horrible stories, I did not speak to it of the massacres tolerated, encouraged by a perfidious administration, of the assassins shamefully acquitted and led in triumph... These deplorable facts, the chamber and France know them... Let them remember them!

Your friends were saying a few days ago: We must make a Switzerland in the Orient; I ask that we do not make a Poland of it! (Support from the left.)

("Moniteur" of June 16, 1846.)

No. 3

After this incident, the chapter on chancelleries, which had been reserved by unanimous agreement, was put up for deliberation. It was on this occasion that a debate on Syrian affairs was to arise. M. Guizot had refused in advance to enter into discussion, but, as the honorable M. Léon de Malleville pointed out, for four years the minister has been requesting and obtaining silence on this question, through endless postponements and promises without results. The legislature is going to end. The chamber cannot separate without having clearly expressed its wishes and thoughts regarding the French and Christian interests that are suffering in the Orient.

M. de Malleville rapidly and eloquently exposed the facts too neglected until now by public opinion. There is in Syria a numerous population, partly French, Christian at least, and entirely under France's protection, which for four years has been suffering unheard-of ills.

Murder, pillage, fire ravage this country. The government of the Porte seems committed to destroying the unfortunate remnants of the Maronite people. The European powers seem to agree to let what remains of French influence die out in Christian blood.

There is only one remedy for Syria's ills. M. Guizot knows it, proclaims it, claims to have been working for four years to procure its application. This remedy is the unification of the Mountain populations under a single Christian government, that of an illustrious family which has already pacified and governed this region, the Chehab family.

M. de Malleville proved that the ministry, while affirming at the tribune that this single government of the Mountain was the constant goal of its efforts, and that it was close to achieving it, was deceiving the chamber, in reality abandoning the interests it was charged with defending, delivering Syria to contrary influences, had no fixed plan, no design, for fear of being condemned to show some courage.

Should we cite the striking testimonies? In 1844, at the very moment when M. Guizot was making the most pompous protestations at the tribune, here is what M. de Bourqueney wrote to him, in dispatches that were models of primitive naivety. On May 17, our ambassador said:

"To this state of affairs (the disasters of Lebanon), I was not yet charged with proposing a single remedy of certain success; but it was impossible for me not to remember that the Mountain had prospered under other chiefs, etc.

"This first overture, which designated the Chehab without naming them, was very well understood. I believe it, for now, of good measure."

The same person said again in another dispatch:

"Finally, I emphasized all the considerations that seemed increasingly to recommend return to the past as the most practical and certain remedy to the complications that are announcing themselves and that threaten to burden the future.

"This order of discussion puts, I believe, sufficiently in evidence the thought of the king's government, without attaching its credit and influence in too absolute a manner to this or that solution, without committing it too profoundly in an enterprise where there are not serious enough interests engaged to risk the consequences of an open struggle."

There were not serious enough interests and they did not want to engage! when the entire country protected by France, almost French, was devastated by iron and flame! when M. Guizot was assuring the chamber of the constant efforts, of the energy of the government, of its fixed resolution in this affair!

On September 27, M. de Bourqueney, after so many massacres, still wrote in a casual tone:

"Your Excellency sees that I remain invariably attached to the line of conduct that I have followed since the Lebanon question opened. I come to the aid of Christian interest wherever I see it threatened, and I work on improving detailed measures, while reserving my government's opinion on the substance. This system of conduct, applied loyally in

Constantinople and Beirut, doubles our forces for the day when the reworked arrangements of 1842 will fail. That is likely their destiny."

And to this M. Guizot responded:

"I appreciate the perfect clarity of language with which you have supported the considerations of law and fact, which no longer permit adhering to the regulations adopted in 1842, as a trial, for the government of the Mountain, and the reasons which command not to proceed to a new examination of the question, except on the basis of a political restoration of the Chehab family."

The two interlocutors seem, in truth, to be mocking each other. But can one understand having the audacity to put these contradictions and these admissions before the chambers!

While M. de Bourqueney was pursuing this entirely platonic diplomacy, and M. Guizot found that it was clearly supporting the Chehab family by not daring to name it and reserving all opinion on the substance, Syria's misfortunes were becoming more intolerable, and the insult ended up reaching us directly. A French subject was arrested, gagged, thrown in prison, and it took a French consul, M. Poujade, who, fortunately, as M. de Malleville said with sharp irony, had no instructions, to use the threat of cannons from one of our frigates to protect a Frenchman and France's honor.

In letters exchanged between M. Guizot and M. de Bourqueney, it seems that M. Poujade's energetic act was approved. But these letters, written for the tribune, are not international acts. What needed to be published was the note from the Porte, demanding against our consul's conduct, and M. de Bourqueney's response. They wanted to publish neither one nor the other.

We are mistaken, however; M. Guizot was on the point of delivering these two documents to the chamber. But some of his friends, who had read them, dissuaded him by telling him that he was going to cause the gravest prejudice either to himself or to the ambassador, depending on whether he accepted or rejected responsibility for the incredible response that was, they say, made. M. Guizot, who hardly understands what is called national susceptibility, nevertheless yielded.

But the dispatch had been seen by a commission; several members of the majority knew it. The whole chamber knew what its meaning was, and we will teach nothing to most of the deputies by summarizing it thus:

M. de Bourqueney expressed in it without reservation "the profound regret that the mere appearance of an infraction of the principle of respect for the Porte's dignity, professed by the French government, had caused him."

It was for us to complain: it is we who made apologies.

M. Guizot pronounced some embarrassed phrases to say that he would not respond, and to suggest that at this moment small reforms were being carried out in Syria, without touching the organization of the government.

M. de Lamartine announced that he would speak tomorrow.

(Extract from the “Constitutionnel” of June 16, 1846.)

No. 4

SYRIA. - Correspondence from the “Union franc-comtoise.”

The Society of Jesus has just suffered a great loss in the person of Mgr Planchet. This is no longer news, since the newspapers have spoken of it on different occasions; but nevertheless it will not be useless to return again to this subject, either to rectify errors that escaped the first accounts, or especially to pay a sacred debt to the memory of this missionary prelate, who for twenty-nine years fertilized with his sweat the distant lands he had come to evangelize.

Called to Rome, Mgr. Planchet leaves Mosul, where he had established the seat of his delegation, and first heads to Diarbekir, accompanied by Fr. Laborde, from Villeneuve-d'Agen, and Fr. Canuti, Italian. After twelve days of arduous travel across the desert and under a burning sky, he arrives on September 11, somewhat affected by fever. On the 16th, he sets out again, rid of his fever and in perfect health. He even says to Fr. Laborde: "I feel that I am breathing life with full lungs, and it seems to me that I have never felt better than now." However, on the third day, before arriving at the Kurdish village called Baudane, he finds himself so tired that he lets the caravan march ahead; Fr. Laborde, his faithful companion, stays with him, and both arrive later than the others, something that is noticed by certain individuals of the locality...

The next day, in the coolness of dawn, the caravan continued its arduous journey, not through a poetic desert such as poets like to imagine, but through one of the saddest and wildest deserts. It had before it an immense horizon and a desperate plain where the saddened eye could not discover the slightest sign of vegetation, not even a blade of grass to somewhat gladden the tired gaze. Everywhere was a thick layer of basaltic stones that smothered, as in a shroud, any plant that might have wished to look at the sky. It was truly a cursed land, and this curse, which has weighed for centuries, can be recognized at every step in this desolate country where once was the garden of delights.

It is following a narrow and tortuous path, which like a fabulous serpent uncoils its infinite rings, that the caravan slowly made its way under a devouring sun. Around nine o'clock, Monseigneur feels tired: "I can't go on," he says to Fr. Laborde, "let's rest here for a few moments."

Fr. Laborde tries to dissuade him, given that the caravan cannot stop, and that it would be imprudent not to follow it in a desert where accidents are almost daily. For all response, Monseigneur dismounts and stretches out on the stones, a very hard mattress which then however he found quite soft. Seeing that there was nothing to reply, Fr. Laborde dismounts too, but very reluctantly. Upon leaving Mosul, sad presentiments told him that a great

catastrophe threatened them on the road, and Monseigneur's determination to want to stop there, far from the caravan, confirmed him even more in his dark thoughts.

With his soul full of these apprehensions, Fr. Laborde goes to sit beside him to protect him somewhat against the burning heat of a tropical sun. The faithful companion spreads over Monseigneur's head a poor umbrella which then replaced the tent.

While Monseigneur slept, the father watched over him, as did a young Armenian who was going to Lebanon to enter the monastery of Saint Anthony, and three Jacobites who had also detached themselves from the caravan. Barely half an hour had passed when one of these Jacobites, who was mute, began to look at the horizon with an anxious air. Soon he rises all troubled, and shows the father, at a distance of about ten minutes, some individuals who seemed to be tacking. As the father did not seem to worry much about the appearance of these men, the mute began to agitate, to make signs, to shout, in a word to say in his way: They are coming to attack us, let's flee. Upon reflection, Fr. Laborde thought it prudent to wake Monseigneur and warn him of the danger that threatened them all. Seeing the individuals with suspicious behavior and quickly mounting their horses was the matter of an instant. They hurried on in silence, and took the direction of the caravan, which they could no longer see. Meanwhile, they commended themselves to Mary, guide of travelers, for the Armenian and the Jacobites did not have their weapons. As for our men, they had disappeared behind a terrain feature. They keep advancing, and arrive at a mound of stones that bordered the path.

After landing such a solid blow, the Kurdes, who had noticed that Monseigneur had arrived in Baudane well after the others, had tracked him, hoping that he would separate from the caravan once again. That's where they had hidden while stalking their prey. They had sabers at their sides and their guns, loaded with bullets, were lying on the wall, ready to fire at the slightest resistance. At the terrible summons: "Your money or your life!" Monseigneur stopped his horse for a moment, while one of the Jacobites, who knew Kurdish, tried to avert the storm by saying: "Be careful, for these are Frenchmen whose death will be avenged without fail."

Seeing that they were determined to do evil, Monseigneur spurred his horse and pushed forward. About to fire, the Kurds stopped, fearing to attract the attention of the caravan. It was then that one of them threw at his head, to make him fall from his horse, a large basaltic stone which, deflected by the parasol, fell heavily on his neck. Another stone of the same caliber, thrown with the same rage, hit Monseigneur in the middle of the spine with a dull sound, though he still managed to escape from these Kurds' hands and rejoin the caravan. From the beginning of the attack, the Jacobites had fled; the Armenian, also mistreated because he tried to ward off the blows, was soon forced to do the same, so that in the end only Fr. Laborde remained.

Emboldened by Monseigneur's flight, he spurs his horse to follow him, but at the same time one of the Kurds made a leap and seized the bridle of the mount, while another raises over the father's head a gleaming sword ready to strike. "Stop!" the poor prisoner then says to him; "take my horse, take my suitcase, but spare my life." The saber is put back in its

sheath, the father dismounts, abandons everything, leaves the beaten path and escapes across the desert, alone, without provisions, at the mercy of Providence.

While Fr. Laborde was running in the direction of a mountain chain that borders the desert, there was great worry about him, and this worry doubled when they saw his horse, which the Kurds had then let go for fear of having in it an incriminating witness, quietly rejoin the caravan, alone, without bridle and without saddle. Monseigneur immediately dispatched a faithful and courageous man to search for his unfortunate companion. He makes his horse go in all directions, and finally ends up spotting him. He sees him stretched out on the ground, suffering, all out of breath, at the end of his strength. Both set out, and their arrival is a celebration for the caravan, despite the sad state of the father, who, at the moment of his flight, had received at the top of his left arm two enormous stones thrown with the force of a bullet. As he was believed dead, hearts abandoned themselves to joy. This joy was to be of very short duration.

They stopped in the small town of Suerek, five hours from the scene of the event, and lodged in the khan or Arab inn. Those who have traveled in the Orient know very well what to expect regarding the sumptuousness of these hotels. A kind of hangar open to all winds, and whose walls are not plastered, nothing to sit on except the ground itself, no spoon, no knife, no fork, if one wants to eat the provisions that each must bring with them under penalty of going without, and for a bed a poor mat that is not always found; that was the khan, that was where Monseigneur was lodged with his suite.

While everyone slept around him, he experienced throughout his body an extraordinary upheaval, accompanied by frequent vomiting. At daybreak, a servant comes to find Fr. Laborde and tells him of the sad state in which he has just found Monseigneur. Fr. Laborde, himself ill, drags himself to Monseigneur, whom he can hardly recognize. His breathing, extremely labored, resembled the death rattle of a dying man, and the patient's movements were convulsive movements that were nothing but sinister. To bring back the vital heat that seemed to have abandoned him, they plunged his feet and hands in hot water, which came out cold as ice; three lancet strokes could not draw a single drop of blood. Fr. Laborde then says to Fr. Canuti: "He is lost..." This entire day passed in a kind of agony, and each minute seemed to be the last. The following night, around midnight, Fr. Canuti, called by Monseigneur, receives his confession once again and applies to him the indulgences of a good death.

Around two o'clock in the morning, the servant, after giving him a drink, leaves him alone for a few minutes, and returns in haste. A piercing cry announces that Monseigneur has just expired...

Thus, on September 21, feast of Saint Matthew, apostle, who was also assassinated by the orders of Hirtacus, died three days' journey from Orfa, the ancient Edessa, Mgr Planchet, Bishop of Trajanopolis and delegate of Kurdistan, Armenia, and Mesopotamia. As there was no Catholic cemetery in the country, they were obliged to bury him provisionally in the cemetery of schismatic Armenians.

Mgr Planchet, native of Gap, studied in Paris, at the Collège Charlemagne. Feeling called to the ecclesiastical state, he entered the seminary of Saint Sulpice, and left it only to enter

the Society of Jesus. Before leaving for the missions, one day when he was kneeling on the tomb of Saint Francis Regis, the saint appeared to him and predicted, among other things, that he would die a violent death. As we can see, the prediction has had its complete fulfillment.

This reminds me of an event that took place in 1853, the day after the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I had obtained an audience with the sovereign pontiff. When I found myself in the presence of the immortal Pius IX: "I know who you are," he said to me in French and with that amiable smile which is characteristic of him; "you are a French Jesuit, and you are leaving for Lebanon. Well, know that I love very much both the French and the sons of Loyola, and these good Maronites who, by their simple faith and their fidelity in the midst of so many infidels and schismatics, make Lebanon bloom like a lily in the midst of the desert." Then he added: "If you arrive in time to see Mgr Planchet, whom I myself named bishop, and who currently must be found on the holy Mountain to preside over a synod of Syrian bishops, tell him that I send him with all my heart a very special blessing."

In Aleppo, a solemn service was held for the holy prelate. No sooner had Fr. Canuti and Fr. Laborde arrived in this city than the French consul, M. Chatery de Lafosse, consulted with the Franciscan Fathers on this subject. The Consul and his family, the Europeans of the city, also hastened to attend the ceremony, which thereby took on a character both religious and national. The bishops and clergy of different communions also wanted, by their presence, to honor the memory of the French prelate and missionary. Through the consul's efforts, the culprits are arrested despite thousands of intrigues which he knew how to thwart. The ambassador has been instructed, and the affair, which is not yet finished because of the delays and chicanery of Turkish government agents, is being pursued with an activity worthy of all praise.

Ghazir, February 2, 1860. GUIORNAUD, S.J.

(Extract from the journal *l'Union Franc-Comtoise*)

No 5.

PROVISIONS OF CONSUL IN THE TRADING POST OF BEIRUT FOR EMIR HASSAN CASEN

Louis, by the grace of God King of France and Navarre, Count of Provence, Forcalquier and adjacent lands, to all those who will see these presents, greetings.

Having wished, to gratify Emir Hassan Casen, to receive the very humble supplication he made to us to provide him with the consulship of the trading post of Beirut, as his father and grandfather were by our letters patent of January 1, 1662, and knowing his zeal for our service and the good of our subjects, we have by these presents signed by our hand, disunited the said trading post of Beirut from the consulate of Sayda, on which it presently depends, wanting it to be separated from it in the future until otherwise ordered by us; and we have

commissioned, ordained and established, do commission, ordain and establish the said sieur Hassan Casen as consul of the French nation in the said trading post of Beirut, its appurtenances and dependencies, to have, hold and exercise the said position during his lifetime, with the honors, authorities, preeminences, prerogatives, privileges and exemptions enjoyed by other consuls of the Levant, with the faculty to subdelegate a vice-consul, provided that he is French by nation and that he remains civilly responsible for him. We therefore give and mandate to our friend and loyal counselor in our council and our ambassador in the Levant, sieur de Channeub de Castagnière, that upon appearing to him of the good life, morals, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion of the said sieur Hassan Casen, he put him in possession and enjoyment of the said consulship, notwithstanding all decrees to the contrary, and give him all assistance and protection. We enjoin all captains of vessels and barques and merchants under the said banner to recognize him as vice-consul, notwithstanding the decree that we rendered by our ordinance of March 11, 1685 to recognize as French consul foreigners established in the said quality, from which we have derogated and do derogate in favor of the said sieur Hassan Casen and without setting a precedent, for such is our pleasure; we pray and request the illustrious and magnificent pashas, etc.

In witness whereof we have caused our seal to be affixed to these presents.

Given at Versailles, the eleventh of June, in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and ninety-seven, and of our reign the fifty-fifth.

On the back:

Signed: LOUIS.

By the King, Count of Provence.

Signed: PHÉLYPEAUX.

Registered in the chamber of commerce of Marseille, the 4th of the month of September 1693, by us under-archivist, sealed and undersigned.

Signed: YSARD.

PROVISIONS OF CONSUL IN BEIRUT FOR EMIR

NAUFEL.

Louis, by the grace of God King of France and Navarre, etc., greetings.

(As in the previous ones).

Given at Fontainebleau, the fourth of July, in the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and eight, and of our reign the sixty-sixth.

Signed: LOUIS.

By the King, Count of Provence.

Signed: PHÉLYPEAUX.

PROVISIONS OF THE FRENCH CONSUL IN BEIRUT FOR

EMIR NAUFEL.

LOUIS, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, Count of Provence, Forcalquier and adjacent lands, to all those who will see these present letters, greetings.

The late king, of glorious memory, our most honored great-grandfather, having granted the consulship of the trading post of Beirut to Emir Naufel, prince of the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, and considering the services he has rendered to us in the functions of this position since he has been provided with it, and to our subjects who are established in this trading post and conduct their commerce there, we have believed, based on the testimonies which have also been rendered to us, of his praiseworthy qualities, of his zeal for religion and of his affection for the nation, that we should give him on our part marks of the satisfaction we have in maintaining him in the exercise of this position. For these causes and others moving us thereto, we have, on the advice of our dear and very beloved uncle the Duke of Orleans, regent, confirmed and do confirm by these presents signed by our hand, the said Emir Naufel in the said position of consul of the French nation in Beirut and dependencies to have and exercise it during his lifetime, with the honors, authorities, preeminences, prerogatives, privileges, exemptions, rights, fruits, profits and emoluments belonging thereto, such and similar, and just as he has enjoyed or should enjoy them. We therefore give command to our friend and loyal the Sieur Marquis de Bonnat, our extraordinary ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, that after having taken and received from the said Emir Naufel the required and customary oath, he establish and maintain him in possession and enjoyment of the said consulship, and give him all assistance and protection. We enjoin all captains of vessels and barques and merchants under the French banner to recognize the said Emir Naufel as our consul, and to pay and discharge to him the rights belonging to the said position, under pain of being constrained thereto by the same means which French consuls are accustomed to use, notwithstanding the prohibitions we have made by our ordinance of March eleven sixteen hundred and eighty-five, to recognize as French consul foreigners established in the said quality, or to pay them any rights, from which we have derogated and do derogate in favor of the said Emir Naufel, and without setting a precedent, for such is our pleasure. We pray and request the illustrious and magnificent pashas and governors who have at present, or who will hereafter have command in the said city of Beirut and dependencies, to let the said Emir Naufel enjoy peacefully the position of consul without causing him or suffering him to be caused any trouble or impediment, but on the contrary to give him all help and assistance. In witness whereof we have caused our seal to be affixed to these presents.

Given in Paris the first of July, in the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, and of our reign the sixth.

Signed: LOUIS.

By the King, Count of Provence, the Duke of Orleans regent present.

Signed: FLEURIAU.

BY THE KING.

To our beloved and loyal counselor in our councils, the sieur count of Castellane, our ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, to the consuls, vice-consuls, notably those of Aleppo, Sayda, Tripoli and others, our officers and subjects residing in the states of the Grand Seigneur and trading posts of the Levant, greetings. Having wished to grant our special protection to Serzan di Abounoufel-Hader-il Khazen, sheikh of Kesroan and to all his family, in consideration of his attachment to the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, and of his zeal for the interests of the French nation, we will and command you that you have him enjoy in the places and trading posts of your departments the privileges and prerogatives attached to this protection, by granting him all help and assistance with the ministers and officers of the Grand Seigneur in occasions where it will be necessary for him for the success of his affairs, and that you have for him and for those of his family the same regard and attention that you would have for our own subjects. For such is our pleasure.

Given at Versailles, the 30th of March 1741.

Signed: LOUIS.

By the King,

Signed: PHÉLIPPEAUX.